Collier's

DECEMBER 6, 1947

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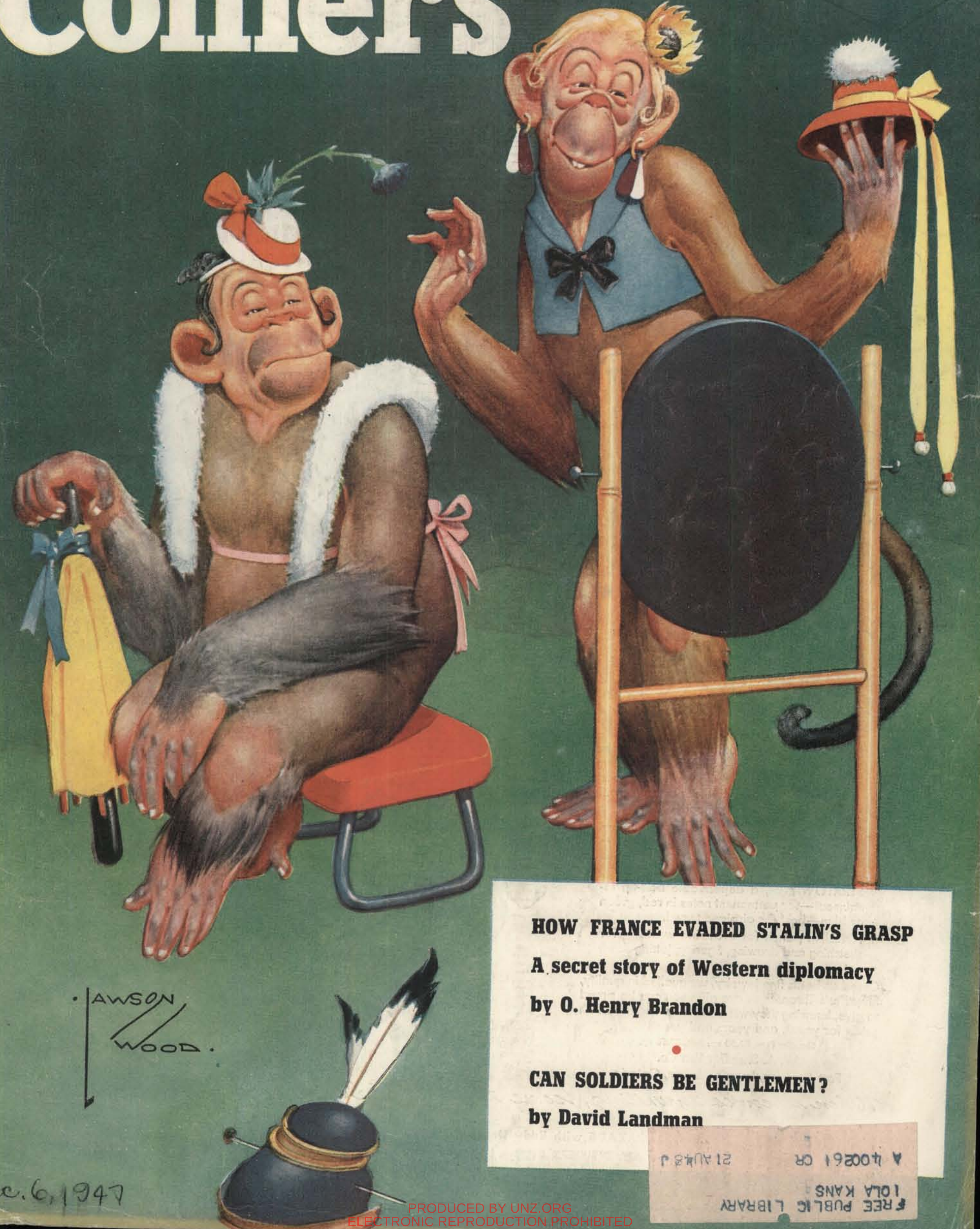

LAWSON WOOD.

HOW FRANCE EVADED STALIN'S GRASP

A secret story of Western diplomacy

by O. Henry Brandon

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN?

by David Landman

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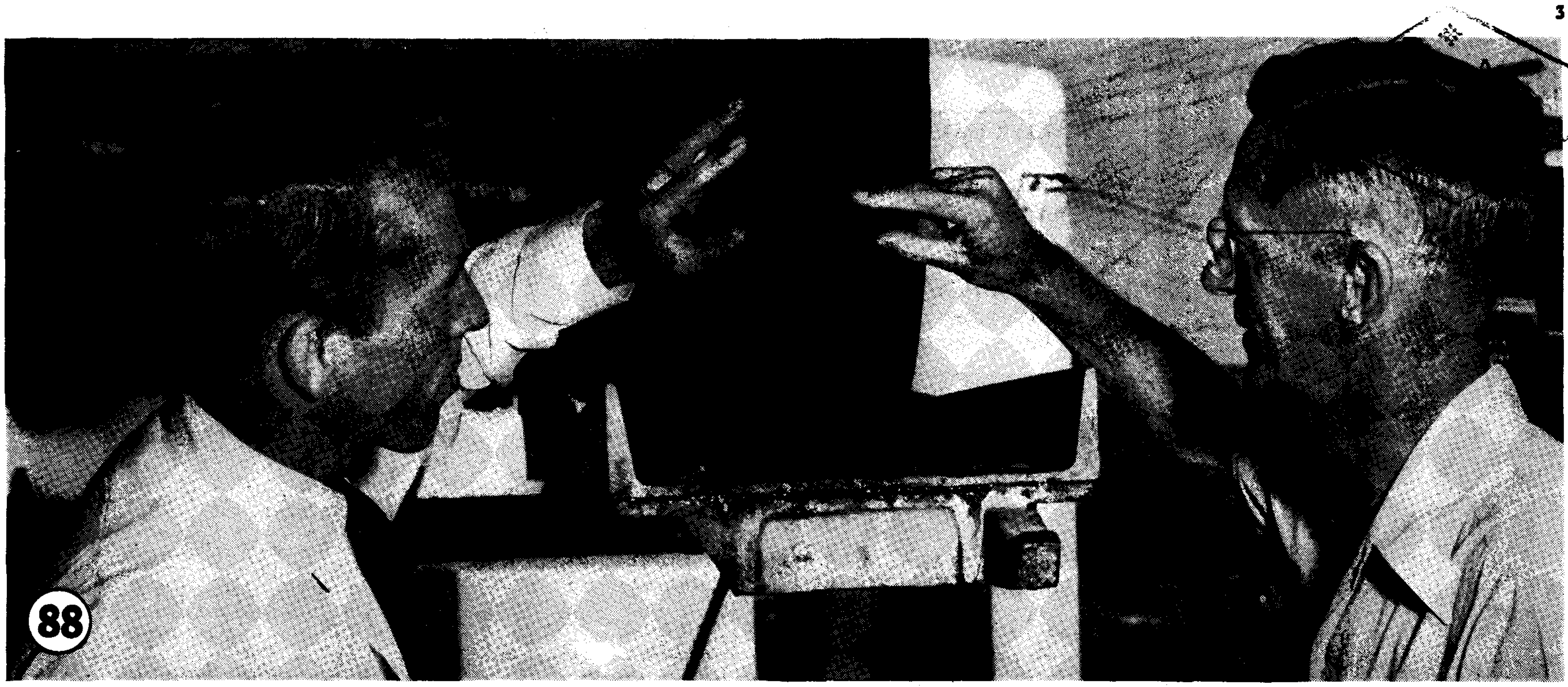
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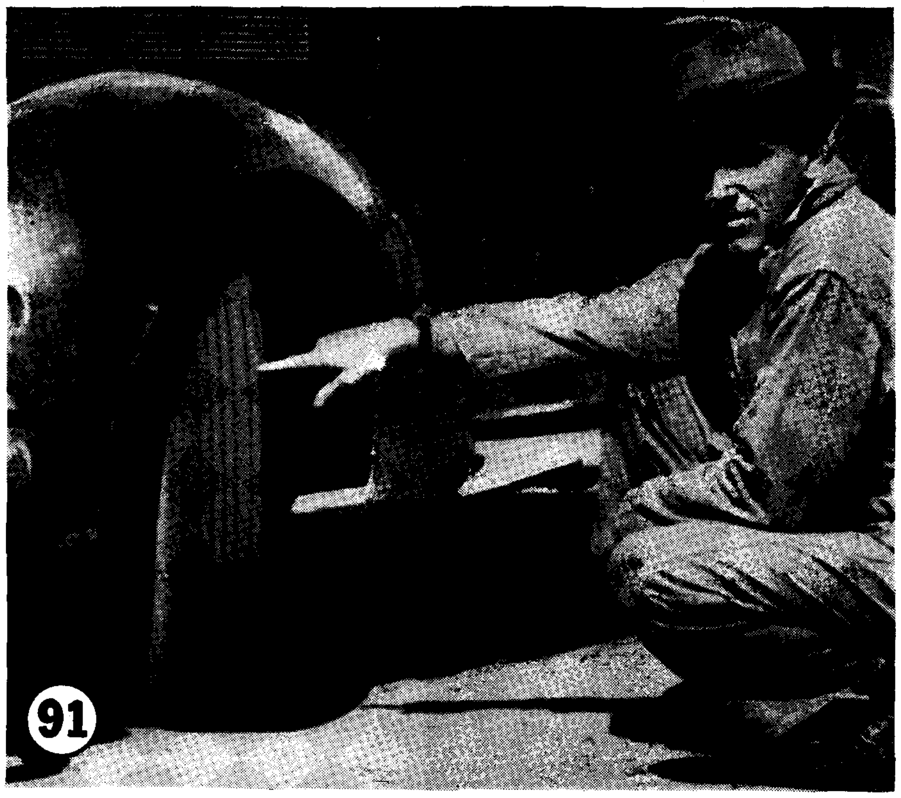
82


91

Typical examples: the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires

B. F. GOODRICH tires outwear prewar tires. This is backed by the personal experience of B. F. Goodrich owners. Here are three recent reports:

Typical example No. 82: "Outlasted any prewar tires." Pictured at left is Henry D. Anderson of Seattle, Washington, with B. F. Goodrich dealer Hugo Andiesen, Jr. Henry D. Anderson writes:

"I appreciate good tire mileage. It is one of the essential things when it comes to keeping costs down on my car. This B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire which I am finally replacing had gone 43,275 miles (at the time of the picture). These were hard miles, ranging from driving on desert roads to the heavy pounding of mountain truck trails. And since this car is used for fire and police work, much of this mileage was put on at high speeds and in all kinds of weather."

Typical example No. 91: "Never experienced better service from any tire." Shown here is H. F. Smith of Rt. No. 1, Unicoi, Tenn., who says:

"Half of my driving is over rock roads, the other half is on hard surface that has quite a lot of chuck holes in it. These B. F. Goodrich tires have not been petted, but have been subjected to 30,593 miles of rather rough treatment. In all my experience I have never received better service from any tire."

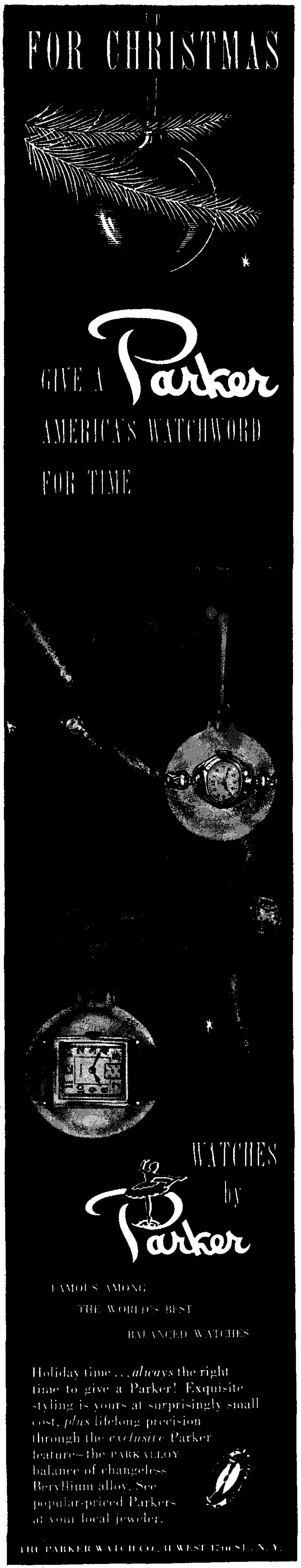
Typical example No. 88: "49,723 miles and still good!" P. U. Alexander of Goose Creek, Texas, shown in the photo at the top, states:

"I purchased two new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires in 1945. These tires had gone 49,723 miles when the picture was taken, and I believe they are good for another 10,000 miles."

This is a good time to buy tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a liberal allowance for your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER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December 6, 1947

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RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION — PAGE

THE TIN STAR By JOHN M. CUNNINGHAM 11
Sheriff Doane wore it too long—and he knew the penalty.

THE MARRIAGE PRICE By BRIAN O'BRIEN 14
An elephant and a teapot stood between Andoki and Ilumba.

I'M MAD AT YOU By JACK FINNEY 16
But how long can a gal stay mad at a guy like Timberlake Ryan?

BUILD ME A BUNGALOW SMALL By NORBERT DAVIS 22
The woods creatures—including the brunette—took Martin for a ride.

TRY TO FORGET By ALLENE CORLISS 26
The Serial Story. The third of four parts.

ALFRED AND THE STAFF OF LIFE By FRANK LASKIER 75
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

HOW FRANCE EVADED STALIN'S GRASP By O. HENRY BRANDON 12
He gave her Foreign Minister Bidault a choice which left no alternative.

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN? By DAVID LANDMAN 18
Fort Knox furnishes a preview of universal military training.

THE SINKING OF THE POELAU BRAS By W. H. McDOUGALL, JR. 20
A survivor describes the horror of tragedy at sea in wartime.

GREENWICH VILLAGE: TOURIST TRAP By HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW 24
Conclusion: The authors complete their report on the latest phases of New York's Latin Quarter.

MISTER BOXING By KYLE CRICHTON 58
Meet the historian of the fistic art—Editor Nat Fleischer.

KING OF MELODRAMA By IRVING WALLACE 78
At 78, Ernie Carpenter lives over his colorful theatrical career.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

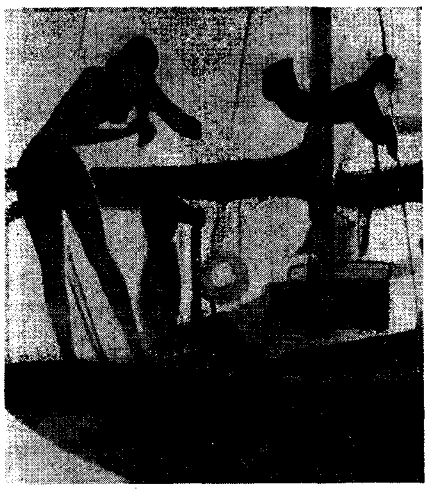
EDITORIALS: *Books That We Don't Need • Doubling Up in Comfort • Here's to Joe Curran • "That Cock Won't Fight"* 98

COVER By *LAWSON WOOD*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

SEX REARS ITS {UGLY / LOVELY} HEAD

DEAR SIRS: Re the illustration for Young Man With an Idea (Oct. 4th), it seems that there could be different pictures and different covers for our magazines. About all one sees in them is nude women. Why, oh, why? Talk about delinquency—is there any wonder? Seems that women are just things any more. Cigarettes and naked women. What is our country coming to?
MRS. NORVAL H. SMITH, Lincoln, Nebr.



... Undressed and semidressed females fill our magazines ... it's positively hideous. Sex is a force (even in pictures) and created for a good and right purpose. I have a beautiful baby and two older children in proof of it.... I hate your nasty picture....
MRS. RAY SEXTON, Pinewood, Minn.

... That work of art (Zowie!) on p. 14 (Whoops!) of Oct. 4th (Svelte!) illustrating Young Man With an Idea (Sapristi!) would give any man *(Nom d'un Chien!)* young or old (My sainted aunt's blue tomcat!) plenty of ideas (Pow!). Keep up the refreshing work.
SAM SMALL, Los Angeles, Cal.

NOT ENOUGH LINCOLNS

DEAR EDITOR: After reading your Perkins, Farley, Morgenthau, I've decided what's the matter with this country—why we're the richest country in the world with some of the most abject poverty and blind intolerance you can find anywhere: Every single person, as soon as he gets a modicum of power in our government, swells up with an outrageous, ridiculous sense of his own importance. Where, O God, is the humble, co-operative man like Lincoln?
DON INGRAHAM, Pasadena, Cal.

(Continued on page 76)

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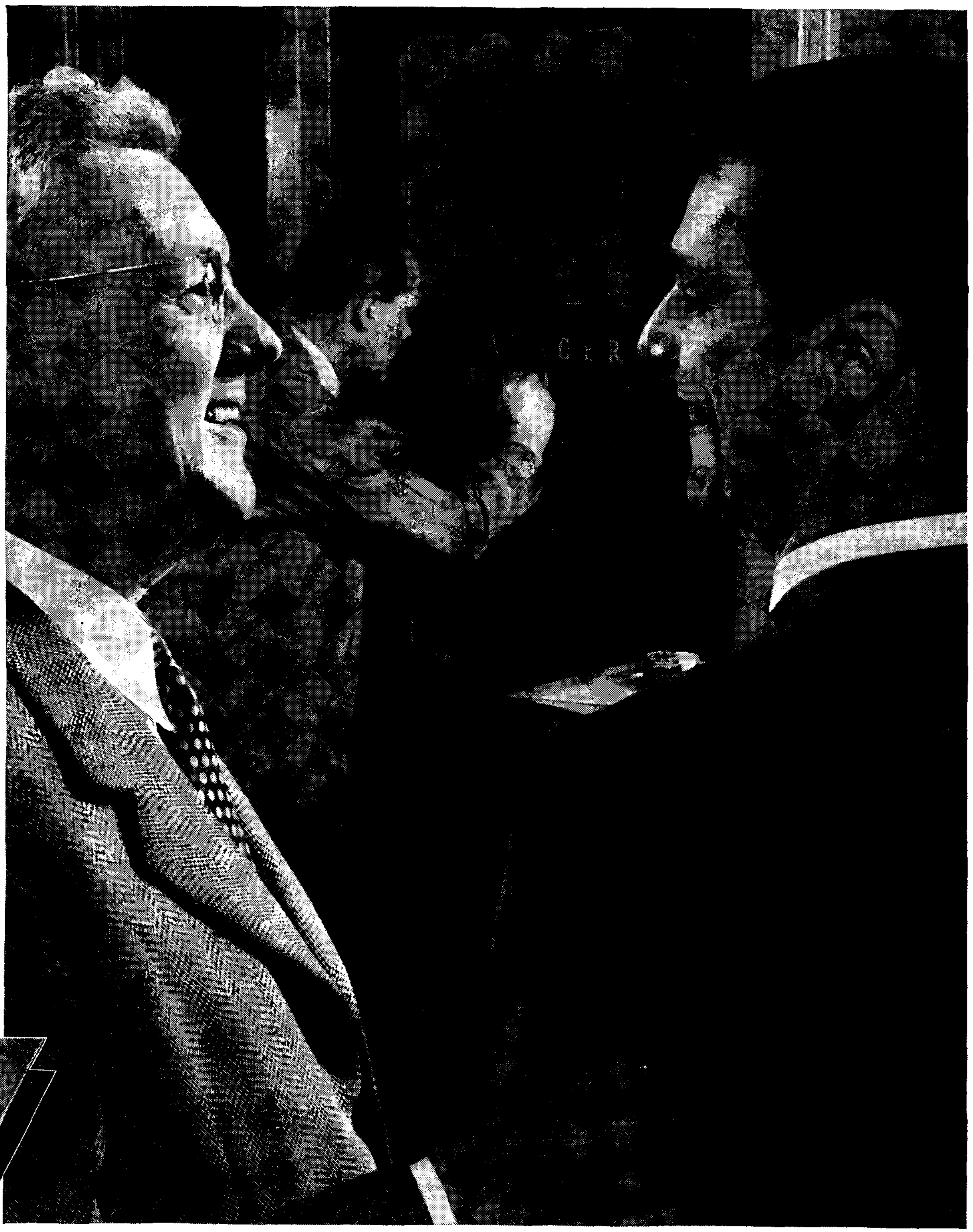

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **IMAGINE ME** dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How *can* a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and ... oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ... "

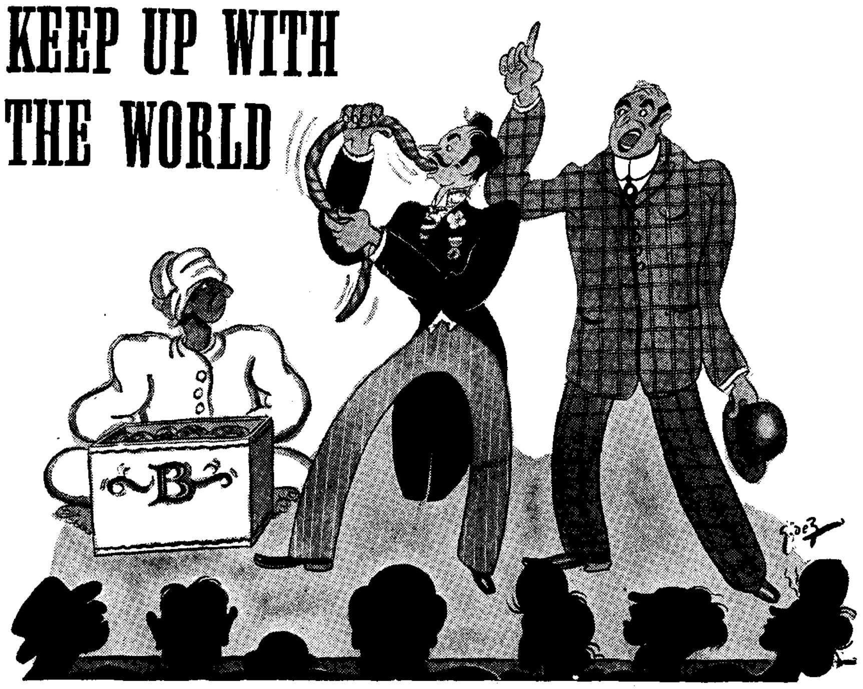
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Just the thing also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Several decades ago, when most American side-show freaks were fakes, one such notable character was Herman J. Oberschlager, who was billed as Bosco, the Snake Eater. During the course of each day's performances, he would consume about 100 bananas stuffed in frankfurter skins painted to resemble rattlesnakes.

Probably the best organized and most successful gang of automobile thieves in American history was that which stole thousands of cars in Brooklyn between 1923 and 1935. When its ringleader, "Bla Bla" Vigorito, was finally caught and convicted, automobile insurance rates in Brooklyn were immediately reduced 15 per cent.

The theatrical prompter was created in 15th century Europe when, owing to the custom of presenting new plays in quick succession, actors did not have time to learn their parts. In fact, the prompter of that period virtually ran the whole show as he had to follow the players about the stage with the script, whispering their lines to them when it was their turn to speak.

Since the advent of radio, the Kings and Queens of England have made their broadcasts over their own special gold microphones reserved for their exclusive use by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Besides the name of its royal owner, each instrument bears an engraved record of the historic occasions on which it was employed.

Since 1912, when the length of the football field was reduced from 110 to 100 yards, the longest run recorded in intercollegiate play was that made by Walter Bearden of the North Texas Aggies in a game against Decatur Baptist in 1935 at Arlington, Texas. Having backed up eight yards behind his own goal line before getting started, he ran the 108 yards for a touchdown.

America's most famous burning coal mine is at Summit Hill, Pennsylvania. Defying the numerous attempts that have been made to extinguish it, this fire has burned continuously for the past 115 years.

Using a special magnet, an Atlanta physician recently removed a 1½-inch nail that had been lodged for six days in the duodenum (first part of the small intestine) of a four-year-old boy. In this case, the first on record in which an object was removed from this part of the body without a surgical operation, nearly six hours were required for the magnet to reach the nail, but only two minutes for the magnet and nail to be drawn back into the stomach and up through the esophagus.

One of the most incredible taxes in history was that levied by the pashas (governors and other high officials) of 18th century Turkey. After a pasha had called upon and dined with a peasant family, he would demand his "tooth money," a tax to compensate him for the wear and tear on his teeth that had resulted from eating their food.—*By Matt Lagerberg, Alpena, Mich.*

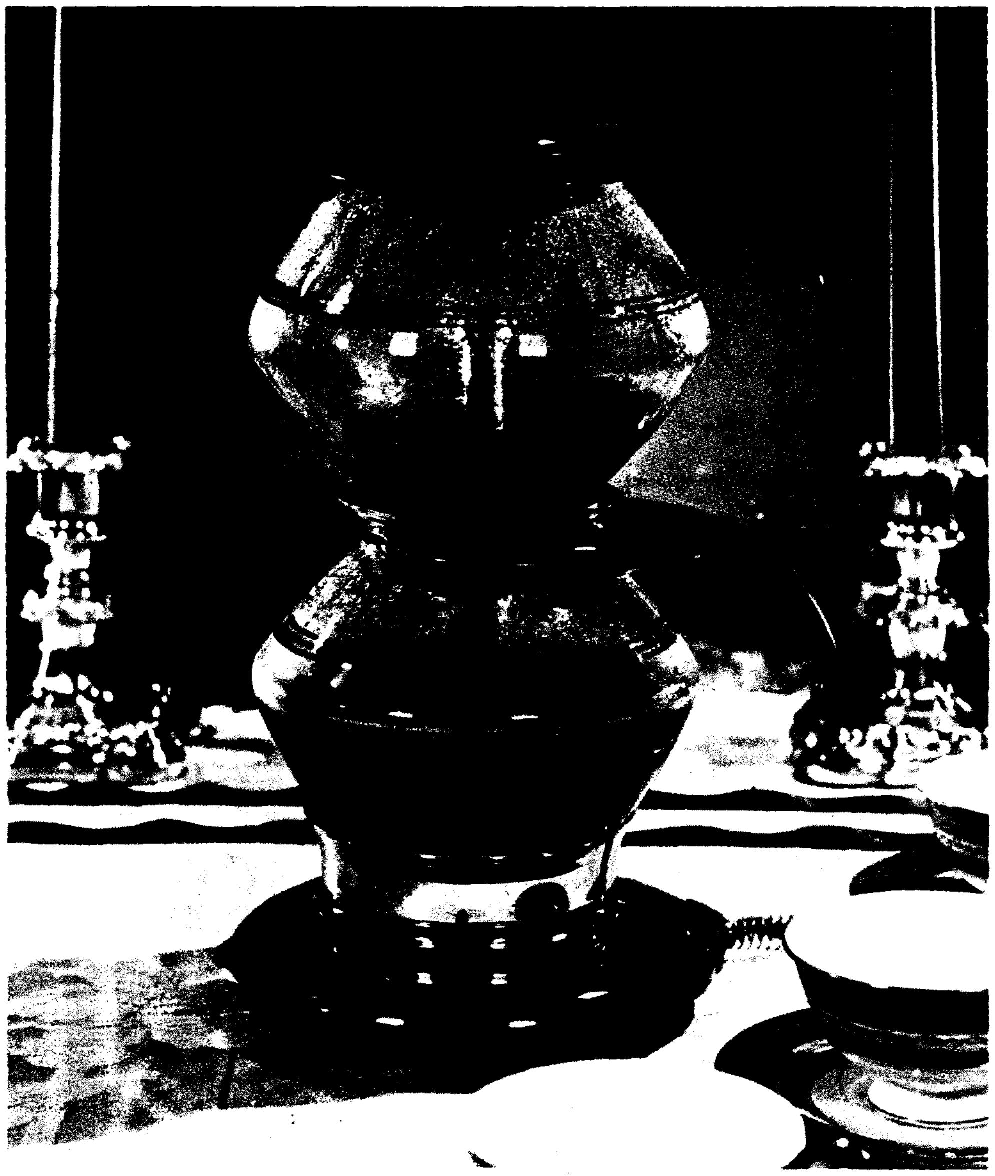
No private stamp collection ever approached that formed by Philippe von Ferrari over a period of 50 years before his death in Switzerland in 1917. Exclusive of its numerous duplicates, the collection contained approximately 400,000 specimens which brought, in 14 auctions held in 1922-1925, nearly $1,960,000.—*By Virgil Rogers, Houston, Texas.*

Between 1790 and 1880, a peculiar custom that prevailed in Canandaigua, New York, was for funeral services to be conducted and funeral processions to be led jointly by a clergyman and the physician who had attended the deceased.—*By Mrs. A. P. Pratt, Windsor, Conn.*

In the past decade, champion skiers entered in Flying Kilometer events, in which the object is to cover the distance of 3,281 feet down an iced hill in the least time, have hit speeds as high as 90 miles an hour when wearing a streamlined metal hood that materially lessens wind resistance.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

No need to watch this beautiful G-E All-Automatic!



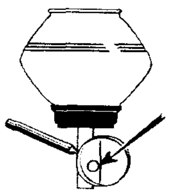
HERE'S the most wonderful All-Automatic vacuum coffee maker sold . . . and the least expensive! All you do is press a button! The water goes up *automatically* . . . perfect coffee comes down *automatically* . . . and the coffee keeps hot *automatically*.

In other words, set it, come and go as you please . . . your coffee will be ready, waiting, and hot.

Has all the G-E features: easy-to-clean wide-mouth bowls, cup measurements plainly marked on lower bowl, and the cool-to-the-touch plastic stove, complete with plug-in cord. Combination handle and clamp-on lid serves as a table mat for upper bowl. All glass, even the filter rod. Only $17.95 plus tax.

▶ When you're giving a Coffee Maker, remember—
only General Electric has the *Tastegard!*

2 to 8 Cups—G-E Coffee Makers
Make Better-tasting Coffee—Every Time!



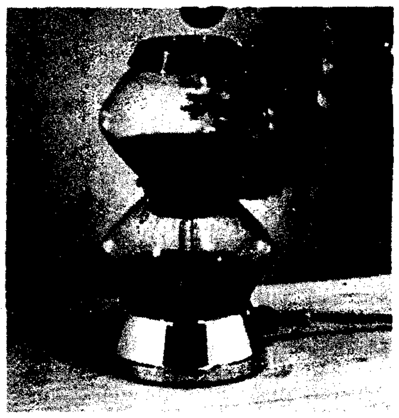
Look at any General Electric Coffee Maker. In the stem of the upper bowl, you'll find a tiny but important hole . . . the *Tastegard*, precisely located to control the temperature at which the coffee brews.

Better-tasting coffee every time—whether you make two cups for breakfast, three cups for lunch, or eight for dinner—thanks to *Tastegard!* Only General Electric gives you this feature.

4 More General Electric Tastegard Coffee Makers—At Amazing Prices!

RANGE MODEL $4.95

Makes two to eight cups of perfect coffee on stove or hot plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it features visible cup measurements and convenient handle on lower bowl, and the exclusive *Tastegard.* Wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning. Lay-on lid and filter included.



SPECIAL G-E MODEL $6.95 plus tax

One of the lowest-priced *complete* electric coffee makers sold! An $8.95 value for only $6.95. All the features of the range model, plus a durable, quick-heating, chromium-plated G-E Electric Stove. Makes two to eight cupfuls. Plug-in cord and filter.

DE LUXE ELECTRIC MODEL $9.95 plus tax

This two- to eight-cup electric model features a cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Clamp-on lid permits easy removal of upper bowl, and acts as a table mat when you set hot upper bowl on table. Plug-in cord and easy-to-clean glass filter rod.

SEMIAUTOMATIC MODEL $12.95 plus tax

One heat to brew 2 to 8 cups . . . flip a switch, another heat to keep it warm! Cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Upper bowl handle and combination clamp-on lid and table mat. Plug-in cord and glass filter rod. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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World's Most Wanted Car Heater

Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

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HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

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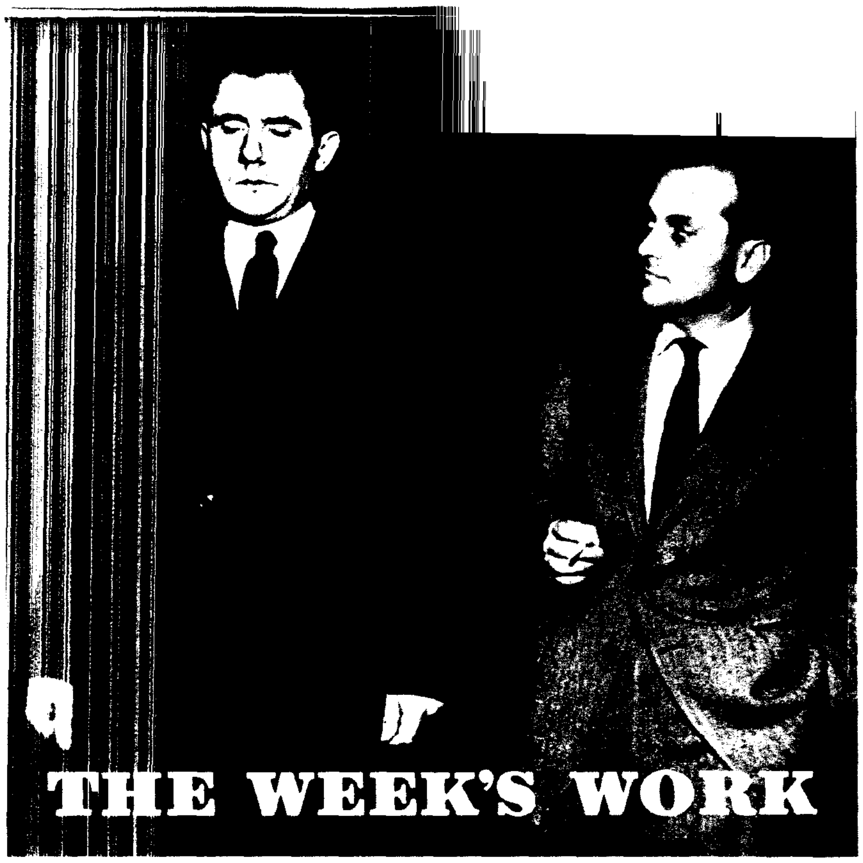
HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"It's grand for old people! Our South Wind heats the car *quick as scat*. I can go riding in healthful comfort even on coldest days!"

South Wind



THE WEEK'S WORK

LEO ROSENTHAL

O. Henry Brandon (right) and Andrei Gromyko at United Nations meeting

A SCOOP! O. Henry Brandon is the roving diplomatic correspondent of the London Sunday Times and Kemsey newspaper chain of Britain. He has covered every major international conference since Potsdam, and is now in London reporting the crucial battle over the German peace treaty. It was but natural that Mr. Brandon would be in Moscow for Battle No. 6 among the ministers early this year. It was at this inconclusive struggle that France's Georges Bidault had the decisive meeting with Stalin which Mr. Brandon describes in his exclusive story on p. 12, How France Evaded Stalin's Grasp.

DAVID LANDMAN (Can Soldiers Be Gentlemen?, p. 18), a Philadelphian-New Yorker is a Brown alumnus, did sport reporting, wrote travel books and helped edit an encyclopedia until Uncle Sam drafted him a year before Pearl Harbor. He started as a dog-face in the Infantry, worked his way up to his majority overseas. He caught malaria in the jungles of southwest Louisiana, but avoided it in 21 months in the dittos of the Southwest Pacific.

Active in the AVC, Landman lives in one of the narrowest houses in New York City, a 12-foot-wide converted garage. His wife is a writer too.

"To get the dope on this piece," he reveals, "I was at Fort Knox five days—practically a re-enlistment."

IT SEEMS there are two Irving Wallaces, and the Irving Wallace who wrote King of Melodrama, p. 78, is not to be confused with the Irving Wallace who wrote the Princess Elizabeth series (Mar. 15th-22d). Both Wallaces are confirmed travelers and writers, both are from the Middle West, and neither is related to Henry A. The only distinguishing mark we can detect between the two is that the Irv who did the King of Melodrama is known as Colonel Speed Wallace, and one of them has a mole. But we're not sure where, or which one has it.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (The Tin Star, p. 11) was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, practically in the cold shadow of the state pen, was raised in the warmer precincts of Virginia, the land of liquid corn. Dropped from the University of Virginia rolls for not attending for two years, he's since spent most of his time traveling between Canada and Panama, Virginia and California, working at such jobs as reporting, woodcutting, farming, banking, sign painting, etc.

He spent three and a half years in the Army. The only violent action he recalls being near was in the New Hebrides when some cannibals ate a few sailors. This happy warrior is now living in Santa Barbara with his wife, another writer, wondering how she would like it in Baja California—after the baby comes.

FRANK LASKIER (Alfred and the Staff of Life, p. 75) is a Britisher who left off his Merchant Marining to settle in America. Born a seventh son of a seventh son, on May 12, 1912, in the late mess his adventures included an encounter with the German pocket battleship, the Admiral von Scheer. One of five survivors who later luckily turned up on a raft, he returned to sea duty, minus his right leg.

"Alfred and the Staff," Laskier tells, "is a sort of backhanded compliment to the man without whom no ship can sail, the arbiter of all quarrels, the molder of public opinion, the voice alike of both fo'c'sle and bridge, the cook who fed me for 17 years.

"These old hands never went to school, never took correspondence courses in seamanship. The galley was their kingdom. Sweating in narrow galleys in 150 degrees heat, sworn at, derided and feared, they served three meals a day, seven days a week, often died in the lifeboats."

THE story of the Sinking of the Poelau Bras (p. 20) is from a book of Far Eastern adventures by William H. McDougall, Jr. It will be published next spring. McDougall, a 38-year-old Utahan, who was with the United Press in China, was captured by the Japs in Shanghai on December 8, 1941, managed his escape and went on to Java, but stayed too long.

He spent the rest of the war in various prison camps and jails in southern Sumatra (mortality rates: 30 to 60 per cent), was finally liberated on September 19, 1945. He's since fattened up, rid himself of tropical ailments, been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard and written two books about his experiences.

This week's cover: Millinery Monkeyshines by Lawson Wood. What, girls, no long skirts? . . . TED SHANE

To my Darling

I tried to think of something that would be as gay and dashing and wonderful as you are.

So, my Darling, it's a Nash—all for you. A beautiful new Nash "600," to be exact.

I'm sorry about that mud on the wheels—but I'm human—I had to sneak it out for a whirl last night.

Your new Nash is the sweetest-running car I ever had my hands on. It rides like sheer velvet.

Handles like a dream. We went sailing over Schoolhouse Hill as if it didn't exist at all.

I don't want to spoil your fun, but don't miss that little button on the dash called the Weather Eye. It keeps the air always fresh, clean and heated to perfection. You don't even need a coat!

I admit it looks extravagant. But it's a Nash . . . and you'll be enjoying it 'til the kids grow up.

Merry Christmas, Darling.

You'll be Ahead with **Nash** **Great Cars Since 1902**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Hints for Givers!

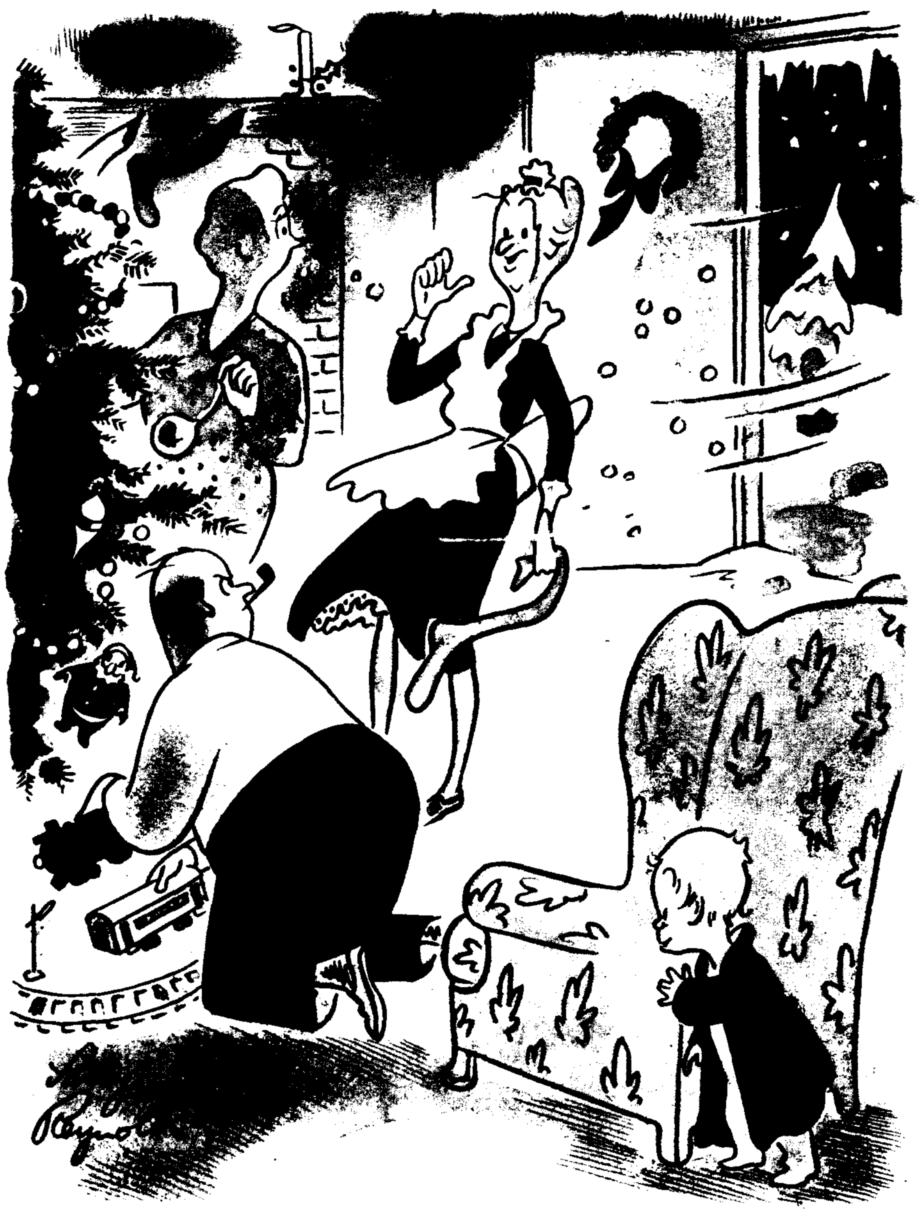
Essleys spell "Merry Christmas" to a lot of men! Sanforized* fabrics, hand-cutting, masterful needlework and beautiful finishing are some of the reasons why men cry for Essleys. Other reasons are neatly lined up at the bottom of this page.

Hints for Getters!

Grab a pencil and check your favorite Essleys! Then leave this magazine—open—where it will do the most good. And just in case *she's* forgotten your vital statistics, write them down—right here on the dotted lines.

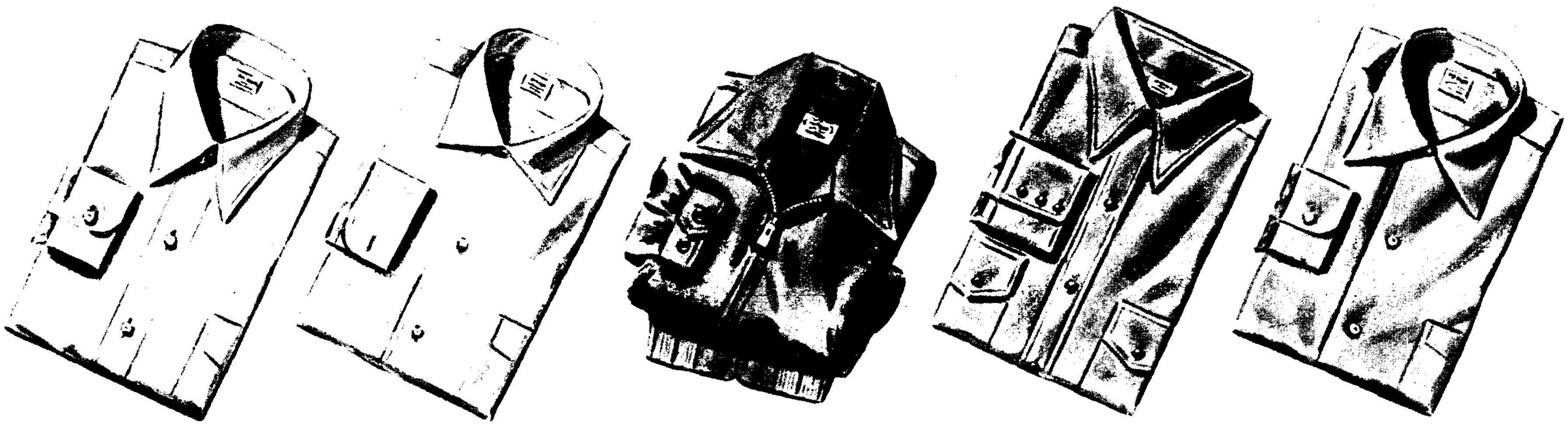
Styles ....

Collar Size.............. Sleeve Length............



"ESSIE"

"I'm leaving it open for Santa! A sooty chimney's no place for an Essley Shirt!"



ESSLEY WHITE BROADCLOTH with TruBenized* collar! *Hand-cut*, the traditional way to make fine shirts. Sanforized*. And Essley's exclusive TruBenized* collar stays crisp through the longest day—can't crumple, won't wilt. Good news! It's only $2.95! Others at $3.95, $4.50, and $4.95.

AH-H-H-H! ESSLEY WHITE ON WHITE! With French cuffs, too! Sanforized.* Comes in 4 popular collar styles: Wide-spread (illustrated) . . . Tab . . . Long points . . . and, of course, the regular TruBenized* collar! And every collar is *twice* pre-shrunk to *stay* true to size! $4.95.

THE WINDPROOF, ALL-WEATHER ESSLEY JACKET! Zelan*-treated, which makes it water repellent . . . even after many cleanings. And you have your choice of brown, tan, blue or cream . . . lined or unlined . . . full length or knitted bottom. In a wide range of sizes. $7.95.

ESSLEY'S CAREFREE "CABALLERO"! Howdy, pardner! If you're fixin' to wrangle admirin' glances from the fillies, put your brand on these. Button-down pockets, 3-button cuffs. Hefty, vat-dyed rayon and cotton. In standard neck sizes and sleeve lengths. $5.95. Others from $4.95 to $7.50.

INGENIOUS "IN-BETWEENER" BY ESSLEY! Strictly business when worn with a tie—but the collar *relaxes with you* when you wear it open! Blues, tans, greys, green, and beige. Washable. Vat-dyed. Luxurious Sanforized* rayon. Standard neck sizes and sleeve lengths. $4.95.

ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR · PAJAMAS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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One man in a thousand might have the courage needed to wear a sheriff's badge. But Doane was one in a million

SHERIFF DOANE looked at his deputy and then down at the daisies he had picked for his weekly visit, lying wrapped in newspaper on his desk. "I'm sorry to hear you say that, Toby. I was kind of counting on you to take over after me."

"Don't get me wrong, Doane," Toby said, looking through the front window. "I'm not afraid. I'll see you through this shindig. I'm not afraid of Jordan or young Jordan or any of them. But I want to tell you now. I'll wait till Jordan's train gets in. I'll wait to see what he does. I'll see you through whatever happens. After that, I'm quitting."

Doane began kneading his knuckles, his face set against the pain as he gently rubbed the misshapen, twisted bones. Using his fists all these years hadn't helped the gout. He said nothing.

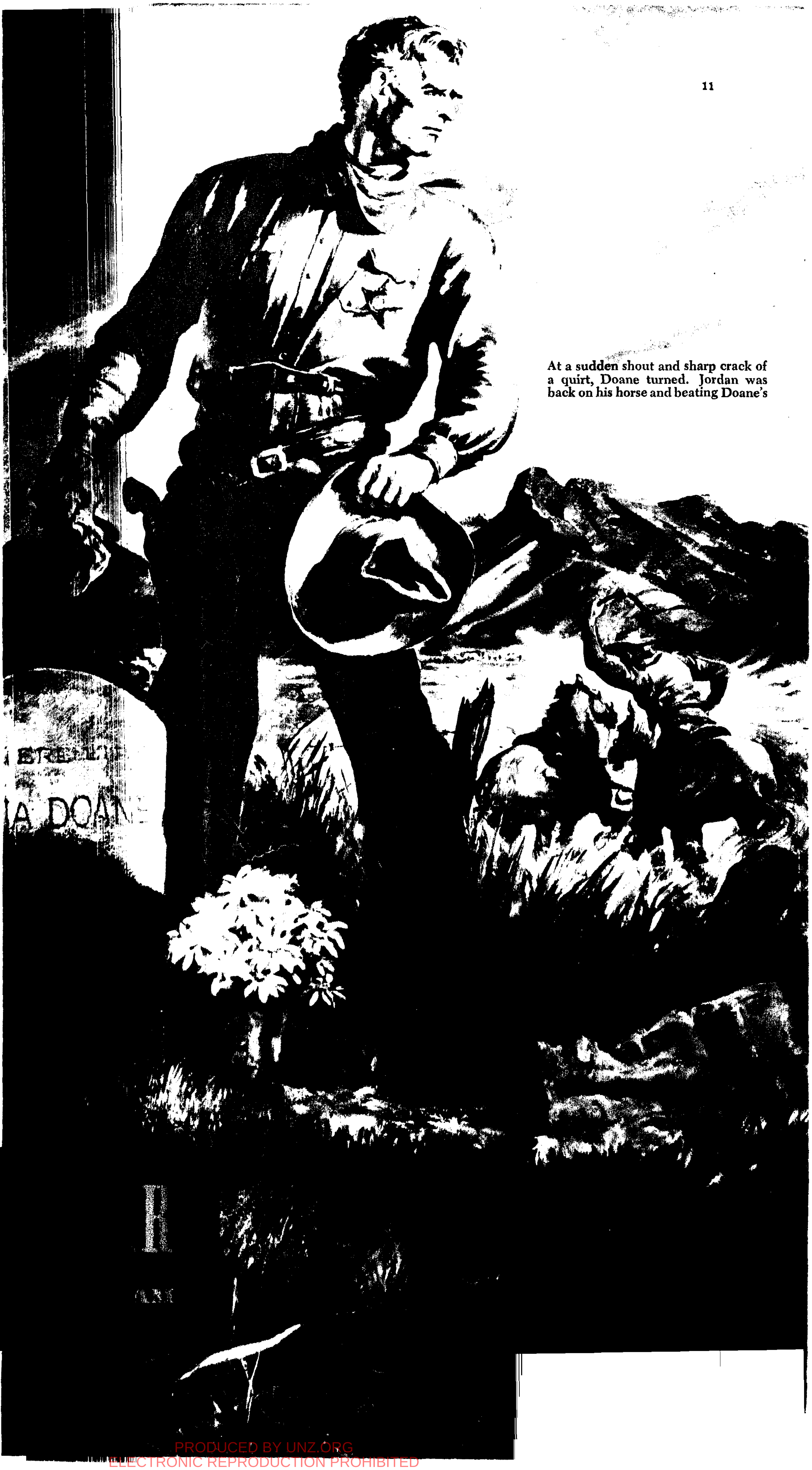
Toby looked around, his brown eyes troubled in his round, olive-skinned face. "What's the use of holding down a job like this? Look at you. What'd you ever get out of it? Enough to keep you eating. And what for?"

Doane stopped kneading his arthritic hands and looked down at the star on his shirt front. He looked from it to the smaller one on Toby's. "That's right," he said. "They don't even hang the right ones. You risk your life catching somebody, and the damned juries let them go so they can come back and shoot at you. You're poor all your life, you got to do everything twice, and in the end they pay you off in lead. So you can wear a tin star. It's a job for a dog, son."

Toby's voice did not rise, but his eyes were a little wider in his round, gentle face. "Then why keep on with it? What for? I been working for you for two years—trying to keep the law so sharp-nosed money-grabbers can get rich, while we piddle along on what the county pays us. I've seen men I used to bust playing marbles going up and down this street on four-hundred-dollar saddles, and what've I got? Nothing. Not a damned thing."

There was a little smile around Doane's wide mouth. "That's right, Toby. It's all for free. The headaches, the bullets and everything, all for free. I found that out long ago." The mock-grave look vanished. "But somebody's got to be around and take care of things." He looked out of the window at the people walking up and down the crazy boardwalks. "I like it free. You know

(Continued on page 64)

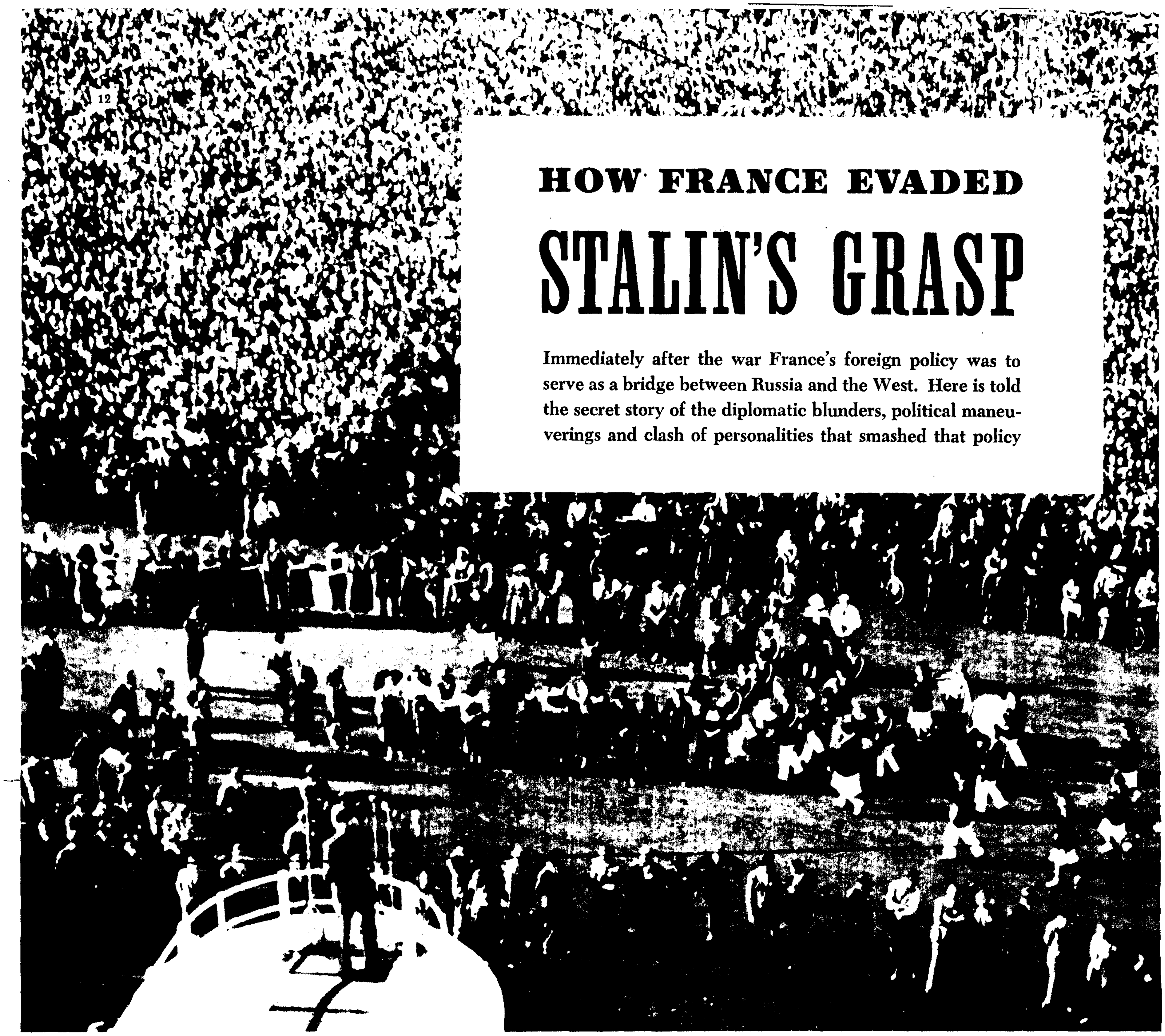


At a sudden shout and sharp crack of a quirt, Doane turned. Jordan was back on his horse and beating Doane's

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

HOW FRANCE EVADED
STALIN'S GRASP

Immediately after the war France's foreign policy was to serve as a bridge between Russia and the West. Here is told the secret story of the diplomatic blunders, political maneuverings and clash of personalities that smashed that policy



De Gaulle's emerging popularity—here he speaks to an estimated half million at a rally—had much to do with the change in French foreign policy last spring

De Gaulle election posters, plastered with swastikas, are indication of extremism of political feelings

RASSEMBLEMENT DU PEUPLE FRANÇAIS
LE GENERAL DE GAULLE
NON
ur en sortir
FRANÇAIS
FRANÇAISES
OTEZ POUR LES LISTES
BLEMENT PEUPLE RANCAIS

BY O. HENRY BRANDON

A DECISION of momentous importance to the development of United States foreign policy was made secretly in the spring of 1947 at a meeting which no American attended.

The meeting place was the same Kremlin chamber where, two years earlier, France and Russia had signed a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance. There, around midnight of March 17th, French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault rejected Generalissimo Joseph Stalin's offer of a rich prize, in return for which France would abandon her loyalty to the United States and Great Britain.

The minutes of that meeting are still locked in the top-secret files of both countries. But now it is possible to disclose the detailed story of what became a turning point in France's policy of providing a bridge between the East and the West.

That decision consolidated Western Europe and swung France over to side with the United States in its struggle to save Europe from Russian Communism. There is no doubt that M. Bidault's fateful step had a great impact on America's top policymakers when they conceived the Marshall Plan.

The decision itself was made known in principle to the Assembly of the United Nations last September when M. Bidault said, "We have chosen this path and we shall not turn back on this path which we deliberately follow, in spite of every difficulty, toward a better future . . ."

But unknown to the assembled delegates was a series of events climaxed by Bidault's crucial interview with Stalin. It was neither American "pressure" nor Bidault's impatience; it was neither British influence nor the hand of the Vatican that had decided France to cast her lot with the Western Allies. It was chiefly the Kremlin's own doing.

To understand the importance of Stalin's bid it is necessary to look back to the days just after France had regained her freedom in the wake of victorious Allied armies. General Charles de Gaulle and his Foreign Minister, Bidault, were determined then to stay on the friendliest possible terms with all three great powers—Russia, the United States and Britain.

They wanted to be on good terms with Russia because they might need

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID SEYMOUR

her military help one day against a possibly resurgent Germany. American troops were too far away, and British armed support was not sufficiently reliable and powerful. Russia had the biggest land army in Europe.

They desired close relations with Britain because of their mutual interest in preserving their overseas empires.

They strove for friendship with the United States because it was the only country that could help France back to her economic feet.

Mediator Role Essential

For three years this idea of friendly relations with all three great powers was the key to French foreign policy; and to make such a policy work, France had to play the mediator between East and West, which role gained in importance as the differences between Russia and the United States gathered momentum.

The public never realizes the intricacy and difficulty involved in achieving a compromise in vital world affairs. A typical and important case —Trieste—strikingly illustrates the point.

The fight over Trieste had caused the adjournment of the first Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, and had brought gloomy frustration to peace-loving peoples everywhere in the world. However, during the breathing space between the first and second Foreign Ministers meetings in Paris, Sir Orme Sargent, Permanent Undersecretary of the British Foreign Office, hinted to French Ambassador Massigli in London that it was now up to France to come forward with a compromise proposal on Trieste. No other power could propose it without spoiling the chances of its success in advance.

In Washington, Dean Acheson spoke to French Ambassador Bonnet along the same lines. Both Britain and the United States emphasized that if Russia were to come up with a compromise proposal, neither could accept. And in Moscow, M. Dekanozov told French Ambassador General Catroux that if France would propose a compromise to the effect that Trieste should become an international free port, Russia would "strive to persuade" Yugoslavia to accept the solution. But to make it acceptable to the Kremlin, the suggestion could come only from France.

None of this became public because it was a matter of face-saving among all three powers. All the public knew was that France's compromise on Trieste succeeded.

In this vital role, Bidault saw the only chance for France to be a first-rate power, but still greater problems were arising in the Allied Control Council in Berlin. Those goings on were of number one importance to France's future.

When, after the Potsdam Conference in 1945, the talks began in Berlin about the point at which to level off the output of Germany's steel industry, the United States and Britain asked for an increase to 10,000,000 tons. France proposed 6,000,000 and Russia only 4,000,000. France felt that her security demanded a low level, and Russia was on her side.

But in November, 1946, Bidault had a great shock, which cut deeply into a basic fundamental of France's foreign policy. Russia suddenly declared for a 12,000,000 level, which France considered dangerously high and a blow against her own security.

Treaty With Britain Sought

The first monkey wrench had been thrown into the relations between France and Russia during Bidault's short absence from the Quai d'Orsay, as the French Foreign Office is called, when Leon Blum presided over a Socialist interim government. Blum wanted a treaty with Britain. With a Socialist government in power in Britain and himself a Socialist in command in France, the treaty seemed a natural.

It was Britain's ambassador to France, Duff Cooper, who first mentioned the possibility of a Franco-British treaty to Blum. A quick check through French Ambassador Massigli in London, however, showed that Bevin did not feel like concluding such an important alliance with an interim government. The initiative seems to have been Duff Cooper's own. Negotiations between Britain and France on economic questions, however, were under way, and Blum planned a trip to London without expecting to discuss the treaty problem.

On the eve of Blum's departure, which up to the last minute he had kept secret even from his staff at the Quai d'Orsay, he invited Russia's Ambassador E. Bogomolov to dinner. The Russians were always nervous when French and British statesmen planned to meet; the bogey of the Western bloc was constantly torturing their minds.

"I am leaving for London tomorrow," said Blum between courses, "but you can tell your government that I intend to discuss economic questions, primarily coal, nothing political."

Bogomolov left for Moscow the next day, January 15, 1947, to make a "routine report."

A friend warned Blum before he left for England, "You are crazy to go to London. You won't achieve anything."

Blum, who was 75, laughed. "Yes, I know, but it is so pleasant to have a craze at my age."

In London, Blum talked coal. But at the end of his long discussion with Bevin, Blum said parenthetically, "And how about that Anglo-French treaty?"

The communiqué, issued by the British after Blum's departure from London, read:

". . . the two countries, having been twice attacked by Germany in a period of 25 years, have an equal interest in protecting themselves against a fresh German menace. It was therefore agreed that in these circumstances a treaty of alliance should be concluded between them at the earliest possible moment. . . . It was agreed that negotiations to this end should be opened as soon as possible."

The same day this communiqué appeared in the press, Bogomolov saw his boss, Molotov, in Moscow and reported exactly the contrary—reported in fact just what Blum had told him.

Two days later, the usually unruffled Bogomolov, in a fit of rage, told French Ambassador Catroux in Moscow, "You Frenchmen have lied! I bring home assurances from your government that you are not going to discuss political matters in London, and that very day a communiqué contradicts me!"

Catroux's deeply furrowed face was unmoved, his great, staring black eyes looked bored, to conceal embarrassment.

"We have an alliance with you," the Russian went on. "Do you think this is the way to deal with a partner in an alliance?"

"Bevin and Attlee raised the question of the alliance," Catroux replied to Bogomolov, since he had meanwhile received a cable of explanation from Blum. "Therefore, he could not have refused to discuss it without offending them."

A Change of Government

But this explanation didn't mollify the Russian, and tension mounted. A short time later, the Blum government resigned as the result of the January, 1947, elections, and Vincent Auriol became France's new president. On January 17th, he formed a government with Ramadier as premier, and with Bidault back at the Quai d'Orsay. On his desk, Bidault found Blum's promise to form an alliance with Britain.

Bidault felt it was most unfortunate to have strained relations with Russia on the very eve of the Council of Foreign Ministers meeting in Moscow, which was to discuss the question France was most interested in: Germany.

So Bidault sat down and drafted a secret cable to Catroux in Moscow. He requested him to ask for an audience with Stalin, which should be kept secret, and suggested that confidential discussions be initiated to study how the Russian and French points of view could be harmonized before the meeting of Foreign Ministers. It was designed mainly as a feeler, to examine the issues on which a common policy could be agreed upon.

There was no reply from Stalin.

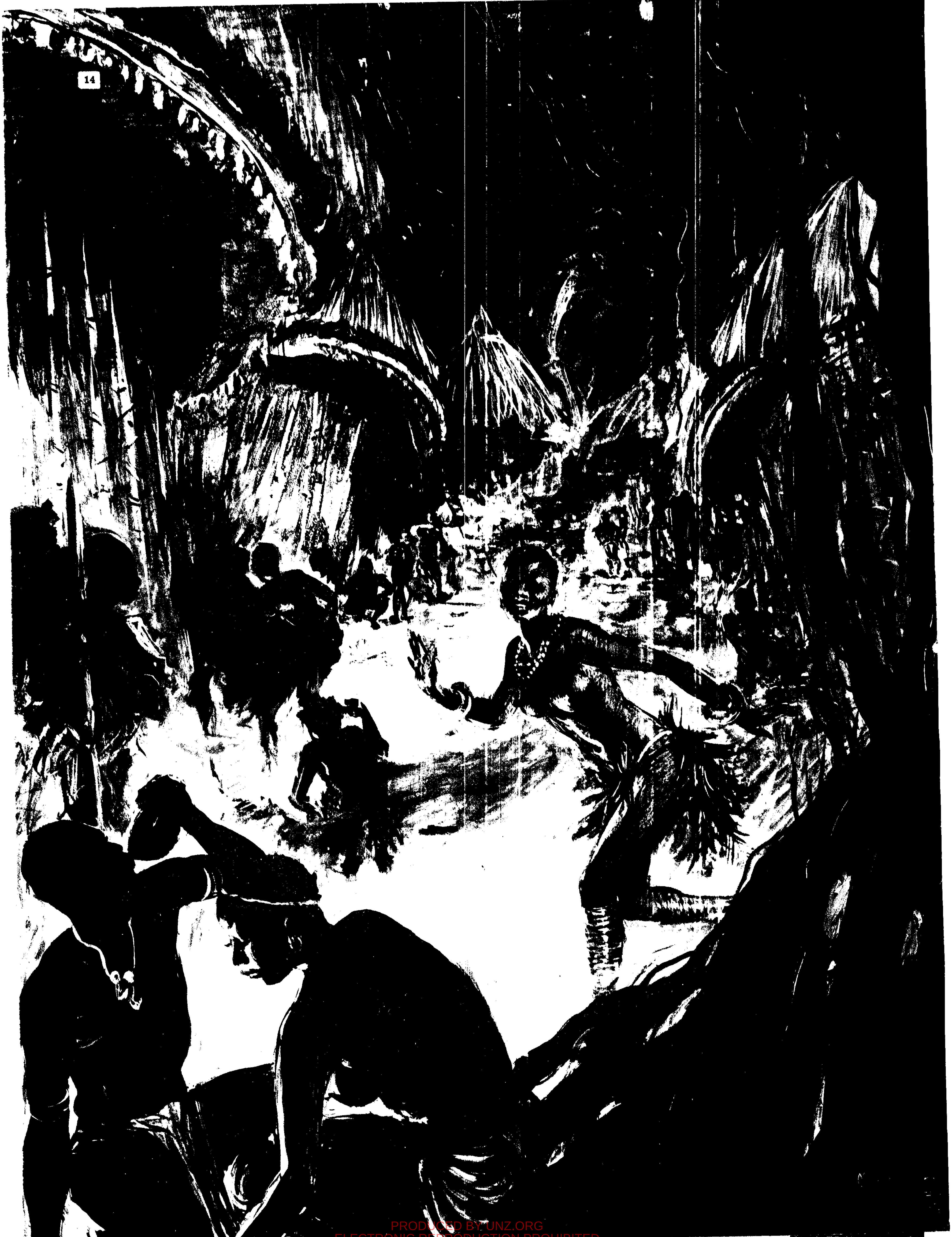
(Continued on page 95)

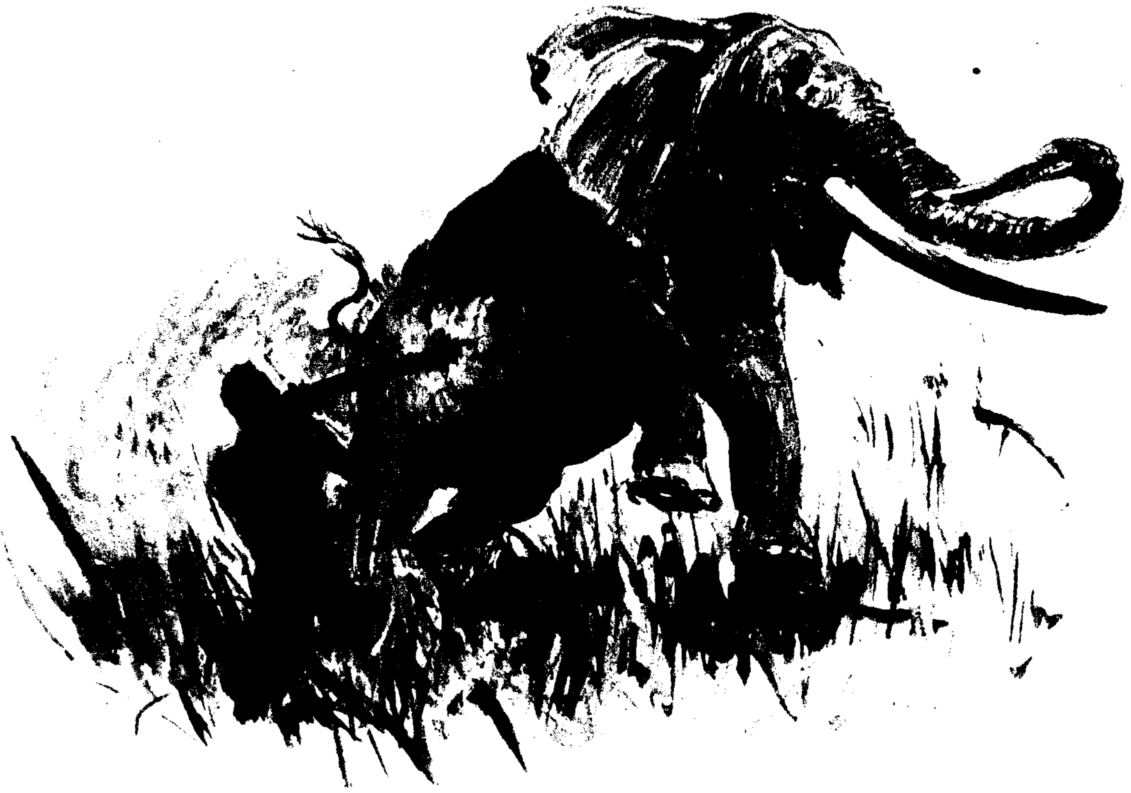
The treaty of mutual assistance between France and Russia, shown here being signed by Bidault shortly after the war, started France on her "bridge" policy

SOVFOTO

Here Bidault signs another treaty—this time with Britain—which helped get him in so bad with Russia that eventually his whole policy was changed

INTERNATIONAL





THE MARRIAGE PRICE

BY BRIAN O'BRIEN

The villagers thought Andoki was a coward, but the daughter of the chief thought he was wonderful—which he was

THREE monkeys peered down curiously at a lone figure squatting in the moonlit clearing between two rows of bark huts on the Campo River. Creatures lifted their heads in the darkness of the African forest to listen to strange ululations.

"Oh—oh, Mammy, oh, la-la.
Oh—oh, Mammy, oh, la-la.
I want to say, na-make you come look me,
I take-a my fine book, I write-a your name there. . . .

Andoki of Ekin sang his love song in English, for he was a person of education, just graduated from the Americani mission school at Ebolowa.

In a large hut commanding the little Bulu village, Ilumba, the chief's daughter, stirred on her palm-rib bed, sighing proudly for the young man who braved the night devils to serenade her. But her father sneezed in the smoke of the fire and lifted his tattooed face to bay like a dog: "Go, stupid one. Do your howling by day. Sing to me, her father, of iron pots, brass rods and fishhooks."

Another voice lifted sardonically:

"Oh, you get fine gal,
You better keep um close,
Some young boy go come,
He go take and go."

The voice of Andoki faltered to silence as Eboro, his rival, bawled his mockery. A squat, hairy man of thirty, Eboro was rich, with fine trade goods which he bartered with the river people for palm kernels and *boules* of rubber, sending them to the white traders in Campo. All men envied him his fine gun, the only gun in the village. There was a keg of powder, too, which he hid, for the Franchi who govern Cameroons forbid the black grains. He possessed, also, a wife—a big husky girl from Ambam.

"I would give ten elephants for you," Andoki said. They touched cheeks and she ran to her father's hut

Andoki lived alone in the smallest, barest hut in the village. All he owned in the world were two pairs of pajama trousers, striped blue and white; a whole shirt: a Bible, given him for scholarship; a hoe, a machete and the short elephant spear his father had dropped when Matiu N'lombo knelt on him.

Yet, in spite of his poverty, he dared to hold his face to that of the chief's daughter under the mahogany tree outside the village and to tell her of his love.

"O small one, whose bustle twitches like the antelope's tail—you shall be my honey," he whispered, "which is the name the Americans call their women. And there shall be no other honey in my house."

"I would be your honey," Ilumba sighed, smoothing the bright green leaves of her only frontal covering. "But my father, M'bene, listens to the words of Eboro, who offers fine things as marriage price for me. Moreover, my father says you are a coward because you have not slain the elephant who killed your father."

"Matiu N'lombo is a great rascal," Andoki muttered. "He has killed many men and destroyed whole villages. Truly he is named 'He-who-cannot-be-killed.' "

"Eboro has said he does not fear the devil."

"He is a big mouth," Andoki snorted. "Matiu N'lombo still feeds in the old cane garden. Now, if I had a fine gun like Eboro I would kill the devil and give the meat and ivory to your father, the chief, for a marriage price."

"E ké!" she sighed admiringly. "You would give a whole elephant for me?"

"I would give ten elephants," he said fondly.

They touched cheeks and he watched her run back to her father's hut; a slim, rounded, chestnut-colored figure with the green leaves before and a grass bustle behind. . . .

At dawn the women came out of their huts and soon the trees overhanging the village were streaked with smoke from the cooking fires. Andoki, in his second-best pajama trousers, squatted outside his hut cooking a meal of manioc paste and peanut oil.

Eboro, a gaily printed cotton cloth draped about his burly form, sat on his doorsill smoking a brass pipe through the long midrib of a banana leaf.

"Prepare the fish well," he called loudly to his wife. "Cook fine white rice. There are ones who cannot buy such food. Let them envy the big man. Bring me my fine te-e-e-pot of white china. I would drink as the Americanis do."

The villagers scowled enviously as he tilted the spout to his thick lips.

"Clay pots," mumbled Ilumba's mother. "I am the wife of a chief, yet I have no te-e-e-pot."

"Eboro has promised the te-e-e-pot in the marriage price for our child," said M'bene. "You shall have it. He has also promised the fine gun. I will be the big chief of this river with that gun." He looked significantly at Ilumba.

"And if the Franchi find the black grains you will no longer be chief," snapped his daughter. "I do not love Eboro; he is hairy like a gorilla. I want Andoki, who is beautiful."

"E ké!" her fathered shouted. "He is a skinny grass monkey who sings at night like a dog. He has nothing. He works in gardens like a woman. He is a coward, who—"

"I will not go to Eboro!"

With an exasperated howl her father snatched a spear. Ilumba fled as the shaft caught her across the bustle.

"You will do the bidding of your father!" he roared after her.

Andoki jumped up from his fire to follow the weeping Ilumba. Eboro glared after them.

"A certain one should *(Continued on page 91)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

I'M MAD AT YOU

BY JACK FINNEY

For a man who worked hard at his marriage, Tim made it look awfully easy

TIMBERLAKE RYAN lay on the davenport watching his wife across the room and considering his choice of available weapons. A laugh—if he could just make her laugh in return, or even smile; but she'd be expecting that. Maybe an air of penitence plus great solicitude for her comfort; offer to fix a drink or get a pillow for her back—the telephone rang.

"Don't answer that!" said Timberlake. "No telling who it might be!"

There was no laugh, not even a smile. His wife looked at him coldly as she got up from her chair. "I'm mad at you," she said. He winked at her, lewdly. She curled her upper lip in disdain, and walked out to the hall.

"Alice!" he heard her say. "How *are* you?" He groaned loudly, sat up, put on his slippers, and padded out to the hall. ". . . doing?" Eve was saying. "Why, we're not—"

"—Jamming," said Timberlake, in a low insistent monotone. "Jamming, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety!"

Eve covered the mouthpiece and glared at him fiercely. Then, smiling politely again, she spoke into the phone. "We weren't doing a thi—"

"—Jamming. Enemy broadcast, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety, yibbety—"

"Tim!"

He looked at her sadly. "A last-ditch measure, an act of desper—"

"I don't *think* we have any plans, but let me just check with Tim. Hold on, now," she covered the mouthpiece again. "It's the Melletts."

"You're telling me."

"They're calling from a drugstore; they're out walking and thought they'd drop in."

"Tell them wrong number."

"Tim, they're *waiting."*

"I have a severe case of cheri-beri. Aspirin doesn't help. It's contagious."

"Now, cut it out—they won't stay for long."

"How do you know?"

"They have to be home at six; they have a sitter with the kids."

"How about the kids coming over and the Melletts staying—"

"Nope," said Eve to the phone, "not a thing!" She made a face at Tim. "He says come on over, we'd love to see you," and she covered the mouthpiece quickly as Tim moaned again and walked back to the davenport.

"Look," he said when she returned to the room, "I know I have sinned." Eve picked up her book and resumed her reading. "I'm not neat," he continued, "and you get so tired of picking up after me and I really should be more considerate." He watched for the effect of this, ready to grin. Eve turned a page. "I deserve punishment," he went on; she continued to read. "But the Constitution expressly provides against cruel and unusual—"

"Now, you just stop that," she said. "Alice is one of my best and oldest friends—"

"But she married a zombie."

"—and we don't see them often."

"Once in a decade is too—"

"It won't hurt you this once. Anyway, remember I'm mad at you."

Tim seemed to understand this *non sequitur.* "I suppose I'd better put on a tie." He paused. "It would be the neat thing to do."

She considered this. "No. But you might mix some drinks. They'll be here any minute."

"An excellent idea. Perhaps a shaker of germ culture?"

"You just try behaving yourself," she suggested.

Tim sighed and walked toward the kitchen. But at the doorway he turned to look back at his wife. She was, he thought, very lovable and amusing when she tried to be stern with him. Looking at her face, which was bent over her book, he smiled at her effort to maintain an appearance of annoyance. For her lips, he saw, wouldn't compress; they remained lovely and full. Her fine straight nose offset the tiny flare of its nostrils, the arched brows couldn't wrinkle her smooth full forehead, and the indignant tilt of her head was obscured by the softness of her fine yellow hair. She was very, very attractive, he thought, and wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to say so.

Eve looked up. "Stop dawdling," she said. Timberlake Ryan moved on to the kitchen.

The Melletts arrived, and Tim greeted them with a cordiality only his wife could recognize as being slightly burlesqued for her benefit. "Funny," he said, "not five minutes before you called I was just saying to Eve, 'What's happened to the Melletts? Why don't you give them a ring?' "

"Well," said Mrs. Mellett, "why didn't you?"

"Why didn't you, honey?" said Tim.

Eve linked her arm with Mrs. Mellett's and drew her into the living room. "It's good to see you, Alice," she said, genuinely. The men followed them into the room.

"We all need a drink," Tim said, "I know I do, anyway. How about it, folks? Honey," he lowered his voice and spoke solicitously to Eve, "I don't think you'd better have any more."

"Timberlake," she said, with a rising, warning inflection, "you fix me a drink."

I really haven't given him a very nice Sunday, she thought guiltily, as

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Tim winked at the Melletts, then at her, and moved easily toward the kitchen. She compared, a little proudly and complacently, his lean six feet with the squat bulk of Jerry Mellett. I'm lucky, she thought. Whenever I compare him with anyone else, I keep falling in love with my husband again. And she turned to Alice, a little sadly, remembering as always the shy, reserved, rather pretty girl Alice had been when they were friends in school. But now, she thought, the shyness and reserve had become only quiet dullness, and the prettiness remained only for those who remembered her at twenty. It's her husband's fault, Eve thought loyally. He's nice, really a very nice man, but—not very stimulating. Then, her conscience awake, she began chatting with Alice, eagerly and with real warmth and affection; she told herself she was glad they had come.

As TIM returned with the drinks, Mr. Mellett said heartily, "Well, what have you been doing with yourselves all day? We like to get out for a walk on Sundays," he continued, not waiting for an answer. "Don't think it's good just to lie around doing nothing."

"Oh," Tim answered, slouching down in his chair, "we haven't been doing much. Just lying around." He avoided Eve's eyes, smiled brightly, and added, "We've been thinking up new ways to be neat. We think neatness is very important."

"So do we," said Mrs. Mellett, and Mr. Mellett nodded.

"So does Eve. Wants to write a book on it, in fact. How to Achieve Happiness Through Neatness. A definitive work."

"Alice," said Eve, "does Jerry clutter his desk with old envelopes and letters, ragged old newspaper clippings, and meaningless phone numbers scribbled on scraps of paper? Does he leave his closet door wide open, trail magazines through the house and stuff sweaters into drawers without folding them?"

"*I* do," said Timberlake.

"Oh, Jerry's very neat," said Mrs. Mellett. "I tell him his room looks like a West Point colonel's."

"Just habit." Mr. Mellett said modestly. "I believe in orderliness."

"So do I," said Tim, "in theory. But in practice I'm a slob. Just haven't mastered the technique, though I receive excellent instruction. I suppose I need a valet, as Eve keeps telling me. That's why I'm working so hard to get rich."

Mrs. Mellett laughed. "Any luck?" she said.

"Oh, I've figured out several ways to make a million, but that isn't enough. I have other plans, too."

Mr. Mellett smiled. "We'd all like to be rich," he announced.

"My plans?" said Timberlake. "Well, I want to buy two acres of land, possibly three, might as well have them in New York—say, on Fifth Avenue. In the Forties or Fifties."

"'Fraid that'd take at least two million," Mr. Mellett said wisely.

"Three," said Timberlake. "And another two and a half for tearing down the buildings."

"Tim, I'm sure the Melletts aren't interested in your nonsense."

"Five gets you ten they are, sister."

"He's been reading detective stories since breakfast," Eve said. "He's been a private eye all day."

"Then," said Tim, "I'll fill in the excavation with good Illinois topsoil. Ship it in; fifteen, twenty thousand dollars' worth. And I've got my eye on an eight-room frame house in Galesburg, Illinois. Built in the eighties; lot of fancy scrollwork on the eaves and front porch. Dismantle that and ship it in, too. Cost another fifty-sixty thousand dollars.

"We'll set that up in the middle of the plot. Surround it with big old elm trees—not scrawny little ones like the Rockefellers have at their Fifth Avenue place—the big, old-fashioned kind. Lilac bushes, too, around the front porch. And a lawn and a croquet set. And a hammock with a tassel fringe and stitched-in pillow. Put up a picket fence and move in. Cost close to seven million, as I figure it."

"That's what happens soon as you get a few millions," said Eve. "You get eccentric."

Tim looked appealingly *(Continued on page 54)*

"I'd buy a couple of acres of land on Fifth Avenue, tear down the buildings, fill in the excavation with good Illinois topsoil, dismantle the house in Galesburg and set it up in the middle of the plot . . ."

Under close observation, four "Umptees"—members of the Army's Universal Military Training Experimental Unit—head for a soda fountain in Elizabethtown

Trainees trying one of their members for a minor infraction of regulations. The prosecutor, the members of the jury and the defense counsel are all trainees. The company commander (left) merely acts as judge

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN?

BY DAVID LANDMAN

At Fort Knox, Kentucky, the Army is training 657 young soldiers as no soldiers have ever been trained before. They're the forerunners of our streamlined Army of the future

After a dance at the Service Club: It's time to say goodby. The girls are returning to Louisville by bus—but nobody wants the bus to start!

Captain Croonquist (West Point, 1943) watches his company execute a column-left movement. Overseas for 26 months, the captain wears 5 battle stars. (Below) 18-year-old Alfred Oram, of Kingston, Pennsylvania, displays his skill on the trampolin for the entertainment of his companions

DOWN in Kentucky, at Fort Knox, the United States Army is operating the Universal Military Training Experimental Unit, with 657 privates and 553 officers, teachers and trainers. The idea is to give a selected group of eighteen-year-olds six months of military training under ideal conditions, and to provide a sort of preview of what the country might expect to see in the event that Congress passes a universal military service law.

The results have been spectacular, but the very success of the experiment has raised some important questions. Can the Army do with 850,000 men what it is doing with 657? Where will the Army get the thousands of experienced officers and teachers who will be necessary if this sort of training is to be conducted on a large scale? Will Congress provide the enormous sums of money that such a program will cost? So far, the high brass has found none of the answers, and probably will never find all of them. As one general put it:

"We hope to find out at Fort Knox just what we can do with the facilities we have and the money we can get."

The Fort Knox experiment looks very good for several reasons. Most important is the quality of the boys in training. They are all volunteers, who enlisted in the Army to get the benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights or for other good reasons. Their morale is extremely high.

They are brighter than the average eighteen-year-old American boy; when making their assignments to the experimental unit, some of the replacement centers carefully chose recruits with high I.Q.s. A full-scale universal training program, handling approximately 850,000 men, probably would have at least 30 per cent slow learners; the unit at Fort Knox has but five per cent. Under a universal military service law, the Army would be required to train all eighteen-year-olds, not merely the bright ones. The less bright would have to be mixed in with the others, and consequently would slow down the entire program.

Another reason for the success of the Fort Knox experiment is the complete co-operation of the people of Louisville, who take care of the boys as if they were their own sons. But there are many cities where Army camps would be located which are too small to match the hospitality of Louisville's 319,000 citizens or which for other reasons would not do so; and there are some "old soldiers' towns" which would never treat anyone in uniform right. A third reason is the fact that Brigadier General John M. Devine is the commanding officer at Fort Knox; because of his background and record, both in war and in peace, he is probably the best man in the Army for the job. There are not many others even approximately as good.

Still another reason is the character of the officers who handle the details of training. Most of them have had combat experience, and all are capable and take their work seriously; according to Army Information Digest, they are rated "superior." Three of the company commanders are West Pointers, and the fourth is a graduate of General Marshall's alma mater, Virginia Military Institute. There aren't going to be nearly enough officers of this caliber to take care of a full-scale training program of the sort that is being operated at Fort Knox.

Headquarters at the fort has a Table of Organization which shows that 1,047 officers will be needed to supervise the training of a division of 17,052 men. For the 618,000 men whom the Army contemplates training each year for the air and ground forces, 38,000 officers will be required, and if the Fort Knox pattern is to be even partially carried out they must be men of experience and capability. Where are they coming from? The Army is having trouble getting enough officers as it is.

In August of this year the Military Academy at West Point was short 276 cadets, below authorized strength for the first time in its history. The superintendent of the academy, Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, said recently, "The career of the officer is failing to appeal to the ablest of our young men."

In Washington, officials of the War Department insist that the estimates made at Fort Knox of the number of officers needed, if Congress passes the universal service law, is too high; that the entire training program can be handled by 29,000 officers. Junior officers, they say, will come largely from the R.O.T.C., and a great many will not have had prior troop experience. Naturally, they will have neither the ability nor the mature judgment possessed by the fine officers now working at Fort Knox.

More Legal Officers Needed

Similarly, the War Department plans a reduction in the number of legal officers recommended by Fort Knox. The officers who run the Experimental Unit want 15 officers of the Judge Advocate General's Department assigned to each division. But the War Department says that the Army can get along with two lawyers per division—the same inadequate legal staff provided for wartime outfits.

If this latter reduction in officer personnel is actually made, it may delay the introduction into the projected universal service Army of one of the finest features developed by the Experimental Unit—the Code of Conduct. This is the new Army plan for discipline: it substitutes demerits for the bawling-out and uses courts made up of enlisted men to punish misdemeanors. Under the old way of running an army, when a sergeant found dirt in Private Meek's rifle, he spent two minutes insulting Meek and casting doubt upon his ancestry, then sent the terrified soldier scurrying for the mop and pail. At Fort Knox, the sergeant says, "Meek, this rifle is dirty. Two gigs!"

If Meek accumulates more than five gigs in any one week, he loses his week-end pass and draws extra fatigue at the rate of one hour per gig. It is important that the matter of Meek's dirty rifle has been settled with no insults, no bad temper, and no profanity; both the private's self-respect and the sergeant's authority have been preserved. Incidentally, General Devine has instituted a no-swearing rule at Fort Knox for all ranks, and has made it stick.

More serious offenses, such as disorderliness in barracks and being late for formations, are handled by the Trainee Courts, where members of a boy's own company act as prosecutor, judge and defense attorney. An officer of the Judge Advocate General's department advises the courts on points of law, but has no vote. While at Fort Knox, I attended the trial of an

(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

There was a strange collection of men and women aboard the Dutch steamship when she went down at sea. Here they come alive with honor and dishonor, with courage and hysteria, with selfishness and stoicism as their companions in the terrible hour of crisis

BY

W. H. MC DOUGALL, JR.

TWILIGHT is brief in the Dutch East Indies. As soon as it was dark the Poelau Bras weighed anchor and we crept slowly, silently from Wijnkoops Bay into the Indian Ocean. The big three-masted ship seemed to cringe like a frightened thing when she left the calm waters of the south Java coast and slipped reluctantly into the ocean's slow, heaving embrace. As if to shake off whatever fear gripped her, the motors stepped up their pace, propellers churned and a wide, white wake boiled in the deep water swells behind. The Poelau Bras headed under full power southwest, seeking the quickest route of escape from Japanese forces that were then completing the conquest of Java.

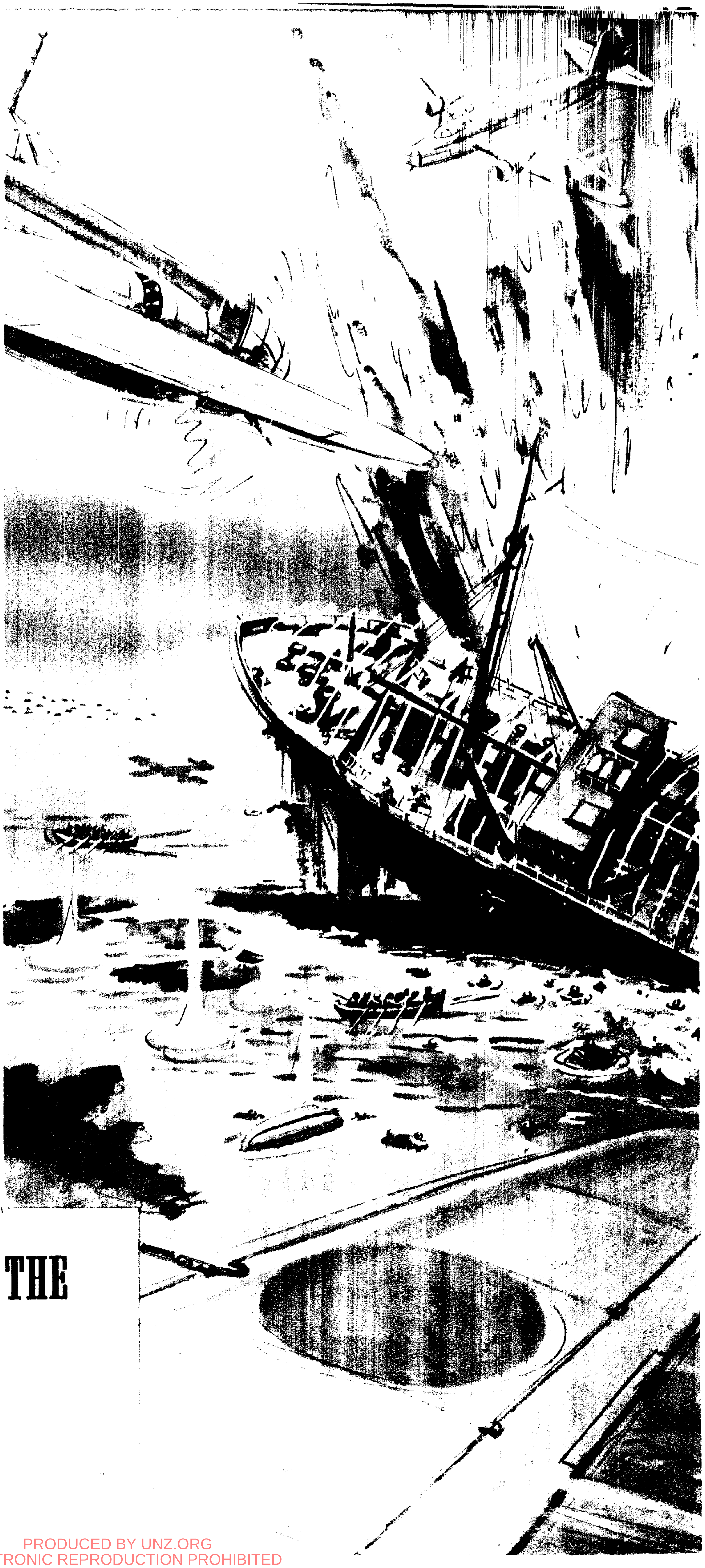
On that March night of 1942, our lives depended on getting beyond the range of Jap bombing planes. Two hundred and fifty miles would do it because the Japs were using small planes. Could we make two hundred and fifty miles by sunrise? Hardly. But we could by 11 A.M. If we were not spotted by a reconnaissance plane before ten o'clock we were sure. If they found us by nine o'clock, well, it would be a gamble. If they spotted us before nine we were as good as sunk.

Crew members of the Poelau Bras were not happy. A few days previously they had thought themselves safely on their way to Australia. Then came new orders to turn back: "Proceed Wijnkoops Bay. Evacuate military and oil-company personnel."

That had seemed to be a break for two American war correspondents—DeWitt Hancock and myself—who were stranded at Wijnkoops Bay. I represented the United Press. Hancock was a tall, lean Associated Press reporter, who warded off death from diabetes with three shots of insulin daily. We would have been captured shortly had not Allied authorities been so anxious to prevent the Japs from seizing a group of oil experts that they ordered the Poelau Bras back to Wijnkoops Bay in the face of extreme danger.

The Allies were concerned especially with the fate of twenty-nine technicians whose special skills and knowledge suddenly had become a two-edged weapon. In Jap hands those men could be forced to help rebuild the Indies oil industry. If they reached safety they would be invaluable in the Allied war effort.

Besides the oil executives, a general and an admiral and their staffs, together with flying officers and other key military personnel, were on board. Naturally 240 passengers and crew could not crowd into accommodations which had been built



THE SINKING OF THE POELAU B

W. H. McDougall, Jr., left the Japan Times in 1940 to become Far East correspondent for the United Press. After an arduous escape from Shanghai, following the Japanese occupation, he left Calcutta in February, 1942, to arrive in Java during the last stages of its defense. This is his story of what happened on the last Allied boat to leave Java before the surrender. It is not particularly a war story. Men in war and peace throughout the centuries have found disaster at sea. This is a story of how two correspondents, soldiers and oil-company personnel faced death and how they won or lost in the lonely vastness of the Indian Ocean

for only thirty-four, so they prepared to sleep on the floors of the passenger deck amidships and the commodious saloon lounge.

Sitting in the saloon drinking ice-cold beer, Hancock and I decided the trip was going to be a fairly comfortable and pleasant one. This was a good, fast ship and the presence of so much brass aboard was reassuring. The admiral and the general and the chief of Shell's East Indies oil empire—and their staffs—knew what they were doing. So far, in this war, generals and admirals and oil tycoons were well cared for. They always got away safely. So we ordered two more beers and checked the passenger list.

There were Dutch Commander Mueller and his comely wife and two little daughters. One of the girls was six years old; the other was only ten days and occupied a wicker basket on one of the saloon tables.

Dr. Anton H. Colijn, gallant defender of the Tarakan oil field, was there with his three daughters. As both army officer and manager he had directed its defense to the last possible moment, then set it aflame and made a daring escape from his Japanese captors.

This slender hero, clad in green army uniform, was a sharp contrast to another Shell oil plant manager, who sat glum and silent in a corner, speaking to no one and ignored by his companions. We will call him Vanderpool. He was a marked man, shunned by his fellows, and he is dead now but on the Poelau Bras he, too, was an unforgettable character.

Those faces still are in my memory because of the roles their owners played in the drama which lay ahead. As I looked around the comfortable saloon I couldn't know, of course, that soon I would be watching most of these people face the most harrowing moments of their lives.

Enemy Planes Reconnoiter Our Position

When morning came we cursed the beautiful day. Not a cloud marred the bright blue dome above us. There was perfect visibility for Jap reconnaissance planes. We almost *listened* for the minutes to tick away—for the hour of comparative safety to arrive. Eight o'clock . . . about one hour to go. Then, at the last moment—at 9:15 A.M.—came the inevitable. Deep, throaty blasts sounded from the ship's whistle. A Jap twin-engined plane droned out of the north and wheeled in a great circle around the Poelau Bras. Our stern gun boomed. The plane disdainfully tightened its circle and leisurely flew around us thrice, then disappeared.

Every person on board knew what would follow. Within two hours bombers would be overhead. The captain wasted no time. Passengers and crew were assigned to lifeboats. Hancock and I drew lifeboat Number 1 on the starboard side. Life preservers were issued.

We were still hopeful. There was a general feeling that if bombers did not arrive by eleven o'clock, they would not arrive at all. At 10:55 A.M. our spirits soared. We felt certain luck would not fail us now. The Poelau Bras would come through. She had to. Good old Poelau Bras. She was stanch and fast and she knew the admiral and the general were aboard. Admirals and generals have charmed lives.

Eleven o'clock struck. We raised our glasses. "To the Poelau Bras!"

A little sigh ran around the saloon as people relaxed. We were aware, suddenly, how quiet the saloon had been, how tense inside we and everyone had been. People smiled now and a buzz of conversation filled the air.

Three minutes later deep, insistent blasts sounded from the Poelau Bras' whistle. I rushed on deck. There were three planes bearing down on us from our starboard side. Whirling, I saw three more coming in from the east. Another shout announced another three driving down on us from the north. Nine dive bombers were converging from three different directions.

I ran back to our table. Hancock and I sat silent, looking first into each other's eyes, then at the faces around us. No one spoke. People merely sat there, waiting. Commander Mueller, conspicuous in his white dress uniform, leaned across the table holding Mrs. Mueller's hand. The six-year-old daughter stood beside her mother's chair, silent, clinging to Mrs. Mueller's other arm.

Outside, our machine guns chattered, the stern gun boomed. A bomb exploded. Plane motors roared, whined, then roared again. The second roar, a climbing, ear-shattering crescendo, always began just a fraction of time ahead of the bomb explosion. The explosions were much lighter than I had imagined they would be.

"Must be small bombs," I thought; "probably one hundred pounds or less. That's good. They'll plaster hell out of us but we'll probably stay afloat."

Roar, whine, roar. Bang! Roar, whine, roar. Bang! The Poelau Bras jumped slightly.

"Close," said Hancock.

Then a series of dull thuds rather than sharp cracks. The Poelau Bras trembled, sickeningly.

Thinking back, I discovered that during the Poelau Bras' last agonies I became, as it were, a spectator viewing a moving picture—an extremely gripping and personal picture—but a picture nevertheless. I still see it that way, and like a movie it is happening now, in the present tense. . . .

Roar, whine, roar. Bang! The saloon jumps. The jar deafens our ears, wrenches our stomachs. Pictures leap from the saloon walls, crash on the floor. That was a direct hit on the bridge. The Poelau Bras loses way completely, wallows in the ocean swell. A deck officer clambers up to the bridge to find his captain pinned in the debris, alive, conscious but caught as securely as if he were in a trap. An executive officer is alive too, but he is skewered like a butterfly on a pin. The admiral? Where is the admiral?

In the saloon a momentary hush follows the bridge hit. Then sounds a thin, long wail. Mrs. Mueller's six-year-old. She trembles, cries in fear. Mrs. Mueller gathers her daughter to her breast.

"Hush, my child. It is a game the men are playing upstairs. Hush."

The child's cries cease as quickly as they began. She is quiet. Mrs. Mueller's calm eyes meet mine.

No Need for Command to Abandon Ship

Wham! The Poelau Bras' deck jumps like a bucking horse. That's it. She's sinking. Time to go. There is no shouted order to abandon ship. In fact no one speaks at all, but simultaneously, as though receiving some telepathic warning, men start moving to the stairs, quietly but swiftly.

A couple of hundred years have elapsed since the first bomb fell. But the watch says 11:17. Only fourteen minutes.

At the starboard rail only the shattered remnants of lifeboats hang in the davits. Our Number 1 is in the water alongside, half swamped and abandoned. Never mind. It can be bailed out. Wonder where Hancock is.

Four ports boats are lowered. Two are away, manned only by skeleton crews but one of the two is damaged and nearly awash. Boat Number 4A, in the water alongside the ship but still fastened to the fall lines, is near the bow, and because the Poelau Bras is settling by the stern the bow rails are thirty feet above the pitching lifeboat. Mrs. Mueller with her children and her husband is at the rail.

A husky Dutch sailorman, Jan Rombeek, stands in the pitching boat shouting up, "Drop the basket. I'll catch it."

Commander Mueller tosses the basket containing his ten-day-old daughter over the side. It drops straight into Rombeek's waiting arms. The Muellers then jump and are pulled into the boat.

Oarsmen in Number 4A row hard to clear the ship. Down swoops a plane, machine-gunning. Then another. Bullets tear a large hunk of wood from 4A's stern, rip into bodies. But there are no screams, only a few sharp *(Continued on page 83)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD VEBELL

The deer didn't really mean any harm—and the girl was just trying to be neighborly. Or was she?

BUILD ME A BUNGALOW SMALL

BY NORBERT DAVIS

WILLIAM MARTIN stepped out on the three worn planks that served the cabin as a front porch and looked all around and saw nothing but trees. That was just fine with him. It was not that he was fond of trees as such. He wasn't. He considered them nonfunctional and a waste of lumber, but at the moment he vastly preferred them to people.

He was tall and dark, a little gaunt in the face and stooped in the shoulders, and his black hair was clipped in a crew cut. He was wearing a red flannel shirt and brand-new khaki pants and shoe pacs. Standing there on the porch, he drew in a long, luxurious breath of mountain air—thin and dry with a sharp, cold tingle in it.

The air tasted very good. Martin tried some more of it and then pounded his chest, Tarzan style. He jumped down off the porch and did a complicated series of crouched, whirling shifts and then caught an imaginary football and kicked it. He was right at the apex of his punt when he saw the man watching him, and he very nearly went over backward.

"Oops!" he said, waving his arms violently to catch his balance. "I didn't see—I didn't think there was anyone— Hello."

The man was leaning against the fender of a dust-colored sedan that blended perfectly into the dried brown of the brush along the twisted, narrow road. He was dressed in brown, too, and he was smoking a brown, hand-rolled cigarette. He was squat and blocky and bowlegged, and he was scowling. He looked as if he had been born with a great many suspicions and had lived to see every single one of them confirmed.

"Your name Martin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You leased this cabin from the owner for three weeks?"

"Yes."

"You understand that he don't own the land the cabin sits on. Just the cabin itself. The land is part of this state park and can't be sold."

"I understand that."

"Keep it in mind. You're a tenant here by sufferance. In case you don't savvy that, it means you can stay here as long as you behave yourself. My name's Bradwell. I'm the state ranger in charge."

"Well," said Martin uncertainly. "Hello."

"How drunk are you now?"

"I'm not drunk at all!" Martin denied indignantly. "I was just feeling good, that's all—just taking a little morning workout to—to—"

"If I catch you plastered and passed out around here, you're going to wake up with a shovel in your hand on the road gang. And don't sling garbage around in the brush. Bury it. All of it. Deep. And don't build fires except in the fireplace in the cabin, and don't smoke away from this clearing. And don't drive over twenty on these park roads. And leave the animals alone. They got more right to be here than you have."

"Okay," said Martin. "Okay, okay, okay."

Bradwell got back in his car. The sound of its motor was a muted, smooth murmur.

"I'll be seeing you," he said. "Often. Keep that in mind, too."

The sedan slid silently away.

"Huh," said Martin.

He breathed in deeply again, trying to retrieve his exuberant mood. It eluded him, and he looked around exploratively. He spotted a path that angled crookedly away from the cabin, and he started following it.

The trees closed in instantly on him, and the silence and the solitude were soothing balm. He began to whistle softly and jauntily to himself. He kept on whistling until he walked around a curve and came face to face with a deer.

This was not a small deer, and it was in no way fragile or dainty. It was equipped with antlers, and it was tall enough so that when it held its head up it could look Martin right in the eye, and that was just what it was doing.

"Shoo," said Martin. "Scram. Get out of here."

The deer came a step closer.

"Boo!" Martin shouted. "Beat it!"

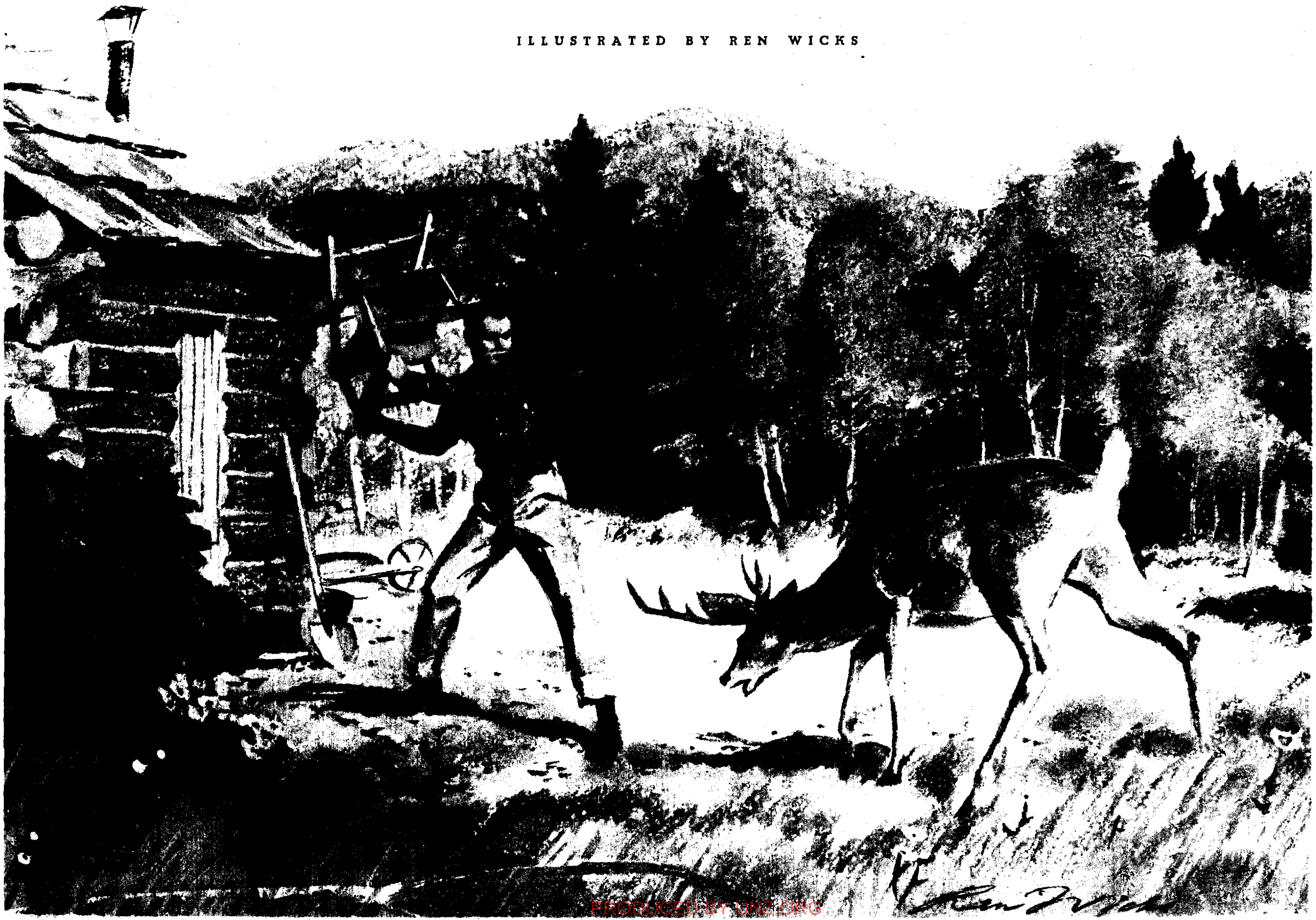
The deer lowered its head and pawed the ground. The hoof was sharp enough to leave a clean, deep groove in the dirt. It snorted.

"Well," said Martin. "Okay. If that's the way you feel."

He backed around the curve and started toward the cabin. The deer snorted again—right behind him. Martin walked a lot faster. He was perspiring. He sneaked a glance over his shoulder. The antlers were about a yard from his back, and they were

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS



Judy Kremen, an up-and-coming young actress, is helped with her bath by Avalon Appelman, sculptress. Life in a cold-water flat, like theirs, is pretty rugged

GREENWICH VILLAGE:

TOURIST TRAP

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

New York Goes Nuts About
NUTHOUSE REVUE
3 Shows Nitely
Beautiful Gals
DINNER

Anatole Broyard, a writer, and Sherry Martinelli, a painter, chat outside a night club neither has been in. Young artists shun tourists' hangouts

Budding artists who would mingle with sharp company in New York's mecca shortly find the pace and the people very dull

Conclusion

INSPECTING the come-ons which have made Greenwich Village New York's second Broadway, one wonders how quaint you can get. For the Village today is almost entirely deliberately picturesque.

Sometimes that which would pass as picturesque is really grotesque. Julius' bar, claiming to be the oldest saloon in the city, felt it had to look the part when it emerged from the speak-easy shadows of prohibition. It engaged Bob Hendrickson, who runs a Christopher Street antique shop, to give it that moldy look. Hendrickson suspended some old household articles and a few guns from the ceiling and had an old sailor tie some spider webs together with string. These he hung in the corners.

He engaged some small boys to collect the contents of vacuum cleaner bags from housewives, paying the boys ten cents for each bag of dirt collected. Then he sprayed the beamed ceiling and his decorations with varnish and blew his vacuum cleaner grime onto the sticky whole until the place looked as if Poe's raven had slept there. Now the customers are three deep at the bar.

Perhaps unavoidably in view of the general atmosphere, thousands of Villagers are deliberately picturesque or grotesque. We do not, of course, refer to former Bishop Manning, who putters around the window boxes of his Washington Mews studio home; or Broadway columnist Louis Sobol; or Mrs. Roosevelt, who gets out at 7 A.M. to walk Fala briskly through Washington Square. Mrs. Roosevelt takes no part in Village life and lives in her apartment on the Square only when the United Nations is in session. With few exceptions, Villagers adore her.

Thousands of Villagers attempt to stake out some individuality for themselves by wearing eccentric clothing, letting their hair grow long or completely shaving it off; by "recognizing" only ancient and obscure poets; toting books on Sanskrit, or by attempting to make neurosis a work of art.

The greatest means of this "self-expression" are purely vocal, and fashions in talk in the Village change swiftly. Yesterday's hero is today's bum, and last night's Eternal Truth is already passé.

Each decade of Village talk has been marked by different basic themes. The Bohemianism and "new freedom" of the 1910-17 period was replaced by anti-Babbittism and "sex freedom" in the twenties, and these in turn were replaced by Marxism and politics in the depressed thirties. Today psychoanalysis outweighs everything else. If you haven't been adjudged an interesting and complex case by practitioners of at least two different schools of psychoanalytical thought, you cannot throw your weight around in a Village argument.

In addition to the art circles, there are four major whirlpools of gum-beaters, or cults. The largest of these goes into swooning over the work of Wilhelm Reich, the Austrian psychoanalyst. Reich, already the gadfly of European psychology, came to the Village in 1940, and got his start lecturing at the New School. His book, Function of the Orgasm, undertakes to explain what's wrong with the world and its people in terms of sexuality.

Dr. Reich claims he has discovered the "orgone," *the* cosmic energy. The orgone is theoretically an invisible blue stuff, radiating from you even as you read this. So far, Reich has been virtually the only person to see it. The trouble with many people, he says, is that they need an orgone build-up. He has constructed "orgone accumulators," big black boxes large enough for a man to get into. He rents them out to patients who sit inside, let the orgone accumulate and allegedly come out raring to go. The orgone and the accumulator can lick anything from cancer to the common cold, according to Dr. Reich.

Reich has been denounced by Freud and expelled from psychoanalytical societies. This is a frame-up, he says.

A second cult consists of those who worship Henry Miller, most of whose work is not readily available because of certain laws against obscenity. Miller first attracted attention with his candlelight verbiage and attacks on American culture. He returned to America two years ago, wrote that he found it an "air-conditioned nightmare," and settled in Carmel, California, the West Coast branch of the Village. There he is surrounded by earnest disciples.

A group of Villagers surround themselves with the works of the introspective Austrian poet and writer, Franz Kafka, whose influence among writers has been growing since his death. The Kafka lovers dote, too, upon the literary criticisms of Edmund Wilson, author of Memoirs of Hecate County, who threw them into a terrific tizzy recently when he took a few cracks at Kafka.

"It was regarded," said one bookseller, "as the great double-cross."

Existentialist Whisperings

A fourth and larger cult follows the work of Jean-Paul Sartre, the highly publicized French existentialist, who emerged from the French underground and landed, much to the embarrassment of some admirers, in the pages of the women's fashion magazines. We had heard that if you went into the Four Seasons Book Shop, a major Village dispensing station for all these subjects, and shouted, "In Action there is Truth," an existentialist slogan, you would be ushered into the back room and served free beer as a new convert.

Naturally, we tried it. Nothing of the sort happened. Tom Howkins, the proprietor, looked at us in amazement. As for the free beer, he said that maybe that sort of thing went on when he wasn't around or before he got back from Europe, where he served as a State Department assistant cultural attaché in Moscow and Paris. But when we mentioned existentialism, his face lighted up. "Existentialism," he said, "my gosh, that stuff's paid my rent for two months."

Probably the most important and remarkable thing about the Village today is that it still is a mecca for talented young Americans. We asked several hundred of them why they had come. They invariably answered, "It is the only place in America you can come to if you want to be an artist or a writer." What happens to these bright, earnest people when they dive into this fish bowl of phonies, celebrities, cults, famous artists, night clubs, and leering tourists includes everything in the book.

Alone, sometimes in pairs, about 2,000 of them descend on the Village every fall, fluttering with excitement as they move through narrow streets that have been trod by virtually every artistic and literary figure in the last 50 years. Most of them come from small towns. They are charmed by the Village fashions, by the pads and pencils pinned on doors for messages, by the century-old courts like Patchin Place, and by the "interesting" characters.

But almost immediately the process of disillusionment sets in. The newcomers are shocked by the gaping tourists and the commercial brand of Village "atmosphere." They soon find, as did Nina Mancuso of Cleveland, that friends from back home get all sorts of ideas about them.

"When they come to New York, they want a key to your apartment, expect you to run around naked, and think you go to wild parties every night. When they see none of these things they think you are holding out on them," this pretty artist's model told us.

The newcomers learn no budding artist can afford the quaint studios, so they try to make a cold-water flat on either Hudson Street or near the Bowery livable. They discover that many of the heroes they worshiped from afar are the crudest of charlatans, and, in time, even the most "interesting" of characters become bores.

Many are soon sick with loneliness. Slowly the smart ones realize that idle amiable talk is, if they are to develop as artists, one of their worst enemies. Bit by bit, they get their own precious ideas knocked helter-skelter and learn how little talent they have, or how hard they must work; what the price will be and how best to evaluate people to separate the geniuses from the fakers.

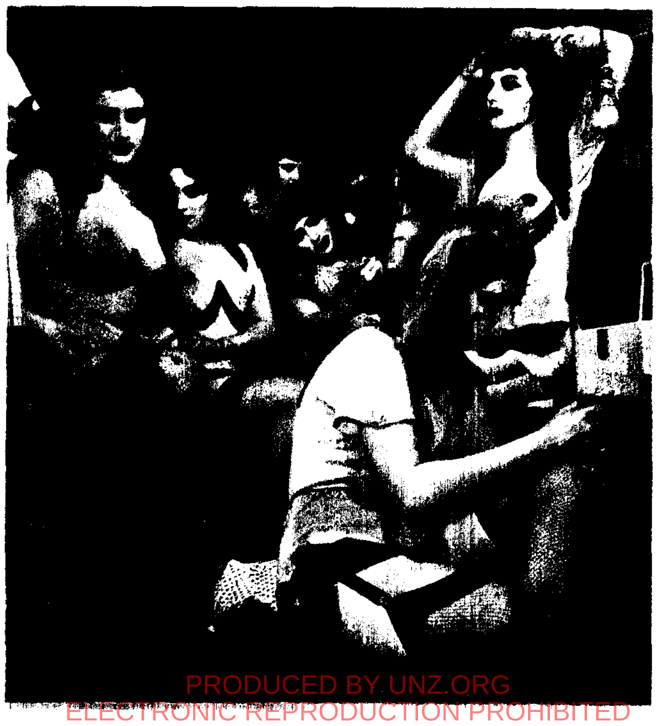
None of this comes about as systematically as we have set it down

(Continued on page 81)

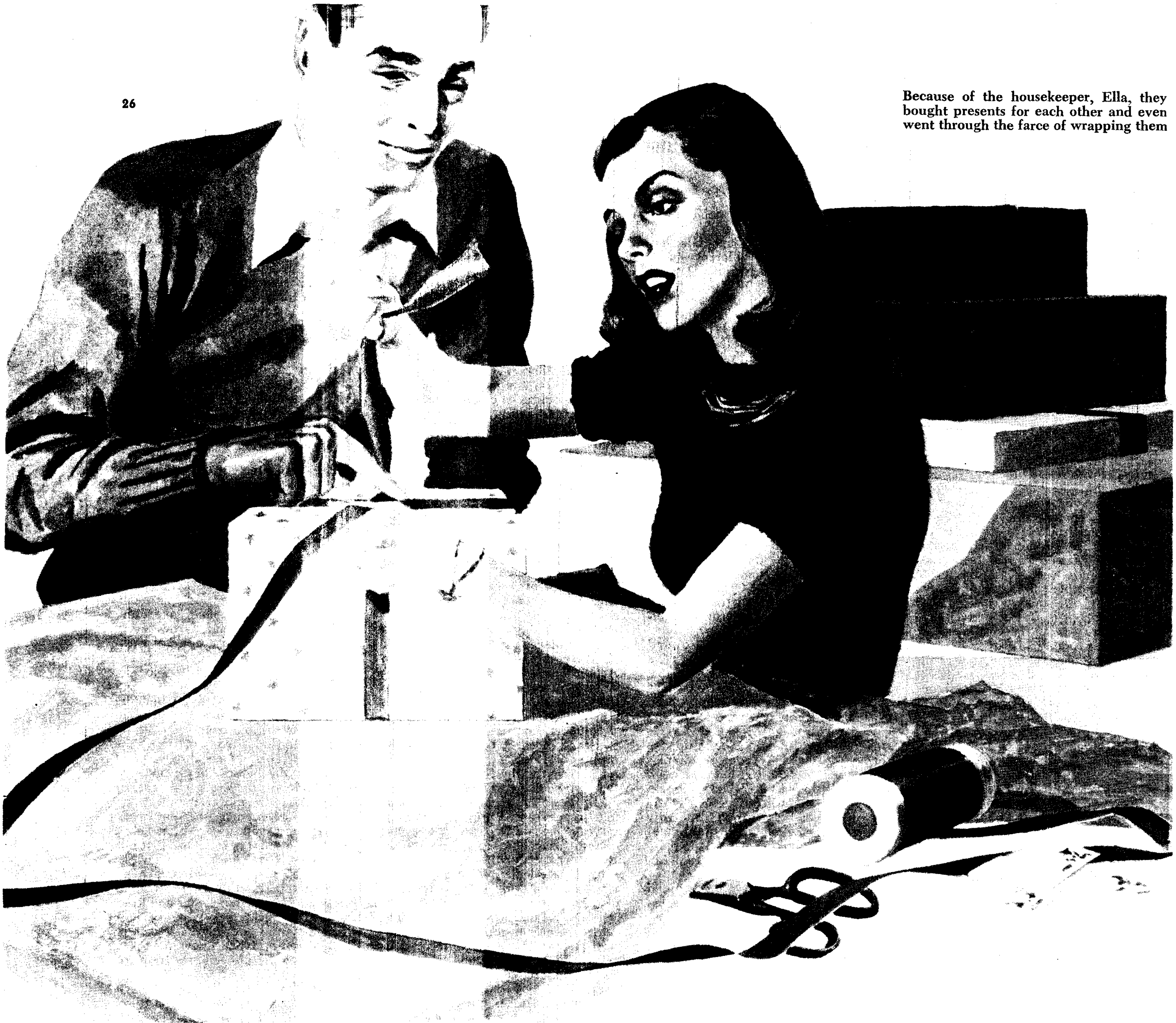
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Actor John Carradine fixes a wig as he sits outside his home in MacDougal Alley. The girl is his wife

Young actresses get into weird costumes for an experimental play staged by the "Onstage Company"



Jon Edgar Webb works on a novel, soon to be out, based on his days in a reformatory



Because of the housekeeper, Ella, they bought presents for each other and even went through the farce of wrapping them

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story:

Hard-bitten young Ridge Holbrook has thrown over Lida Whipple, the wealthy young woman who wants to marry him; and he has turned up at his Readsville, Vermont, farm with a charming new wife, Dorcas Branch. Lida, insanely jealous, doesn't believe Ridge's story about knowing Dorcas in London during the war—nor does she believe that Ridge and Dorcas are in love.

Lida Whipple is right. Ridge is far from being in love with Dorcas. Unknown to the people in Readsville, Dorcas is the girl with whom Ridge's younger brother Dave had had an affair in New York; Dorcas was not enough in love with Dave to marry him, and, desperately unhappy, Dave took to drink and was killed in an accident. When Dorcas called Ridge and told him she was to have Dave's baby, Ridge went to Boston and coldly argued her into marrying him—for the sake of the baby.

Their life together is a marriage in name only. Feeling her to be responsible for Dave's death, Ridge treats Dorcas with marked coolness. Lida Whipple, who has begun to do some heavy drinking since Ridge's sudden marriage, attempts to humiliate Dorcas and schemes to get Ridge back. Lida spends a lot of time now with Dr. Alec Littlejohn, who is treating Lida's neurotic mother.

During a quarrel with her husband after an evening at a roadhouse, Dorcas bursts into tears. "I made a mistake," she says, "and I'm paying for it. You're paying, too, and that doesn't seem fair." But she begs him not to be so coldly suspicious of her. Ridge, realizing he's been unduly hard on Dorcas, determines to try to take better care of her.

III

IT WAS the week before Christmas. Alec Littlejohn and Lida Whipple were sitting in a booth in that same roadhouse on the lakeshore road where they had come with Dorcas and Ridge nearly six weeks before.

For Lida it had been a bad six weeks. And it hadn't been exactly a good six weeks for Alec. Time and again he had told himself that he would stop seeing this girl opposite him, that he hadn't come up here to Vermont to spend his leisure time acting as wet nurse to a potential alcoholic. He would tell himself this, but he continued to see her. Not just occasionally, but four or five times a week. The telephone would ring and he would answer it and she would say, "Alec, I'm bored—take me to Maria's, will you, darling?" Which meant, "Alec, I'm tired of drinking alone—and I can't drink in public without an escort."

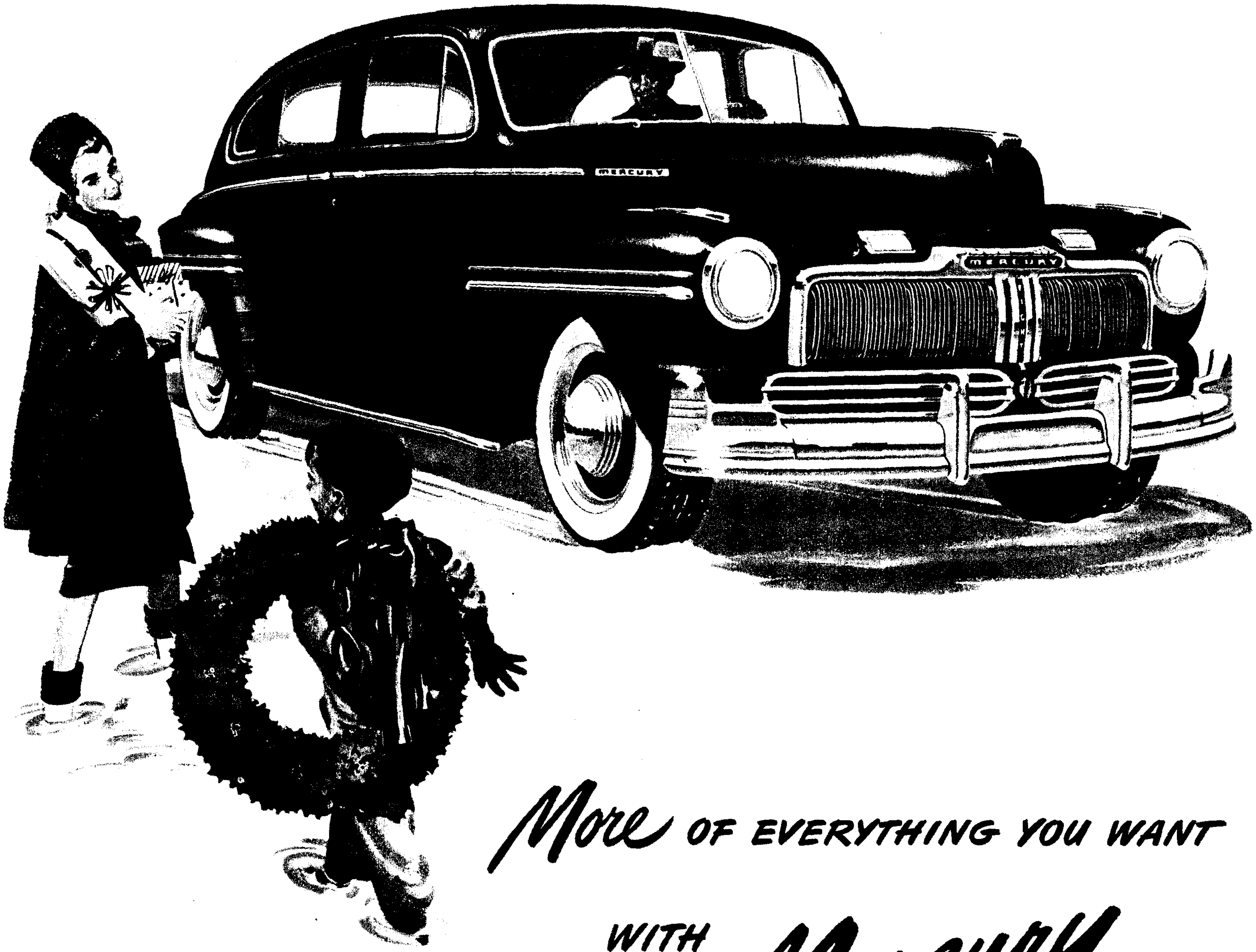
Maria's was an all-night place just outside of town on the road to Montreal. When he took her to Maria's she never wanted to leave, so he avoided taking her there as much as possible. When he brought her here to the Red Barn, she'd stop drinking occasionally and dance. He loved to dance with her. No matter how much she'd had to drink she never fumbled her dancing.

But tonight she'd concentrated on her drinking and refused to dance.

"Don't you know," he said to her now, "that drinking only underlines unhappiness, making it just that much more difficult to live with?"

Sitting there opposite him, her face a still, white mask, her hair a shining

CONTINUING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST



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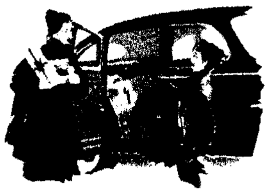
Your Christmas will be much more enjoyable if it includes a Mercury . . . the car that gives you *more of everything!*



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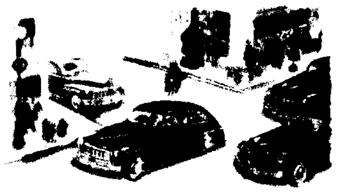
Owning a Mercury is like asking for everything you want . . . *and getting even more!*

It's wide and roomy, yet sleek and graceful. It's big and massive, yet so easy to handle. It's right in fashion, yet has enduring beauty. Powerful and lively, yet thrifty, too.

The more you pal around with your Mercury and the better you get to know it, the more you like it. Shopping, or delivering presents, or even long trips are lots more fun when you're at the wheel of this big, bright car.



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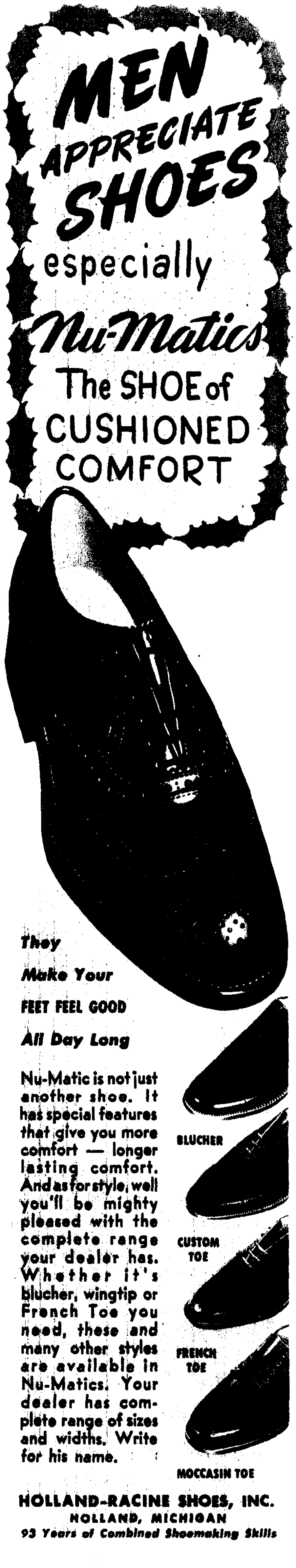

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dark arc against the shoulders of her sheared-beaver coat, she chose to dissemble.

"So you think I'm unhappy?"

"Yes," he told her, "I think you're wretchedly unhappy and I don't think drinking too much is going to help."

She lighted a cigarette. Making a little ritual of it. Tapping it on the back of her hand. Inserting it delicately between her lips. Waving off his lighter. Striking a match. Inhaling. Exhaling.

"Aren't you going to ask me what I am so unhappy about, Alec?"

"No," he said.

"Perhaps," she said, tipping her head back and looking at him through a fragile blue cloud of cigarette smoke, "you *know* why I'm unhappy."

"Perhaps," he agreed, "I do. Let's get out of here, shall we? Norton's operating at eight tomorrow morning."

A little to his surprise she made no objection to leaving but got up at once and led the way out of the room. But once in the car she put her arms around him suddenly and kissed him full on the mouth. Her lips smelled of the bourbon she'd been drinking, and of carnations, which must have been her lipstick, it was the first time anything like that had happened between them and if there hadn't been so much uncontrolled despair in the way her mouth clung to his, he might have enjoyed it. As it was he wished then, and for days afterward, that it had never happened . . .

THE day after Christmas a heavy snowstorm hit northern Vermont, isolating Dorcas and Ridge at the farm. She had dreaded the holiday and was glad now that it was finally over. The week before, she had gone into town with Ridge and helped him pick out presents for Ella and Tom Gatsby, his tenant farmer, and Tom's wife and three children. Because of Ella they even went through the farce of buying and wrapping presents for each other, and at her insistence they decorated a small tree with tinsel and colored balls which Ridge brought down from the attic.

To Dorcas' surprise her Aunt Hildegarde had unbent enough to send the usual Christmas check and she had used part of this to buy Ridge a new dark red robe to take the place of the disreputable old terry-cloth one he was wearing. He, in turn, bought her a crystal bottle of her favorite perfume, and some gloves.

But his real present was a ring. It had belonged to his mother and was a fragile circle of platinum, set with a blazing hoop of emeralds and diamonds.

He gave it to her when they finished trimming the tree on Christmas Eve. He carelessly tossed the small white box into her lap, explaining that it had belonged to his mother.

When she opened it and saw what it was, she caught her breath and lifted her eyes to his face in swift astonishment.

"It's lovely," she said, lifting it tenderly out of its white satin nest, "it's the most exquisite ring I've ever seen—but are you sure you want me to have it? Feeling the way you do about me, do you want me to wear it, Ridge? A ring that belonged to your mother, that you remember seeing her wear . . ."

"Of course I want you to have it," he told her quickly and quite matter-of-factly. "In fact, I wish you'd wear it on your engagement finger. You haven't any engagement ring and people must think it's strange. I should have done something about it before now."

So that was it. He had given her the ring not because he wanted to show her that he no longer disliked her and resented her presence here in this house, but because he was afraid that people would think it odd that she wore only that narrow wedding band.

Conscious of a stabbing sense of disappointment, she slipped the ring on her finger. But every time she looked at it during the next few days she was reminded painfully of how inescapably the present was tied up with the past—and the past was Dave. If it hadn't been for Dave she wouldn't even be here. For short periods of time, she might forget this, Ridge might forget it—but not for long. Never for long. And as time went on it would be increasingly hard to forget it at all. She had been much too thin and the eight or nine pounds she had gained were, at the moment, definitely flattering; but they meant that already her body had begun to change. In a few weeks these changes would become more noticeable and much less flattering as her figure grew heavy and distorted. If Ridge resented her now, how much more would he resent her then? Oh, he was kind to her and increasingly considerate.

Since that night they had quarreled about Alec they had gotten along surprisingly well. As a matter of fact, he had gone out of his way to be not only thoughtful of her but companionable. The Chinese checkers games after dinner, the cribbage and gin rummy, had been his idea not hers; and several times recently they had, at his suggestion, gone for walks on Sunday afternoons. She'd been surprised on these occasions at how well they'd gotten along. It was easier to talk, somehow, to be relaxed and natural, swinging along across hard, snow-encrusted fields or sitting side by side in the sun on top of a split-rail fence than it was inside the four walls of a house. They never mentioned Dave on these walks. They talked about books and music and when they were children. . . .

Walking with him like this, sitting opposite him in the firelight on long winter evenings, it was easy to be lulled into a temporary and quite false sense of security—but then something happened to snap her out of it, something like his utter casualness about the ring, for instance.

If only he had said, "Yes, I really want you to wear it, Dorcas—it was my mother's and now you are my wife and I want it to be yours . . ."

But he had not said this—and because he hadn't, deep down inside of her somewhere she was conscious of a dull, intolerable ache, an ache which became steadily more and more acute until it possessed her completely. No matter where she turned she couldn't escape it and whenever she was left alone it engulfed her completely.

Until, one day, walking alone through the woods, she faced the truth about herself. Four months pregnant—the child his brother had begotten growing and developing within her—she was in love with Ridge Holbrook. Not just happily, lightheartedly in love with him as she had been with Denny St. George, but deeply, passionately in love with him as she had not known she was capable of being in love with anyone. Tenderness, affection, compassion, these things she could understand, these things she had felt for Dave—but not this aching hunger, this terrifying *aloneness*, this almost frantic need to be reassured, to be loved in return—or die. . . .

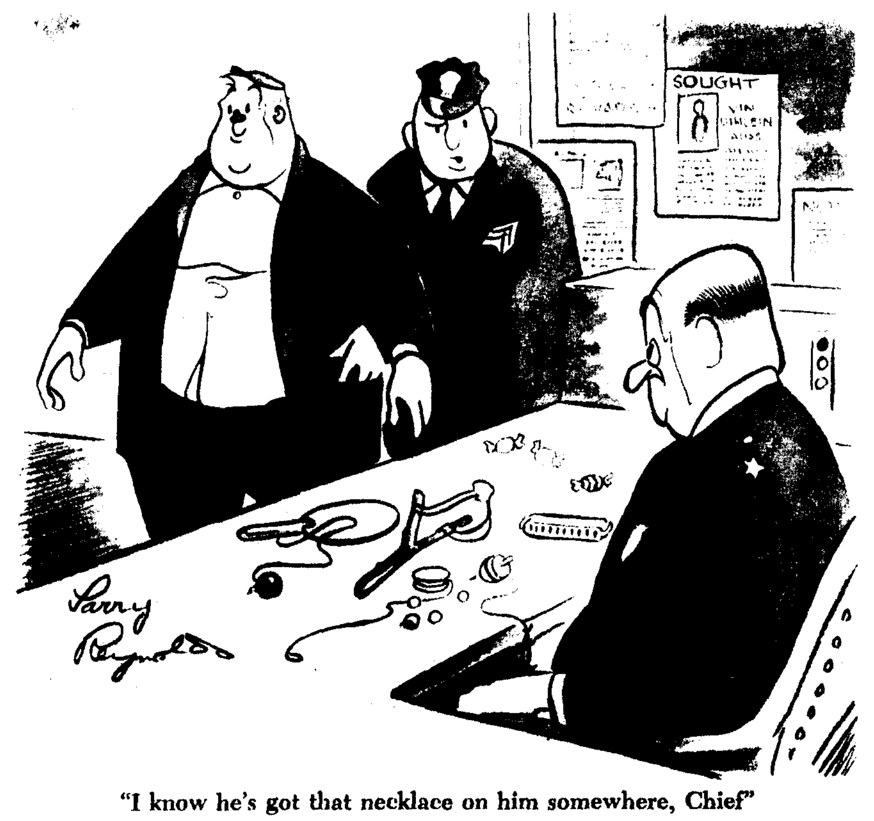
WHEN, she asked herself, pain flowing through her, had it begun? When had she fallen in love with him? That day he had walked into her apartment in New York? Had it begun that day in that first moment of seeing him? She had opened the door and he had stood there—a tall, hard-bitten young man with none of Dave's casual good looks. But she had taken one look at him and her heart had tightened and a trembling had begun deep down inside of her. She had thought it was because of Dave—but had it been because of Dave?

And that day in Boston. That day she had telephoned him. She had thought that she had called him because he was the logical person to turn to—but had that been the reason? Or had she turned to him because she wanted to see him again? Because she had wanted to bring him back into her life and keep him there?

And that night they had quarreled about Alec and she had stamped her foot at him and wept. Had her temper, her tears been caused by anger or by despair? Had she wept because even then she loved him and didn't dare admit it—even to herself?

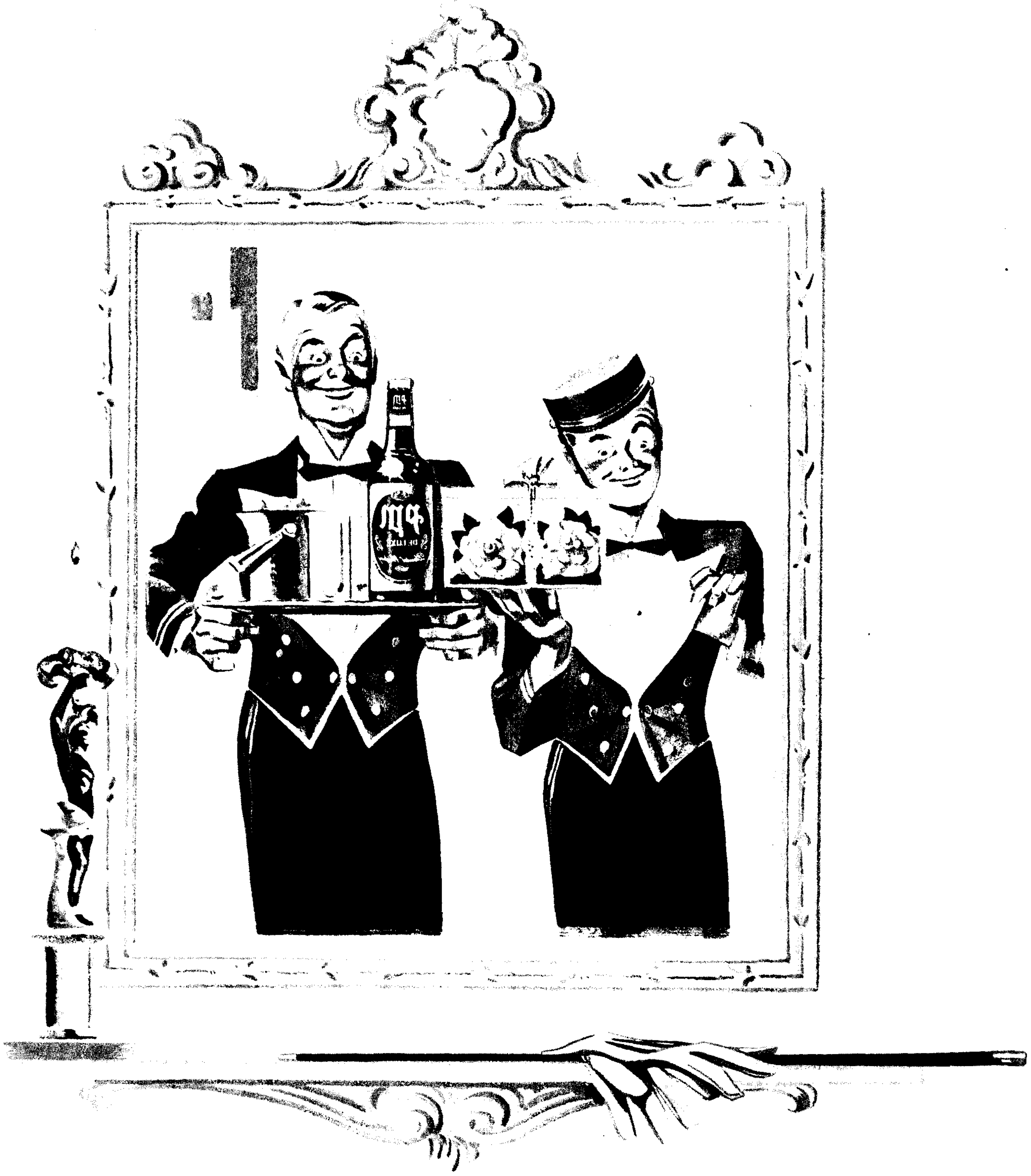
Yes, she had loved him that night and she loved him now and it was quite possible that she would go on loving him the rest of her life. At this thought, a wave of desperate misery swept over her. How could she live, how could she go on week after endless week, month after endless month, year after endless year? Loving someone who cared nothing about her,

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I know he's got that necklace on him somewhere, Chief"

COLLIER'S



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who felt for her, at best, a reluctant and hesitating tolerance?

Suddenly the slight weight of that emerald and diamond ring on her finger was unbearable and she knew that she could not continue to wear it.

When she got back to the house, she took it off and put it back in its little white velvet box and pushed the box far back in her dressing-table drawer.

If Ridge noticed that she was no longer wearing it, he didn't mention it. In the weeks that immediately followed neither of them referred to it.

ALEC LITTLEJOHN leaned over and swabbed a square of pale flesh with alcohol, grasped it firmly between his thumb and forefinger, and deftly inserted the hypodermic needle.

He had just come from the operating room; he was tired and he smelled faintly of ether, tincture of green soap and fresh, frosty air. He withdrew the needle, swabbed the arm once more, pulled up a chair and sat down beside Mrs. Whipple. The B_1 shots had helped her neuritis: Her blood pressure was slightly up, her pulse was considerably steadier, her headaches were neither better nor worse.

"It's been a tough day at the hospital," he said, smiling at her sociably. "Mind if I sit here and smoke a cigarette?"

"No, of course not."

He had been coming here twice a week for two months now, but she continued to submit to his visits with the polite resignation of a bored child.

He lighted a cigarette, disposed of the match, and decided to make one more effort to penetrate that shifting fog of bemused reticence in which she had so securely and dangerously wrapped herself. God knows he was no psychiatrist, but if he could get her to break down just once and talk about herself, about *anything,* perhaps he could get some clue as to what was back of all this. Unless Alec was very much mistaken she was living, or rather existing, in a private and exclusive little hell created and inhabited by no one but herself.

"Tell me something about yourself, Mrs. Whipple," he said now, his voice pleasantly conversational. "You married young?"

"Young? Well, not so very. I was twenty-three." I was twenty-three, and it had begun to look as if I were going to be left high and dry. Then Herbert Whipple came to town and went to work for Papa in the bank. I met him at a church supper; I wasn't pretty that night, I was never a pretty girl, but I looked better than usual and Herbert asked to walk me home. He was very handsome, and I couldn't believe it would last; I was sure that as soon as he grew better acquainted, met some of the other girls, he would forget all about me. I was both happy and miserable—happy at this little moment of triumph and miserable because it wasn't going to last. *But it did last . . .*

"We were married at eight o'clock in the evening, in the First Congregational Church," Mrs. Whipple recalled. "We went to New York on our honeymoon." We went to New York and stayed at the Waldorf Astoria. Herbert didn't have any money, of course, but Papa wanted us to do everything just right so he gave us a thousand dollars just to spend on our wedding trip. We went to the theater every night and to very expensive restaurants. There was one place Herbert liked especially—it was on a roof and the girls danced with almost nothing on, just a few bands of satin and rhinestones and a lot of feathers. We used to have the same table every night. It was right on the dance floor; there was one girl Herbert used to watch all the time: a skinny brunette with a sulky red mouth, and he would follow her around with his eyes, and after a while I knew she was the reason we went there. And then one night after we got back to the hotel, he said he had a headache and was going out again and walk it off. He went out and I lay there in the dark too miserable, too heartsick and disillusioned even to cry, and when he finally came in at five o'clock he had been drinking and I knew he had been with that girl in the cabaret. I lay there and I wanted to die, because I knew then that he didn't love me, that he had married me because Papa was president of the bank and had all that money . . .

"Tell me—did you have a hard time when Lida was born? I mean was it an especially difficult delivery?"

"Well, yes it was. In fact the doctors advised me not to have another child." That was all the excuse Herbert needed to move into another room; he said it was just for a little while until I was stronger—but I knew better, I knew about Bella Larkin, the girl in the telephone office, and I knew about that Mrs. Melville on Margaret Street. There he was, president of the bank and a deacon in the church, and you would have thought—but he was very discreet, and no one dared to say anything: the Cartwright money was still important, and now Herbert had full control of it.

"But you recovered completely? By now you were perfectly well—?"

"I don't suppose I was perfectly well, no. I got my strength back slowly and I cried a lot . . ." And I hated Lida. I guess I knew right from the first that she was going to make me even more unhappy than her father had. At least he had always been decent to me. She never was kind. When she was just a little thing she'd kick at me and scratch—but let her father come into the room and she was all sweetness and light. By the time she was six years old there was nothing he wouldn't do for her. If I had been jealous of those other women, I was a thousand times more jealous of my own child. I would see them together, laughing and making up to each other and I would want to kill them; that was when my headaches began. . . .

"That happens quite often, of course. I mean this depression after childbirth. Especially where the delivery has been protracted and difficult. When nothing is done about it, it often gets worse instead of better—"

"Yes. Well, I guess I got worse instead of better. . . ." I realized what was happening to me, I realized I had to get a grip on myself and for a while I tried, I really tried but Lida was eight, and everyone said she was a little beauty and I guess she was; Herbert was terribly proud of her—he took her everywhere with him and she was already reveling in her power over him, and she had nothing but contempt for me. You don't believe a child of that age can be capable of such cruelty? Well, Doctor, that shows how little you know. I lived with her and I assure you everything I am telling you about her is true—only *I'm not telling you anything, am I?* Of course, I'm not —and I never shall. If I did, Herbert would say I was crazy and he would have me shut up. He could do it, too. . . .

"That was the beginning of these headaches, I suppose?"

"Yes, that was the beginning. You've been very nice, Doctor, very kind. I'm sure you mean well, but I'm tired now; I think I'll rest a while before I have my supper. And don't bother to come to see me any more. My neuritis is much better, and I've decided not to have any more of those shots—"

"But I—"

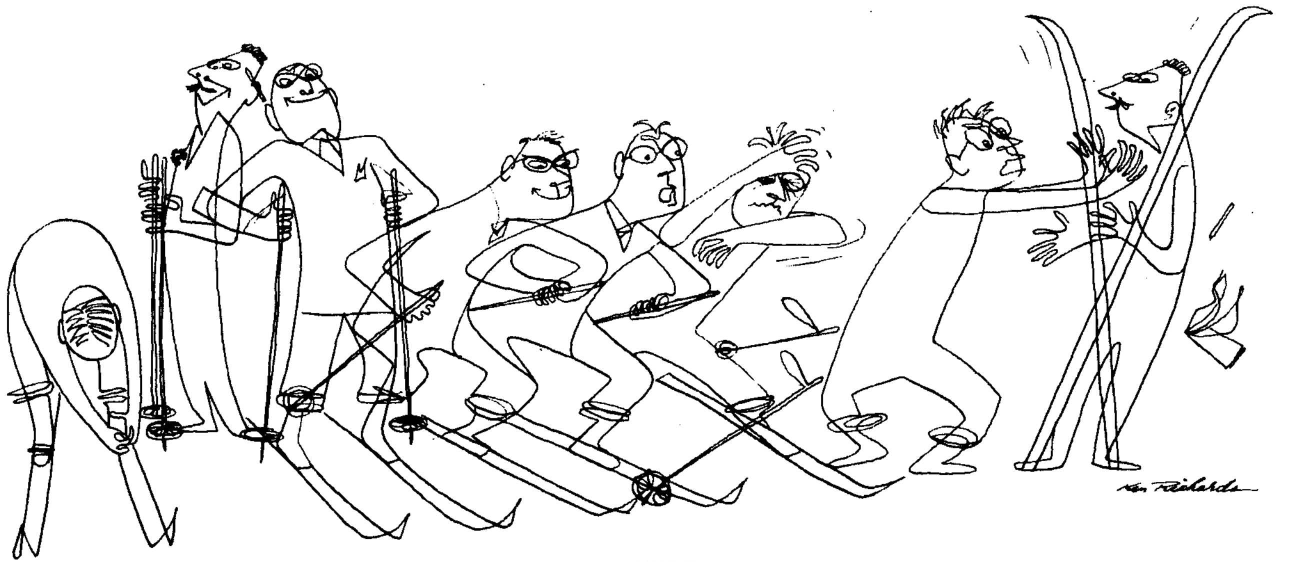
"Please, Doctor. I have already discussed this with Herbert and he agrees with me that it will be better if you don't come any more. You see it tires me, I'm not used to seeing people—that is, strangers."

"Very well, Mrs. Whipple."

WELL, he had tried—and he had gotten nowhere. Now he was being dismissed. Not just for today but from the case. Only it wasn't a "case" to anyone but him.

Well, he couldn't force his way into this house, make her see him if she didn't want to. From now on when he came here it would be to see not her but Lida.

Lida. Scarcely a day passed now that he didn't see her. There were times when he thought he must be falling in love with her. Perhaps, he told himself now, he should cut and run. To go on was certainly asking for trouble. She was hopelessly in love with another man, she was drinking too much, she was wound up like a top, and if she clung to him, seemed to value his friendship, it was only because being with him was better than being alone. And still he went on seeing



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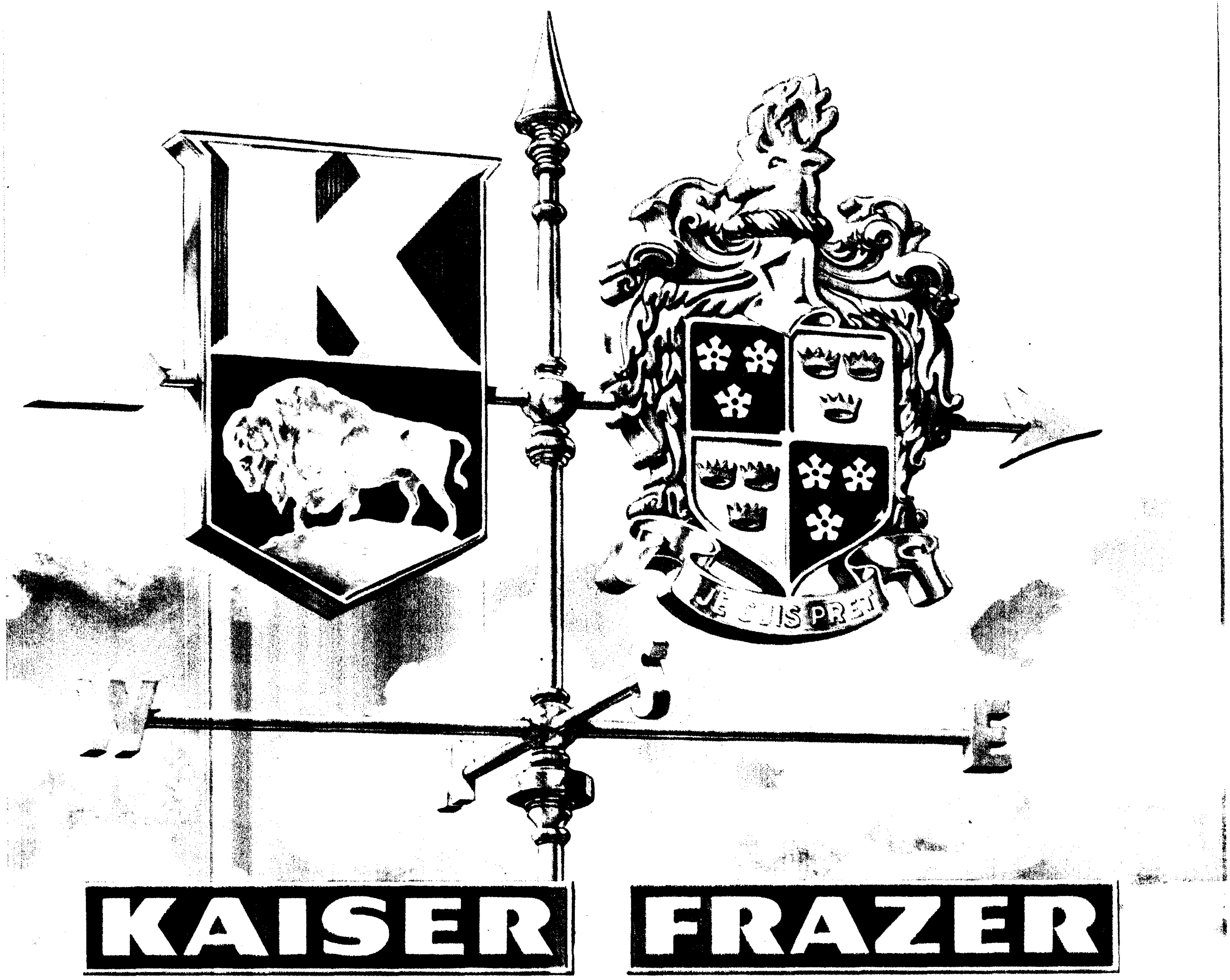

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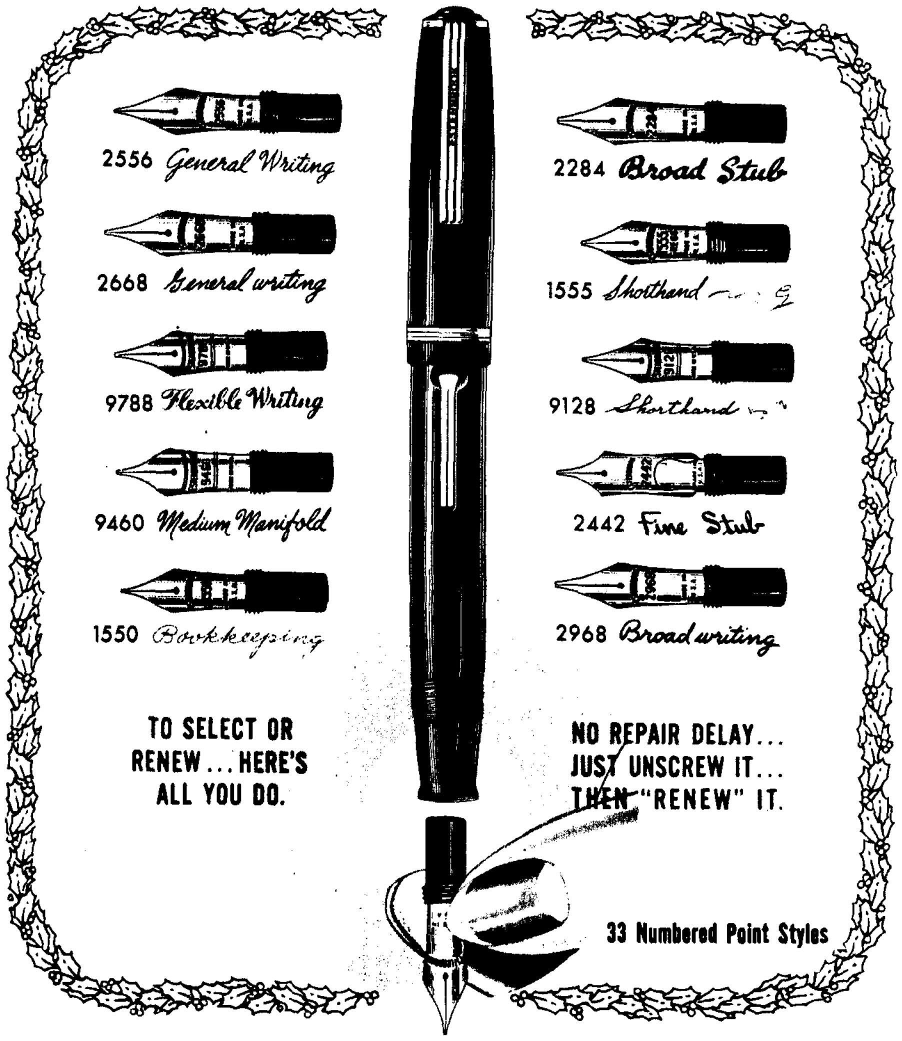
WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

33 POINTS ON
What to Give for Christmas



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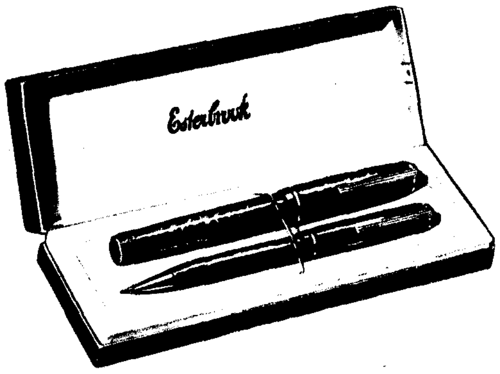

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her. Hoping a miracle would happen, hoping he could help her to change.

The hall, the whole house, seemed completely silent and deserted. He was a little surprised. Lida usually managed to be here when he came down.

Pausing in the shadow of the handsome doorway to light a cigarette, he found himself wondering uneasily, and with a faint sense of apprehension, where she was and what she was doing . . .

LIDA was sitting in her car in front of the Readsville post office. She had seen Ridge Holbrook's car parked there and she had parked her own beside it. Now she called to him and he came over to her.

"Get in," she said, "I want to talk."

He grinned and climbed in beside her obediently enough, his eyes only faintly apprehensive, and she immediately started the engine and headed south out of town.

"Hey," he protested quickly. "I've got to get back to the farm . . ."

"You'll get back to the farm," she said, "but first we're going for a little ride."

"But I don't want to go for a little ride," he said, his voice sounding half amused, half annoyed.

He sat back and stared at her intently. "You've been drinking," he said. "You never used to drink, Lida. At least not during the day. What the hell's gotten into you, anyway?"

"You mean you don't know?"

"Of course I don't know."

"Very well. For your private information I started drinking the day I heard about Dorcas. First I had a hell of a row with my mother, who seemed to think it was a good joke on me—your marrying someone else. Have you ever heard a crazy person laugh, Ridge?"

"Your mother isn't crazy, Lida."

"I don't know. She sounded crazy that day. Anyway, then I went downstairs and poured myself a good, stiff drink—"

"And you've been drinking ever since."

"That's right. I've been drinking ever since. Alec worries about it. He worries about me. He knows what's wrong, but he won't let me talk about it. Alec is a nice person. A very nice person. Wonderful sense of honor. Now you take me, Ridge. No sense of honor at all. I know what I want and when I don't get it, I don't like it and I try to do something about it. Ridge, why did you marry Dorcas? You don't—"

"See here, I thought we'd agreed—"

"Okay. So we agreed not to talk about it. Remember, you said, 'Let's not talk any more, Lida—let's just dance.' Well, I'm tired of dancing. I want to talk."

"But what *good* is it going to do to talk, Lida? Talking isn't going to change—"

"Nevertheless," she said, "I want to talk—and just this one time I am going to have my own way."

They drove the next two miles without speaking, and suddenly she turned into a narrow country lane, drove the car off the road and killed the engine.

For a moment she sat there, her hands quiet on the wheel, her eyes staring straight ahead. Then she turned to him and said, quite simply, and he saw now that the liquor in her had burned itself out, "Ridge, I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you for years. I can't give you up like this."

"Lida," he said, "you're not in love with me—not really—"

"Stop it!" she said. "Don't sit there and argue with me about something you don't know anything about. I tell you I am in love with you and I am. I tell you I can't live without you and I can't. I'll kill myself first . . ." Myself. Or you. Or maybe Dorcas.

Staring at her, seeing the stark despair written in every bone and muscle of her face, he thought: She's telling me the truth, she really does love me . . .

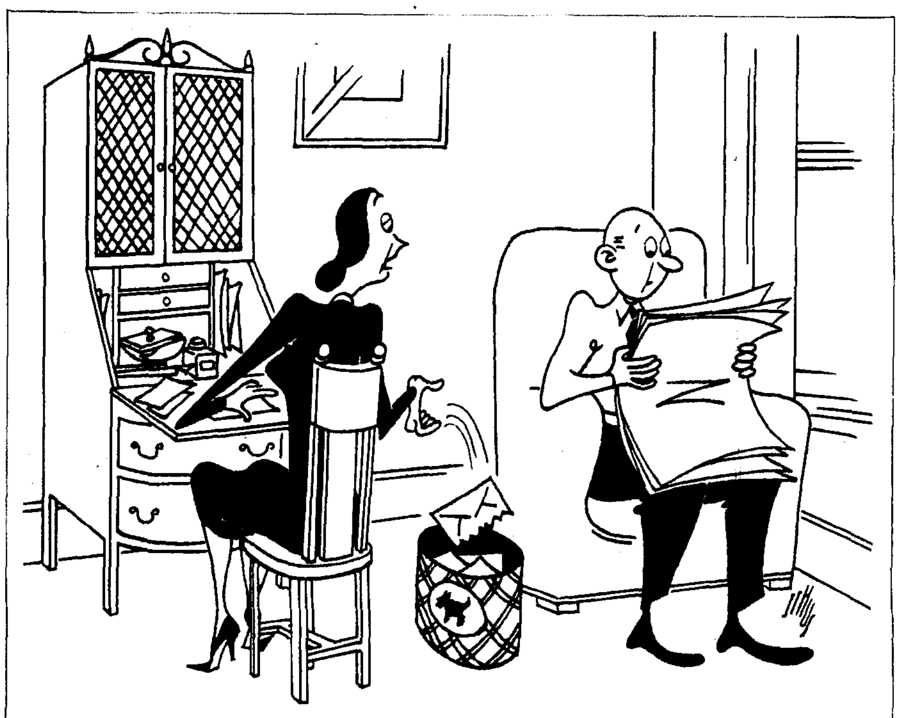
"My God," he said softly, wretchedly. "I had no idea you felt like this . . ." He said then, "I knew you liked to have me make love to you, but I thought you'd get over me easily enough when you had to—I thought you'd be all right . . ."

"Well," she said, "I'm not all right. I'm all wrong. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy, Ridge. Darling," she said, "kiss me. Please," she said, "just this once. That's what I brought you out here for, so you could kiss me. It's been so long, darling. It's been three, almost four months—that's sixteen weeks, that's one hundred and twelve days, one hundred and twelve days of wanting you to kiss me. Ridge, please, darling—"

SHE had her arms around his neck, she was dragging his mouth down to hers. Because she had finally succeeded in arousing passion in him, he kissed her. He kissed her and her lips were cold and shaking beneath his, and now her whole body was shaking violently, and she was clinging to him desperately, raining kisses on his face, his neck, pulling his head down to hers. . . .

Suddenly the pulsing desire he had momentarily felt for her turned to pity and then the pity turned to sick disgust. *This couldn't go on.* She was beside herself, completely abandoned; in this mood she'd stop at nothing. Some way he had to help her get control of herself.

"Lida," he said, "listen to me—I'm



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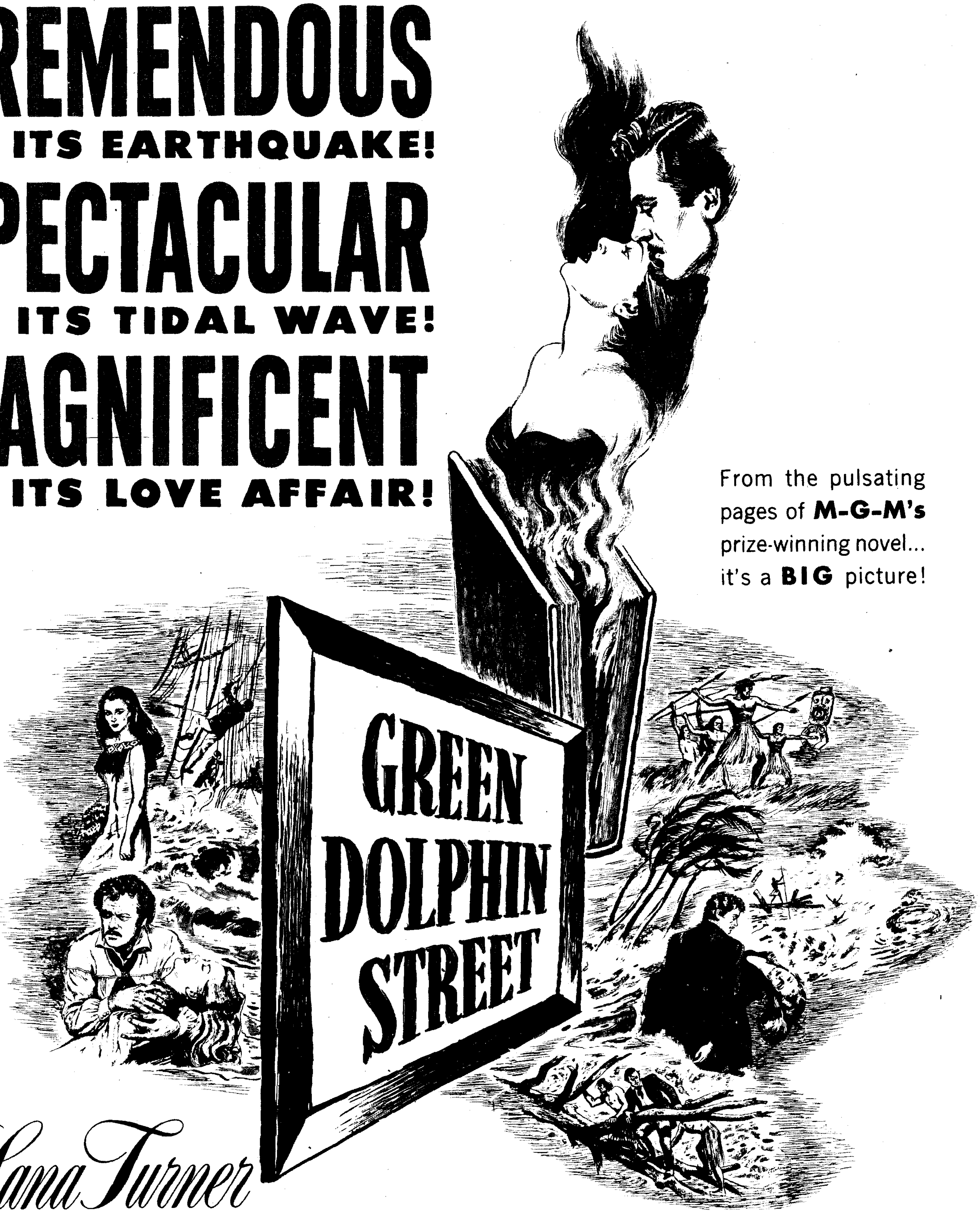


Lana Turner

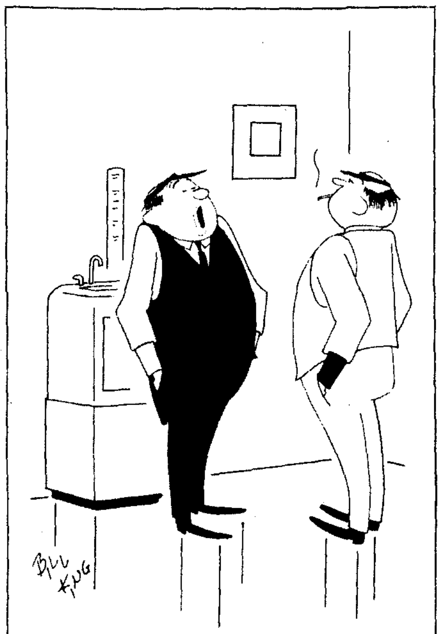
VAN HEFLIN · DONNA REED · RICHARD HART

FRANK MORGAN · EDMUND GWENN · DAME MAY WHITTY · REGINALD OWEN · GLADYS COOPER

Screen Play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON · Based on the Novel by ELIZABETH GOUDGE · Directed by Victor SAVILLE · Produced by Carey WILSON · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE very fond of you, you are extremely attractive to me physically, you always have been. But I'm married to Dorcas—you've got to accept that fact and stop trying to pretend that she doesn't exist!"

"So far as I am concerned," said Lida, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps, "she doesn't—and when you kissed me just now she didn't exist for you either. If you'd just let yourself go and stop fighting this thing. Look," she said, "I don't know why you married her and I don't care—all I know is that I'm not going to give you up!"

HER eyes were sunken bruises in her narrow white face, her mouth was a shattered, trembling line of crimson. This was horrible. When he'd said just now that he'd had no idea she felt like this about him, he'd meant it. He remembered that morning he'd met her on Main Street, how nice she had been, how understanding; he'd thought then that it was better treatment than he'd expected—or deserved—from her—but God knows he didn't deserve this either, and he didn't know how to cope with it, how to handle it. There was something shameful and degrading about the way she was clinging to him. No one had any right to expose another person to such an exhibition of uninhibited, naked emotion. He had never asked her to love him like this, *he had never wanted her or anyone else to love him like this.*



"Yeah, he knows a thing or two—but that's about all"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Suddenly he remembered something Dorcas had said to him about Dave months ago in New York. "If he had just gone on loving me the way I loved him," she had said, "if he hadn't fallen so *terribly* in love with me, I might have married him, I probably would have married him. But you can't marry anyone who feels like that about you, unless you feel the same way—it would be too horrible for both of you . . ."

Had Dave loved Dorcas like this? Had he clung to her with cold, shaking hands and wept and stripped himself so abjectly of every shred of pride? Had he thrown himself so completely at her feet and refused to get up, to stand again? Had he made her feel this awful sense of being trapped, of being bound hand and foot, of needing desperately to fight her way *up* and *out*—up and out into a place where she could breathe more easily, where she could turn and, if she had to, even run? Had he done this to her? And if he had, no wonder she had felt the way she had about him; no wonder she had held him off, refused to marry him . . .

"Ridge—*stop looking like that!*"

"Like what?"

"Like that. As if you'd seen a ghost. I'm not a ghost, darling—I'm just a girl who loves you. And I can't give you up—*not ever,* Ridge—"

"I'm sorry," he said, wrenching his mind back forcibly from Dorcas to this girl in his arms, "but I'm afraid you're going to have to. You see," he said, and suddenly his voice sounded very tired and his hands removing her arms from about his neck were firm and unequivocal, "I'm not only married to Dorcas, but she's going to have a child."

"A *child!*"

"Yes," said Ridge, "a child. What's so surprising about that?"

She looked at him, her eyes wide, the pupils darkly dilated. She saw that he was telling her the truth; however else he may or may not have lied to her, this was the truth. There was going to be a child—and Ridge Holbrook being the kind of person that he was, this really would finish things between them. A wife she might have managed to by-pass, but this changed everything. This meant she was licked before she started. As long as Dorcas carried his child, Ridge would be faithful to her and once that child was born, she, Lida, wouldn't have a chance.

Her hands moved mechanically, doing all the necessary things. The engine started, the gears meshed softly, the car was back on the road.

She drove fast, huddled away from him, her face small against the upturned collar of her sheared-beaver coat. While they had been talking, dusk had closed in on them, so that now they rode through a thick blue fog of early twilight, with violet snowbanks, broken by the upthrusting black branches of naked trees, rising on each side.

As they drove into town past the new high-school building, Ridge saw by the clock over its entrance that they had been gone less than thirty minutes. His car still stood where he had left it in front of the post office. Lida double-parked and he got out and stood for a moment.

"I'm sorry, Lida. . . ."

"It's all right."

"It's got to be, I guess."

"Yes."

"About this drinking. I wish you'd—"

"I'll be all right. And I won't kidnap you again. From now on you'll be perfectly safe. I have a great respect for prospective fathers. Goodby, Ridge . . ."

"Goodby, Lida."

For a moment after she drove away, he continued to stand there, then he strode over to his own car, slid behind the wheel, and started toward the farm.

SITTING cross-legged on a turkey-red cushion, the warmth of the open fire caressing her cheeks and throat, her hunger nicely appeased with steak and coffee and apple pie, to say nothing of three Martinis, Ginny Shields looked at them all—at Johnny and Peg Fenton, at Alec and Lida, at Dorcas and Ridge, and finally at her husband Dick; and she thought: This is perfect—having a picnic in the middle of January, over here on the island, wasn't a crazy idea at all. It was a good idea, a *lovely* idea . . .

Coming out of the post office three nights ago, she had seen Lida double-parked, talking to Ridge and she had thought: It's been weeks since we've seen Dorcas and Ridge, or Lida and Alec, either, for that matter. It's time someone gave a party. . . . Then backing her own car out of its parking space, driving up Prospect Avenue, she had thought of the Island; the Island, beautiful in summer, was even more beautiful in winter—all that snow and being able to see for miles in any direction; the lake was frozen solid and they could drive straight across. The cottage was just a one-room shack—you could get it warm in no time. They could broil steaks over the open fire, and a picnic, winter or summer, was always fun. She'd started telephoning the mo-

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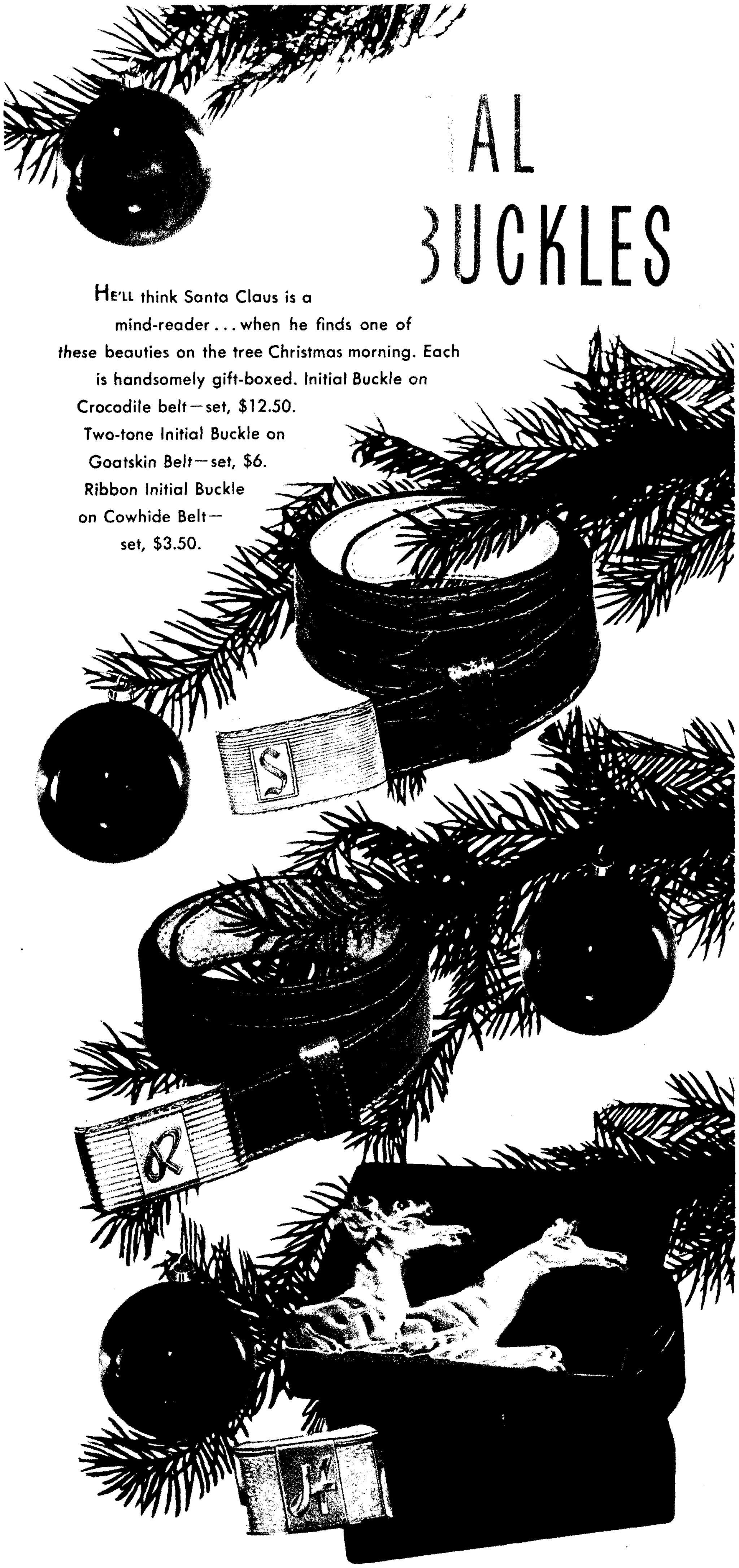

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ment she'd reached home, Dorcas first and then Lida and Peg and then Alec.

Alec Littlejohn, looking at Dorcas, thought: Whatever was wrong last fall, and something was certainly wrong, things must be all right now. She is looking very well.

Suddenly he said so. He said, "Vermont must agree with you, Dorcas—you're looking much better than you did last fall."

"Vermont, hell," grinned Ridge quickly. "It's Ella's cooking. Believe it or not, the girl has gained ten pounds."

I've gained ten pounds, thought Dorcas. I'm looking much better than I did last fall and I'm in love with a man who never can be the least bit in love with me. . . .

IT HAD been three weeks since the day she'd first faced the fact that she was in love with Ridge, and she had not yet learned to live with that fact. That feeling of shock, of sick despair, of utter helplessness still persisted. She tried not to dwell on it, she tried not to become morbid or depressed. She tried to push the whole thing deep down into her subconscious somewhere and live from day to day, from moment to moment. But sometimes, glancing up from a book she was reading, or from something she was knitting, catching a sudden glimpse of his profile bent over his own book or whatever he was doing at the moment, her heart would twist cruelly and the pain would become so acute that she would almost cry out with it. Had Dave, she asked herself now, loved her like this? And if he had, no wonder he had gone out and gotten himself blind drunk night after night. . . .

She's gained ten pounds, she's looking very well, she's pregnant, thought Lida.

Her crescent-shaped fingernails sank sharply into the soft palms of her hands. She'd been a fool to come today, she'd had too many highballs the night before, quarreled violently with Alec, then after he'd left her, she'd lain awake until dawn, when she'd foolishly taken not one but two sleeping capsules. At eleven, Frank's wife, Jessie, had had to shake her for five minutes to awaken her and now at three o'clock she still had a terrible hang-over. Dick had brought along a vacuum jug of Martinis, and she'd had several of those, thinking they might help; they hadn't. Food had stuck in her throat, refused to go down, and now the heat from that roaring fire Johnny Fenton had built up, was making things worse.

Looking at Ridge she thought: That was quite an exhibition I made of myself last Friday: I should be sick with shame and humiliation—but I'm not. I just don't care. I'm glad he knows how I feel. I'm glad he knows just how much I'm suffering. I wish they all knew. I'd like to shout it from the housetops. I'd like to print it on the front page of that newspaper of Dick's. Lida Whipple takes this opportunity to announce that she is in love, blindly, insanely in love, with Ridge Holbrook and she doesn't give a little damn who knows it. . . .

The room spun around slowly and Alec Littlejohn, turning to say something to Ginny Shields, slid out of focus, and his features seemed to Lida to run together. Johnny Fenton had brought along a portable radio, and picked up the Philharmonic, but the music was no longer music, just noise, and somewhere inside her she could feel a scream building up. . . .

"I need some exercise," she said suddenly. "I think I'll go for a walk."

Ginny said, "You're much too energetic. Nothing could drag me away from this fire."

"Or me," grinned Peg Fenton.

"I'd been hoping for some poker," said Johnny.

"Good idea . . ." said Dick.

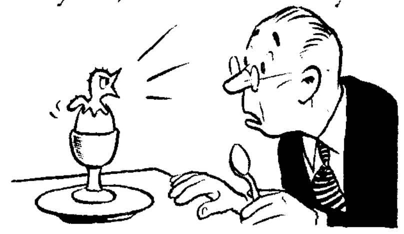
Ridge said, "Deal me in," and Alec Littlejohn looked at Lida and thought: I ought to go with her, but if I do we'll only quarrel again.

Lida shrugged into her ski jacket, zipped it up neatly, and reached for her scarlet wool mittens. She was across the room, her hand on the latch of the door when Dorcas, reaching for her own ski jacket, said, unexpectedly, "After all that steak and apple pie, I could do with some exercise myself. If you don't mind company, I'll go with you. . . ."

They had been walking for perhaps five minutes, not talking, following a narrow path along the edge of the cliff, climbing steadily upward. The wind had blown most of the path clear, but occasionally they came to deep snow. Where this snow was frozen into a hard crust, they walked over it easily, but sometimes the crust failed to hold and then they plunged down into the snow up to their knees.

Dorcas had never seen anything quite so beautiful as this island of Ginny's and Dick's and she said so a little breathlessly. Most islands were flat and uninteresting but these cliffs rising straight up from the frozen lake were gorgeous. "But isn't this path dangerous, running so close to the edge of the cliff?" Lida said yes, it was, but there had never been an accident yet. . . .

Dorcas had seen quite a lot of Lida during the past few months but this was the first time since that day at the farm, that she had ever been entirely alone with her. She still didn't know what had prompted her to come along on this walk. One minute she had been sitting there, staring at Ridge, unhappiness pressing in on her, and the next minute she'd been following Lida out of the shack. Out here with nothing around them but the white glare of the snow and the gaunt black trunks of trees and the shining, dazzling expanse of the frozen lake far below, they might have been the only two people left in the world. Even when you turned and looked back you couldn't see the cottage, not even the smoke rising from its crude, tile chimney.


"Lay off; this is Thursday!"
SAVE FOOD !

THE wind shrieked softly through the trees, through the bare branches of oaks and horse chestnuts and the hundred-year-old sugar maples, through the thick green branches of the cedars and hemlocks and an occasional lonely, stately pine. And still they climbed higher and higher, now walking easily enough along an almost bare path, now plunging stubbornly ahead through snow almost waist-high—until suddenly they came out on a small barren wind-swept plateau. They were on top of the cliff.

"I'm bushed," said Dorcas. "I guess I shouldn't have tried to make it."

Lida turned and looked at her. "That's right," she said, "you're pregnant—I'd forgotten."

Dorcas stared at her. *But she hadn't told anyone*—not even Ella . . .

"Yes," she said. "But how did you—"

"Ridge told me," said Lida evenly.

Ridge told you. But why should he tell you—and *how much* did he tell you?

"I see," she said and walked a little away from the other girl, toward the edge of the cliff. Slowly, almost as if compelled by some force outside herself, Lida followed her, and as if to escape, Dorcas took another step and still another until she was within a foot of the edge. She looked down and saw a jagged wall of gray shale, broken now and then by a clump of gnarled evergreens by occasional shallow ledges of rock, frosted deeply with snow. . . .

Looking down, Dorcas thought: If I were to take one more step all my troubles would be over. I'd fall swiftly and the minute I struck that clean, blue ice down there I would be dead, quite dead. . . . And then she knew suddenly that she didn't want to die, that grim and melancholy as things were for her, she wanted to live.

Standing there just behind her, Lida thought: If I just reached out my hand and pushed her—one good shove and she would lose her balance and go over the edge. I could say she had felt faint and had called out to me and then had fallen before I could reach her. *They could never prove anything. . . .*

"You'd better come back," she said. "It's dangerous to go so near the edge."

Slowly she reached out her arm; she had pulled off her mitten and her hand was spread wide open, her four fingers and her thumb held slightly apart. She watched her hand as if fascinated; it looked very slim and strong against the horizon blue of Dorcas' ski jacket—and then suddenly, the blue vanished, there was no more blue, no more ski jacket—there was just her hand. There was just her hand and the harsh, labored sound of her own breathing. And then there was another sound, the sound of her own voice screaming—and that sound went on and on.

RIDGE was dreaming. In the dream he was playing poker. Someone had just dealt him a fresh hand and it was a good hand, a wonderful hand: Two aces and three kings. But before he could do anything about it, start building up a pot, someone began to scream. It was a horrible sound, blood-curdling.

He woke up, the palms of his hands drenched with perspiration and for a moment he didn't know where he was. For a moment the ugly shape of the room with the smell of disinfectants, meant nothing to him. Then he remembered where he was, and why.

He glanced at his watch. One fifteen. He had slept less than half an hour. Why the hell didn't someone tell him something? Charlie Norton or Alec Littlejohn or that horse-faced nurse? Why had they stuck him in this horrible little room that smelled of disinfectant and fresh varnish and gone off and left him? At eight o'clock, Alec Littlejohn had come in and said, "She's still unconscious; there's concussion but no fractures. . . ." He'd gone on to say that it was a miracle, nothing less than a miracle, that she was alive at all. "That clump of evergreens broke her fall and then she struck that ledge"—which had been covered with two feet of snow; it had been, according to Alec, almost like landing on a feather bed. From the ledge she had slid the last ten or twelve feet to the frozen surface of the lake on a hard, shimmering crust of snow. The fact that she had undoubtedly blacked out before she fell undoubtedly accounted for there being no fractures.

Later Miss Angell, the head nurse, had come in and told Ridge that Dorcas had lost the baby and was hemorrhaging badly. They had given her one blood transfusion and were about to give her a second one.

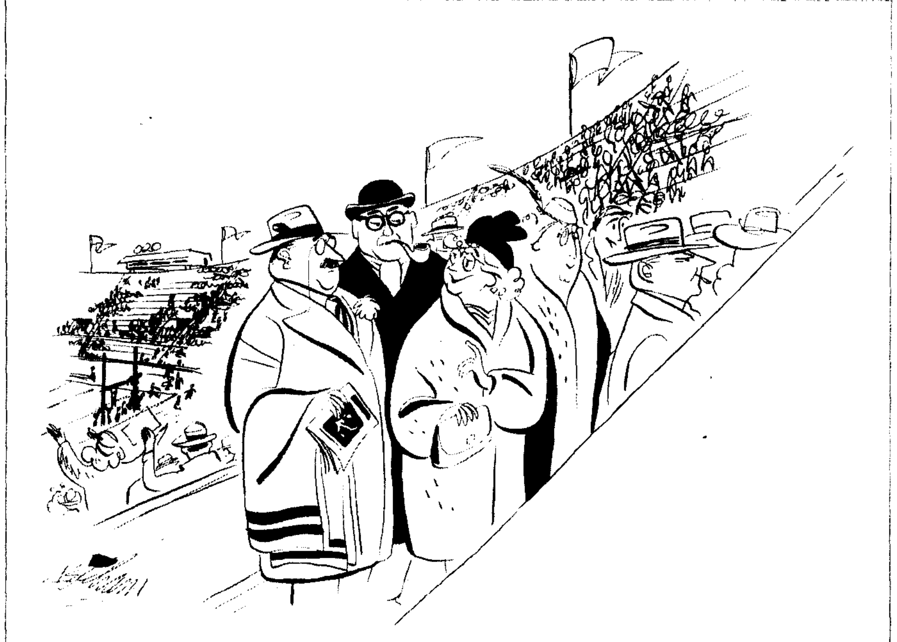
That had been at eleven o'clock. Since then no one had come near him.

In the beginning, way back there when they had first brought Dorcas in, they had all been here with him: Ginny and Dick, Peg and Johnny, and Lida. But Alec had sent them home. It had been a relief to have them go. They meant well, they had tried to comfort him, to reassure him. That is, they had with one exception. Lida had been in too great a state of shock herself, to try to comfort, to reassure anyone. She had sat like a terrified, white-faced statue, staring straight ahead, saying nothing to anyone. It had been worse for her, of course—she had actually *seen* Dorcas fall. . . .

"We'd reached the top of the cliff," she had explained, when they had finally succeeded in quieting her screams enough so she could talk, tell them what had happened—"and she was standing there looking over the edge. I called out to her, I warned her it was dangerous to stand so close. I started toward her to pull her back, but all of a sudden—*she just wasn't there. . . .*"

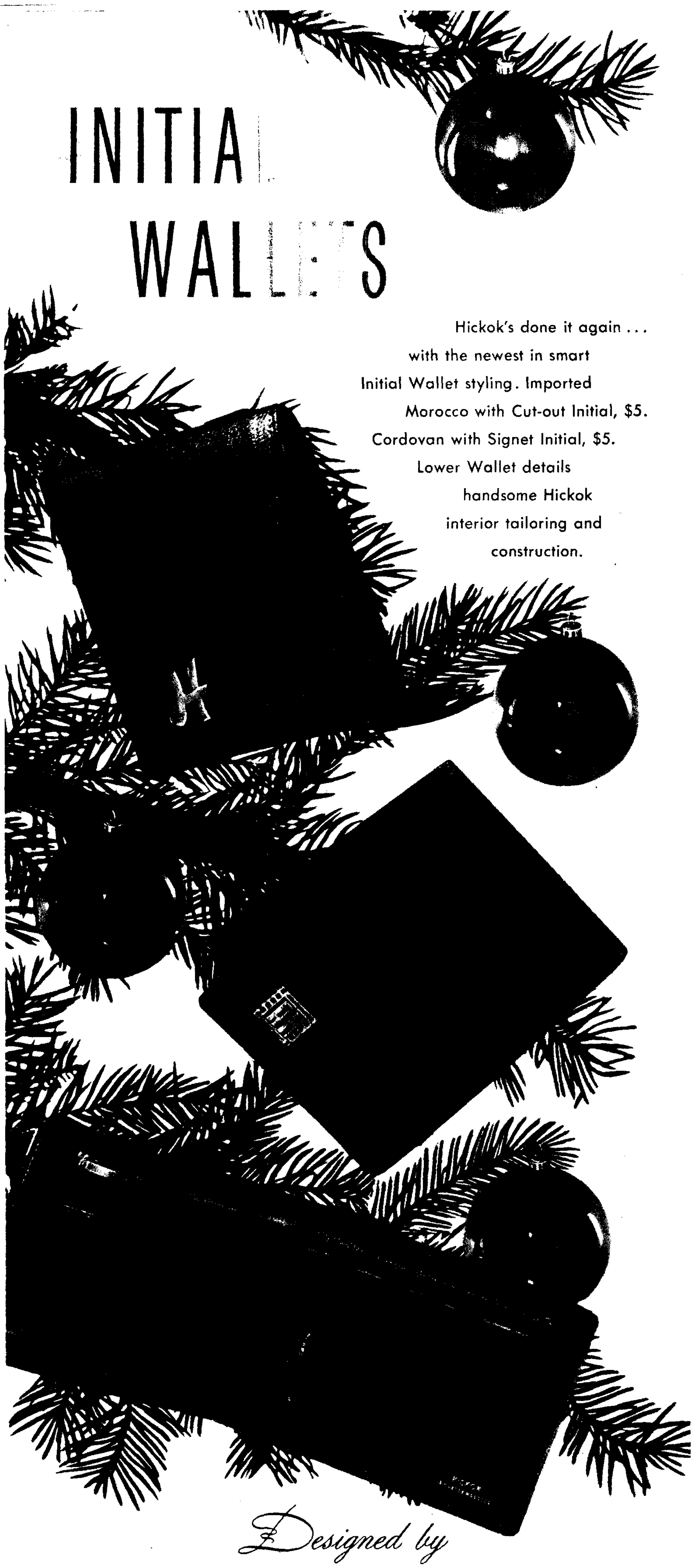
Had she fainted? Ridge asked himself now, as they all insisted she must have. *Or had it been suicide?* Dear God, he prayed wordlessly, don't let it have been suicide—because if it had been suicide, he had been to blame. All these weeks of quietly persecuting her, of offering only the merest crumbs of anything approaching normal companionship—of never once letting her feel that she was anything but an unwelcome guest, a rank intruder in his house. . . .

But suicide? No, that was ridiculous. She wasn't weak, she was strong. She had all kinds of courage. She must have fainted. She'd fainted before. Maybe she'd continued to have these fainting spells and hadn't told him. But why in God's name *should* she have told him? With the exception of that one time, the



"Now if you men want to tear down the goal posts or anything, don't stop on our account"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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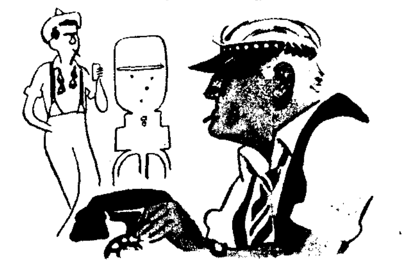
GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry

Green reporters drive me wild but the paper's gotta get out every day



I hire an' fire cubs every week . . . They just don't have what it takes

I'm about ready to give up my desk an' take to the hills . . .

When along comes the editor's dream, a lively kid who's got everything

BEST RAW MATERIAL... GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!
MICHAEL BERRY

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day of Lida's visit, he never once asked her how she felt—or if she'd been to see a doctor. And now this had happened; she'd lost the baby, she might die herself, *she might already be dead.*

The door opened and Alec Littlejohn came into the room. He had taken off his white hospital coat and was wearing the clothes, the plaid wool shirt and the flannel slacks, that he had worn on the Island. For some absurd reason these clothes reassured Ridge; surely Alec would not come in clothes like that to tell him Dorcas was dead—there would be something indecent about it, unethical.

"She's had three blood transfusions," Alec said, "and unless she starts hemorrhaging again, neither Norton nor I anticipates any further trouble."

"You mean she's going to live? She isn't going to die?"

"No," said Alec, "she isn't going to die." He said then, "She's conscious, Ridge."

"Conscious?"

"Yes."

"Well"—Ridge leaned forward, his eyes fastened relentlessly on Alec's tired face—"what does she *say?* How did it happen, Alec? Did she faint—?"

"She doesn't know what happened," said Alec slowly. He lighted a cigarette and tossed the spent match into an ash tray. His face was gray with fatigue and strain. "She doesn't remember anything."

Ridge stared at him. There was something wrong about the way Alec was looking at him, Ridge—as if he felt sorry for him, as if he didn't quite know how to go on.

"But she *must* remember," he protested swiftly.

"No," said Alec, almost angrily, "she doesn't. She not only doesn't remember anything about what happened, she doesn't remember anything period." Then, inhaling quickly, letting the smoke drift back through his well-cut, sensitive nostrils in two sharply defined gray-blue plumes, he said, "How much do you know about amnesia, Ridge?"

"Amnesia? You mean—" Ridge stared at him incredulously, trying to accept what Alec was saying. "You mean she doesn't remember *who she is or*—"

"Or that she is married to you or anything else about herself or her past—"

"But, *good God,* Alec!"

"I know."

"Look," said Ridge, "how long—"

ALEC shrugged. "I wish I could tell you. But that's something we don't know. Amnesia following concussion is not usual, but every now and then it does happen. Sometimes, the patient regains his memory within a few hours, sometimes he goes weeks or even years—"

Alec had said "the patient"—*but this was Dorcas. . . .*

"I'm sorry about the baby, Ridge—"

"The baby? Oh, yes—" He looked at Alec. "It wasn't mine, of course. It was . . ."

"Skip it, Ridge. That's between you and Dorcas."

"But I'd rather you knew . . ."

"And I'd rather not know. Look, I'm going to drive you home."

"No need of that. I'm quite fit to drive myself home. But I thought—that is, I couldn't see her, Alec? Just for a minute . . ." Just to assure myself that she really is alive, that you're not lying to me.

"Not tonight, Ridge. Tomorrow, perhaps. You see," Alec explained slowly, "it's going to be pretty difficult just at first—not only for you, Ridge, but for her. You're her husband and she doesn't even know what you *look* like.". . .

"You're her husband," Alec had said, "and she doesn't even know what you look like."

There was a mirror over the chest of drawers, and Ridge walked across the room and stood regarding himself in it intently. Tomorrow when he walked into her room and she saw him for the first time, would she like what she would see? Would that particular combination of features reflected there in the mirror, those unsmiling dark eyes, that straight, decisive nose, that sharply angled jaw, be pleasing to her or distasteful? He had never paid much attention to his looks, they had never been particularly important to him one way or the other. Dave was the handsome one in the family, the good-looking Holbrook. But Dave was dead and so was the child he had begotten. But Dorcas was alive.

Ridge waited, his hands clenched on the edge of the bureau, his breath clotted suddenly in his throat, for that old familiar wave of bitterness and revulsion to wash over him. He waited, but it didn't come. Sometime during the night while he had sat there in that room, waiting to learn whether that girl up in the operating room was to live or die, all the bitterness, all the revulsion that he had ever felt for her had burned itself out of his heart, leaving not even so much as a frail white ash, to show it had ever been there.

THE head of Dorcas' bed had been rolled up until she was sitting almost upright. Miss Jamison, her day nurse, had brushed her hair until it shone like silk and tied a pale blue ribbon around it. Now that Dorcas was wearing lipstick again, she didn't really look ill at all; that is, her face didn't; her hands still had that fragile, waxen, hospital look.

"This is pretty silly of me, isn't it?" said Dorcas. "Not remembering anything—not even my own name."

"That's all right," said Ridge, "you mustn't worry about that."

"Oh, I don't exactly *worry* about it," she told him. "It just makes things a little, well, a little confusing—and it's tiresome, of course, having to ask so many questions. I ask *dozens* of questions and I think: There, I know everything now—and then the minute I am left alone I think up dozens more. People," she said, smiling at him apologetically, "are going to get awfully tired of answering questions. *You're* going to get awfully tired of answering them, Ridge."

"No," he said, "I'm not. You go right ahead and ask all the questions you want to—that's what we're all here for, Miss Jamison and Alec and me."

"Well," she said, "I can't think of any right this moment." And then having said she couldn't think of any, she asked one. But this was the sort of question any wife with a perfectly normal memory might have asked her husband.

She said, "Were you dreadfully disappointed about the baby, Ridge?"

"No," he said, "of course not. The baby wasn't important, only you were important."

"We can have more, you know," she said. "This doesn't mean—"

"I know it doesn't. Norton said there was no reason we couldn't have more."

"Especially if I stay away from cliffs. Isn't it funny," she said, "that I can't remember anything about falling? I try and try but it doesn't do any good. You know," she said, "I have a funny feeling that if I could just remember that *one* thing, that I could remember everything."

"Yes. Well, don't try—Alec says it's no good trying; he says we've just got to be patient and someday everything may come back to you all at once."

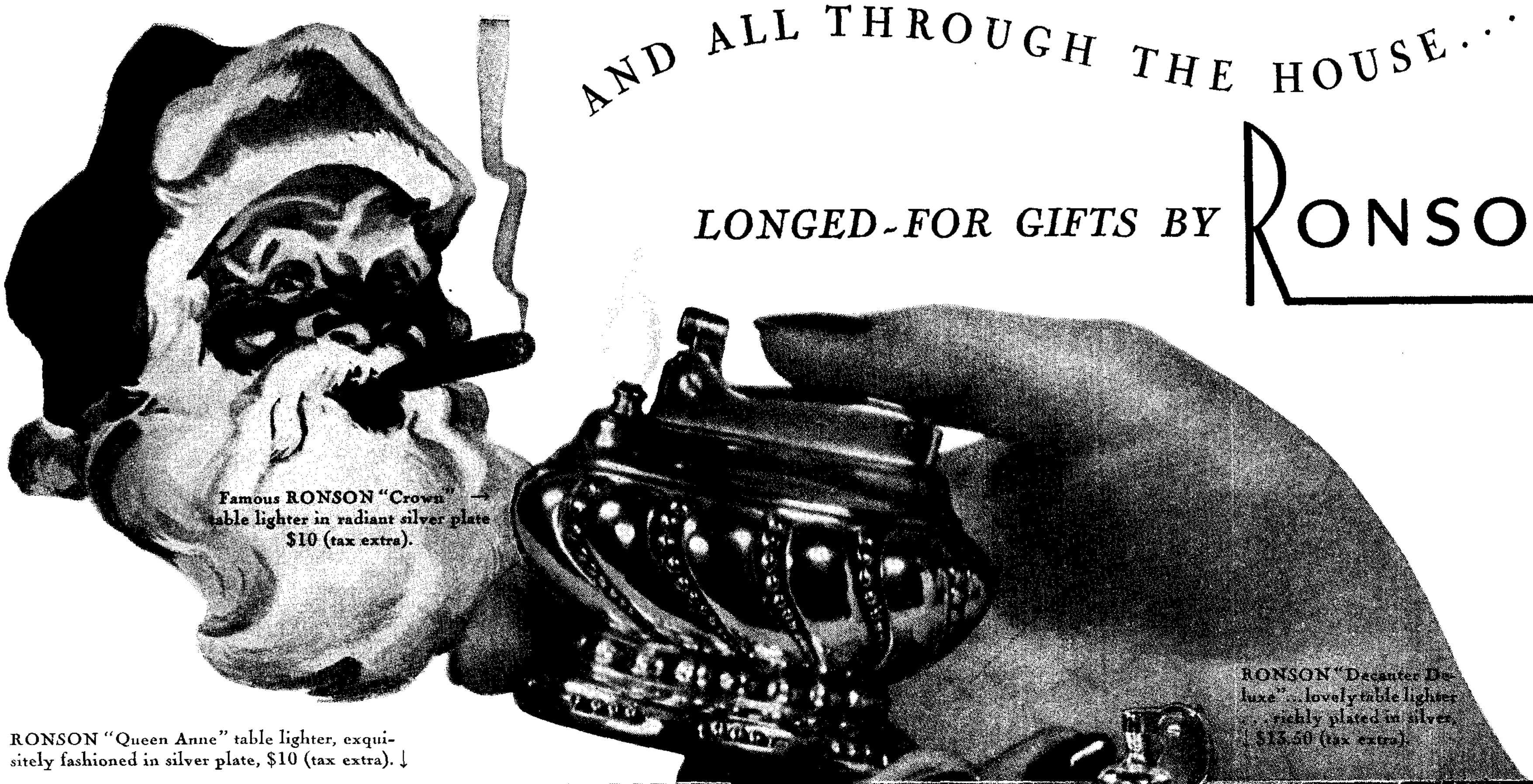
"The way it does in books—or in the movies. But in the movies," she said, "the person who is suffering from amnesia is invariably involved in another accident almost exactly like the one that caused all the trouble in the first place and that does the trick. I can't very well go hurling myself off cliffs—"

"Not very well, no," agreed Ridge, grinning at her.

This girl, this gay, friendly, relaxed girl was a girl, he, Ridge, had never seen before—a girl who had no depressing

AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE . . .

LONGED-FOR GIFTS BY RONSON



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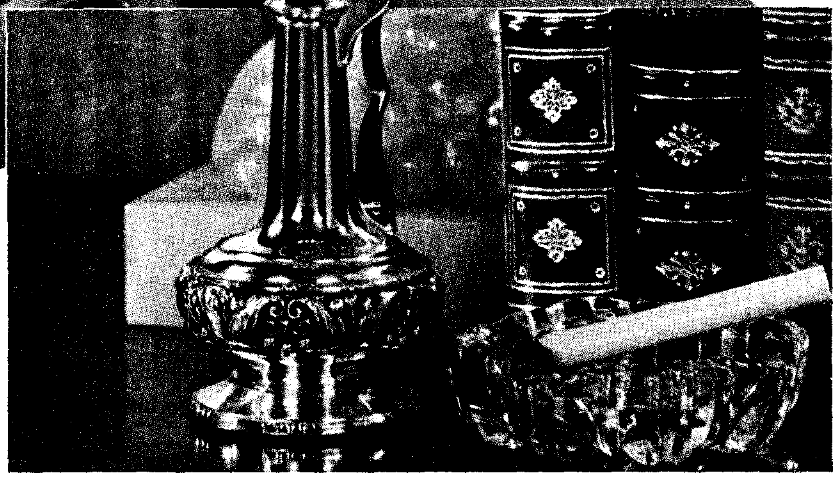

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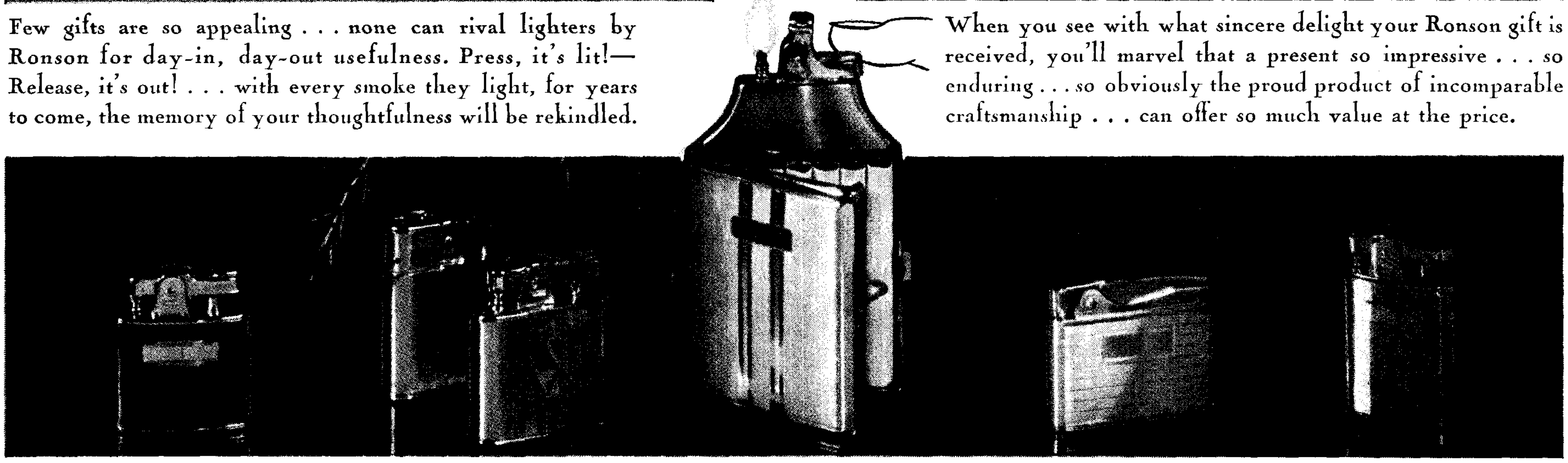

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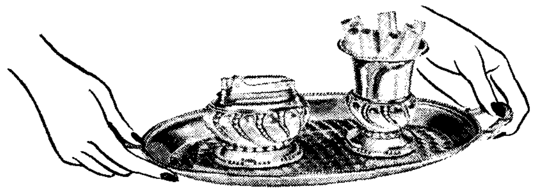

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TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

memories, no unhappy, complicated past to torture and torment her.

"About the baby," said Dorcas, reverting to her miscarriage abruptly, "we didn't lose any time starting a family, did we, darling? I expect," she said reasonably, "that was because neither one of us has one of our own—both your parents and mine being dead, I mean. And then Dave, of course—"

"Yes," he said, "I imagine that had something to do with it."

"Tell me about Dave," she said, "or does it bother you to talk about him?"

"No," he said, "it doesn't bother me, not now. What do you want to know?"

"Well, did he look like you, darling? All I know is that he was your brother and that he was killed last summer."

"No, he didn't look at all like me," said Ridge. "He was blond and much better-looking . . ."

"I think you're wonderful-looking. Was he married? Dave, I mean?"

"No, he wasn't married."

"Not even in love with anyone?"

"Yes, he was very much in love with someone—some girl in New York. He lived in New York. He had an apartment there. He was a writer. He was only twenty-six but he had already written three novels."

"How dreadful, darling. That he was so young and so successful and that he had to die. This girl he was in love with —she must have felt—I mean it must have been pretty terrible for her."

"Well, yes and no. You see he was very much in love with her, but she wasn't in love with him. Not really. . . ."

"Oh, I see."

DORCAS looked at him and she thought: He doesn't want to talk about it. It hurts him to think that this girl wasn't in love with his brother . . .

She changed the subject quickly. She said, "They are beginning to let me have visitors, you know. An awfully nice girl came to see me today."

"Ginny Shields," said Ridge. Thank God, they weren't going to have to talk about Dave any more. . . .

"Yes. She told me quite a lot about the farm, about Ridgeways." For a while they talked about the farm and then Ridge said, "If you continue to improve, Dorcas, you'll be seeing it all for yourself by the end of the week."

"You mean they're going to let me go home by the end of the week?"

"If you continue to improve as fast as you've been doing, yes. What's the matter?" he said. "What's wrong? Don't you *want* to go home?"

"Yes," she said, "yes, of course I do. It's just that—darling, I know this will sound awfully silly to you—it's just that I don't seem *married* to you, somehow."

"Well," said Ridge, smiling, "you are."

"I know I am," she said, "we were married in Boston. I even know the day and the hour. You told me and I wrote them down. It's dreadful not to be able to remember your wedding day. Tell me," she said, "was I a—well, a *satisfactory* bride, darling? Or were you disappointed in me? I'd hate to feel that after waiting all those months to marry me, I'd turned out to be a disappointment to you."

"Well," Ridge grinned, "you didn't turn out quite as I'd expected—but the changes, the differences have been all to the good."

"I'm glad we came straight home to the farm," she said. "I'm glad we didn't go to some hotel. Ridge," she said, "do I dance well? Do you like to dance with me? Did we dance a lot—when we knew each other in London during the war, I mean?"

"Yes," he said, "you dance well and we used to dance every chance we got—"

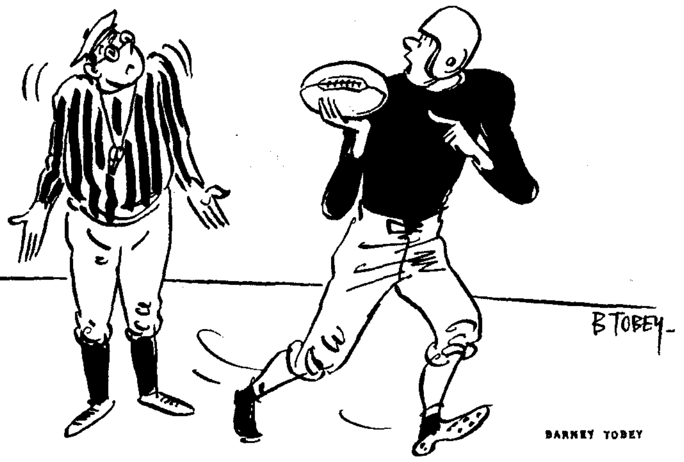
"Time's up," said Miss Jamison, poking her head cheerfully in at the door. "You'll have to go now, Mr. Holbrook."

"Very well, Miss Jamison."

Leaning over Dorcas he kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Darling," she said, "I'm getting a little tired of being kissed on the cheek. Perhaps if you would kiss me the way you should, on the mouth, I'd feel more married to you. Maybe," she said, her arms sliding up around his neck, her eyes laughing at him, "that's what's the matter, maybe that's what's wrong. . . ."

"Maybe," he said, "you're right." For a moment he hesitated; then, bending his head, the beating of his heart loud in his ears, he kissed her on the mouth. . . .



BARNEY TOBEY

SPORTING ODDS

In a George Washington-Clemson game played five years ago, Clemson tried a forward pass that became a lateral and was muffed by the receiver. Referee Buck Cheves didn't blow his whistle and no one tried to recover the ball. Finally the Clemson captain picked up the ball and walked over to Cheves. "Can I run with this?" he asked. "Sure," the referee told him, "if you're not too tired." The captain almost reached the goal before he was tackled. —A. D. Kornegay, Hendersonville, N. C.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

Lida clutched at the back of a blue satin chair and waited for the room to stop wheeling around and become stationary once more. This was the worst hang-over she'd had yet—and she was getting to be an authority on hang-overs. They had become a part of her daily routine, like brushing her teeth and talking with Alec on the telephone and reading her mail. But never before had her hands shaken so pitifully, never before had the nausea been so bad, the pain in her head so agonizing.

She simply had to have a drink. Not after breakfast, not just before lunch, but *right now* at nine fifteen o'clock in the morning. A drink would help her pull herself together, quiet that awful pounding that was the too-fast beating of her heart, stop that shaking in the pit of her stomach. A drink, just one very small drink, would fix everything. . . .

LIDA let go of the chair and made her way carefully across the room; she got the door open, crossed the hall and started down the stairs. She was halfway down when she realized that all she had on was a thin silk nightgown.

She turned and went back up the stairs and down the hall and into her room. She yanked a tailored silk robe from a padded, scented hanger. It was a thousand dreary, painful miles from the foot of the stairs to the far end of the living room but she finally made it. She made it and got the doors to the portable bar open and then, suddenly, she had a bottle of Scotch in her hand—but it was empty. She put it down and snatched up a bottle of rye, but that was empty, too. Well, she knew where there were plenty of bottles that weren't empty. . . .

She negotiated the length of the room again and went on down the hall to her father's study. She found the key in his right-hand desk drawer and went over to the liquor closet. There were all the beautiful, beautiful bottles. Rows of Scotch and rye and a whole case of gin. She didn't like gin, but perhaps it would be better for a quick pick-me-up than whisky. Yes, it probably would be. Furthermore, if anyone came in and found her drinking it, he would think it were water. Why, *that was wonderful*—why hadn't she thought of that before? Gin looked just like water. . . .

She went back up the stairs to her room. She closed the door carefully and went into the bathroom; she opened the bottle of gin, the beautiful new, full bottle of gin, and poured some into a glass and drank two thirds of it quickly. At first it choked her and she began to cough, and for a moment she thought she was going to be sick. Then the nausea passed and almost at once she began to feel better. Her heart steadied and her insides stopped that awful shaking.

Well, she thought smugly, triumphantly, I knew all the time that if I could have just one little drink I'd be all right —and I am all right, I'm fine.

She decided to take a shower and she took a shower. She felt better all the time. She pulled on the heavy white silk robe, with its scarlet piping and monogram and went back into the bedroom and sat down and began to brush her hair. Then she remembered that there had been some gin left in the glass and she went back into the bathroom and got it and brought it back and set it down carefully, almost reverently, on the mirrored top of the dressing table. She didn't intend to drink it; she didn't need it or even want it—she just liked to know it was there.

People said when you started drinking in the morning that you were done for, that you were a dead duck—and of course they were right. Well, she didn't have any intention of making this a habit. Most certainly not. Someone must have loaded her drinks at that party last night. Or perhaps there had been something wrong with the liquor at the Parrys'

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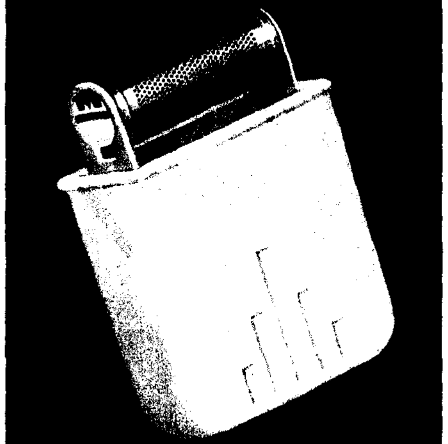

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party. But she hadn't been drunk. She remembered perfectly quarreling with Alec—they always quarreled now—and she remembered coming home; she hadn't asked Alec to come in. That couldn't have been more than twelve o'clock. But *had she come directly to bed.*

No, she hadn't. She remembered now—she'd decided to have a nightcap. Just one small nightcap. So that was why those two bottles had been empty. She'd finished them up herself.

She *was* drinking too much; it was beginning to affect her looks. Her eyes, for instance, actually looked—well—puffy, this morning—but perhaps that was due to those sleeping capsules she had been taking . . . Alec was worried about *that,* too. He was always saying, "Look, if you won't lay off the liquor, Lida, cut out those sleeping pills. Don't you realize that dope and liquor simply don't mix?" Well, he was probably right, and beginning tonight she'd cut out the dope—and beginning right now she'd start to slow down on the liquor. She wouldn't have another drink today—well, one cocktail before dinner—

SOMEONE moved softly directly behind her. Lida jumped and screamed nervously. Turning swiftly, her heart thumping, she saw her mother standing in the middle of the room. As usual, her hair needed combing and she was wearing that disreputable old blue flannel dressing gown.

She smiled at Lida. It was a vacant and at the same time a vaguely disapproving smile.

"My," she said, "you're getting nervous, Lida. It must be all this drinking you're doing that is making you so nervous and jumpy."

"Jumpy!" said Lida. "Who wouldn't jump! What do you mean," she demanded angrily, "sneaking into my room like this—not even bothering to knock? The least you could do is knock. What do you want?"

"Want? Yes, I did want something—but I can't seem to think what it was." Effie Whipple brushed one hand across her eyes. "The truth of the matter is, Lida, I am getting very forgetful."

She was. She didn't cry the way she used to, she almost never cried, any more, but she was getting extremely forgetful. Jessie would bring up her breakfast and then the next thing she knew Frank would be coming in with her dinner tray and she couldn't remember anything that had happened in between, she couldn't remember whether she had just sat there by the window, all that time, not moving, or whether she had had her lunch or *anything.* It was all very confusing. And now she couldn't remember what she had come in here to tell Lida. Perhaps if Lida wouldn't speak so loudly, perhaps if she were quieter, kinder, it would come back to her—but Lida had never been kind. . . .

"I wish," she said, with great dignity, "that you wouldn't yell at me, Lida. After all I am your mother and regardless of how you may feel about me, you should treat me with a certain amount of consideration, a certain respect—"

"Oh, my God!" said Lida.

She felt terrible again. Her head hurt and that shaking had begun inside of her. She'd been all right, she'd been fine and now her mother had come in and she felt almost as bad as she had before she'd had that drink. . . .

"Look," she said, "I don't feel well, I have a headache—a splitting headache. I wish you'd get the hell out of here and leave me alone."

"Very well," said her mother, "I'll go. If that's the way you feel about it, I'll go. But I want you to know that I'm not well myself. There seems to be something the matter with my head."

"Something the matter with *your* head! I just wish you had my head—" Lida laughed bitterly.

"If there's anything the matter with your head," said her mother, speaking very precisely, "it's because you insist upon drinking too much. I don't see why your father doesn't do something about it, but I suppose you are very clever about it. You've always been very clever where your father is concerned, Lida."

While she had been talking, Effie had come closer to the dressing table and now she said, "If you don't mind I think I'll

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Not only makes an unusual gift, but when the bottle has been removed makes smart holiday decoration for front door, table or mantle. Kentucky Tavern, Bottled-in-Bond Kentucky Bourbon... 4/5 quart.

When remembering friends, give them something they'll remember—something you'd like to receive yourself—give them these attractively packaged fine whiskies.... You have your choice of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, or Old Thompson—three traditionally famous whiskies. Your dealer has these four outstanding gift packages now.

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COLORFUL CANDLE
Gay in appearance to match the mood of the season. A lighter whiskey to lighten your holiday shopping. Old Thompson, Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits... 4/5 quart.

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GLENMORE, THE HOUSE WITH THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT have a sip out of that glass of water. My throat seems to be very dry—"

Before Lida could stop her, she had reached out one thin, unsteady hand, picked up the glass of gin and lifted it to her lips.

"Why, it isn't water," she said, her voice vaguely surprised, "it's gin—"

"You're damned right it's gin," said Lida, snatching the glass out of her hand. "Well," she said, her voice shaking with anger, her nerves strained suddenly to the breaking point, "do you want to make something of it?"

"Make something of it?" repeated her mother. "Why, no, of course not. Only I don't think it's good for you to drink gin early in the morning like this."

"I'll decide what's good for me and what isn't," said Lida, "and now will you go back to your own room and leave me alone?"

She sat back down at the dressing table, turned her back on her mother and began to apply cold cream to her face. Her mother turned and walked toward the door, her feet in their old felt bedroom slippers making no noise against the thick pile of the carpet. Effie Whipple reached the door and opened it and then she suddenly remembered what she had come in for. *Of course—*

"Lida," she said, "you pushed her, didn't you? She didn't fall, you pushed her. You were jealous of her; you wanted her to die, so you tried to kill her."

The cold-cream jar fell with a little clatter out of Lida's nerveless hand onto the mirrored top of the dressing table. She spun around. "Whatever are you talking about? Have you gone completely crazy?"

"You know what I'm talking about, all right, Lida. You know *who* I'm talking about—Ridge Holbrook's wife. She didn't fall off that cliff, you pushed her off—"

"Don't be insane," said Lida, breathing hard. "Of course I didn't push her. Why should I have pushed her?"

"You know why, Lida—you wanted her to—"

"Don't say that again, damn you! Don't say that again!"

Lida was on her feet, she was flying across the room, a slim girl in a white silk robe, her monogram embroidered in huge, blood-red letters across her left breast, her face smeared grotesquely with cleansing cream.

"Get out of here!" she screamed, "and stay out!"

Suddenly she leaned forward and struck her mother hard across the mouth. Then she wrenched open the door, shoved the thin, cringing woman in the blue flannel dressing gown out into the hall, closed the door again, locked it, and fell against it, sobbing hysterically. . . . She hadn't meant to strike her like that; after all she was her mother and she was ill, terribly ill if you could judge from that haggard white face, those vacant, too bright eyes—but the fool, the silly fool, *daring* to come in here and say a thing like that. Not that anyone would believe her; she was crazy and that was that—but now there was no question of waiting as she had intended to do, until tonight, for another drink. Now she simply had to have another shot of that gin—just a small shot, not more than a couple of swallows—just enough to help her get hold of herself, stop that awful hysteria that was building up inside of her, clawing like a small, vicious, terrifying animal at her insides.

She stumbled back to her dressing table, picked up the glass, drained it, and flung herself face downward on the bed. She'd just lie there quietly and in a minute everything would be better, everything would be all right. And tonight she wouldn't have even one cocktail before dinner, not even one. When her father started to pour one for her, she would say, "None for me, thank you, Daddy—I've decided to go on the wagon for a couple of weeks. I'm doing it to please Alec; he thinks I'm drinking too much. I'm not, of course"—she'd stop right there and smile charmingly,—"but it certainly isn't important enough to quarrel about. . . ."

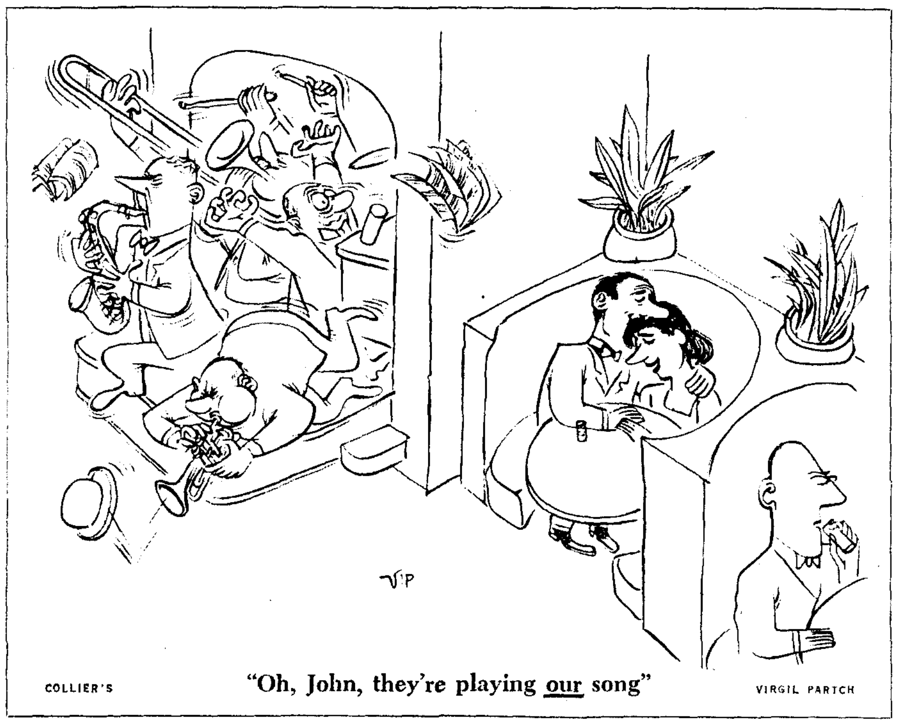
"IN THE two, nearly three weeks, that I've been home from the hospital," said Dorcas, "you'd be surprised to know how many interesting things I have discovered about myself."

Ridge grinned at her. "For instance?"

They had finished dinner and were sitting in front of the fire in the living room. It occurred to him now that in the short time Dorcas had just mentioned, this room, this whole house had become in some subtle fashion *her* room and *her* house. For a long time it had been his mother's house and then for quite a few years it had been Ella Wells' house; even after Dorcas had come it had gone right on being Ella's house. Dorcas had simply been a guest, a guest who was careful to change nothing.

But now all that was changed; now no matter what room you went into, you were aware of Dorcas—it might be nothing more than a pot of ivy that had not been there before, or a thin, bright cardigan flung down on a chair or a book left face downward on the sofa. It might be nothing more important than this, but nevertheless, you were aware that she lived here, that it was her home.

"For instance," she grinned back at him, "I can drive a car and play better



COLLIER'S "Oh, John, they're playing our song" VIRGIL PARTCH

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THIS GIANT KILN, 426 feet long and nearly 13 feet in diameter, is used in cement making. Dividing it into seven sections solved part of the problem of shipping it by rail, but still there remained the question of clearances.

Would its size permit passing freight cars on adjacent tracks and through bridge openings? Clearance engineers assured the manufacturer that it would—*if shipped on the Erie.*

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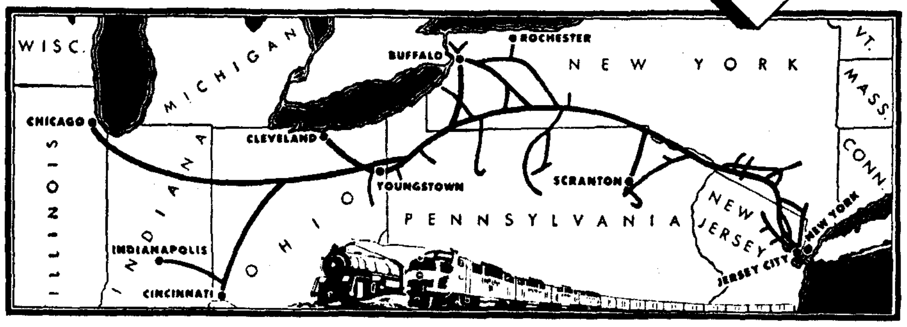

The saddest cry on wintry night:
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than average bridge, but the only thing I can play on the piano is chopsticks. I loathe bananas and when I eat too much chocolate I get bumps on my chin, but I have an absolute passion for lemon meringue pie. I am a pushover for simple little wool dresses and tailored suits and I obviously spend more money than I should on shoes and gloves. I am fairly proficient on the typewriter, but my spelling is abominable. I read French quite well and, if I had to, I could probably make myself understood, after a fashion. Oh, yes, and I haven't any friends—not any at all. I mean," she explained, frowning at him gravely, "I don't get any letters, not even from England—"

"Yes," said Ridge. "Well, I wrote them right after the accident and they wrote back, but unfortunately the letter got thrown out by mistake. If they haven't written again, I imagine it's because they feel that under the circumstances their letters wouldn't mean much to you."

SOME weeks ago, faced with telling Dorcas about her years in England, he had given names to these fictitious friends of hers, and installed them in a little service flat in St. John's Wood.

"Of course," he said now, "you could write to them—"

The letter would be returned in due course; Dorcas would decide they had moved and neglected to leave a forwarding address, and that would be that.

"No," she said, "they're right; there *isn't much use in continuing* a correspondence with two strangers."

She said then, "It's funny, Ridge, I can't remember anything about London, about the war—not one single thing. And *yet* I feel that if I were set down suddenly in New York or Boston I could find my way around easily."

"Well," he pointed out reasonably, "you've lived in both of those cities one time or another, so that's not strange."

"But don't you think it's odd," she persisted stubbornly, "that I can't remember anything about London at all?"

"No," he said, "I don't think it's particularly odd. That was a very bad time for you, and it may well be that you just don't want to remember it."

"Tell me about when we first met in London, darling—tell me how you almost didn't go to that cocktail party at the Ritz and then you did—"

"Well," said Ridge, "that's all there was to it. Then I did and there you were and I . . ."

"You took one look at me and fell head over heels in love—"

"I did nothing of the kind. I took one look at you and went right on talking to a girl named Daphne. It was only when she turned me down flat and went off with a quite impossible Australian flier that I decided that you would have to do, after all. We went for a walk in Hyde Park. It was a beautiful spring night and we walked and walked; then suddenly it began to rain and we couldn't get a cab and by the time I got you back to St. John's Wood we were both soaked . . ."

"Go on," she said, sliding down on the sofa, putting her head back blissfully against his shoulder. "And I said you *must come in and dry out a bit and let* me give you a nightcap—"

"Who's telling this story," demanded Ridge, "you or I?"

"You are. But I love this next part."

"Then suppose you tell it . . ."

"Very well, I will. So I said you must come in and dry out a bit and let me give you a nightcap and you did. We were all alone in the flat and you lighted the fire and took off your blouse and draped it on the fender and I changed into some dry clothes and there we sat on the sofa in front of the fire just like we're sitting now, your arm around me, my head on your shoulder, because by this time we had become very good friends, very good friends *indeed.* And then we must have both gone to sleep at the same time, because the first thing we knew it was morning and the charwoman, was letting herself in with her key . . ."

"You admitted afterward," said Ridge, "that I went to sleep first and you didn't have the heart to wake me up, but then you dropped off yourself . . ."

"The last time," said Dorcas, "it was just the other way around. I dropped off first and I looked so tired and young and lovely that you simply couldn't disturb me. You know," she said thoughtfully, a little suspiciously, "you change something every time you tell this story. The last time the other girl's name was Dierdre—you wouldn't by any chance be making this all up, would you?"

"Good heavens, no!"

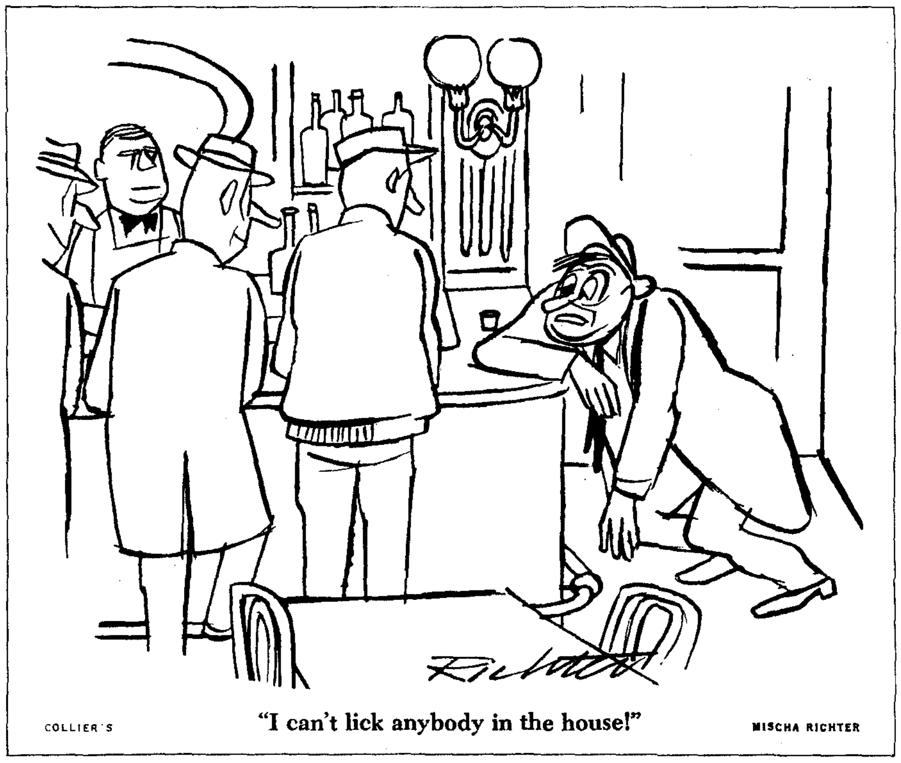
"I wouldn't put it past you," said Dorcas. "We probably met quite prosaically at someone's flat and never walked in the rain in Hyde Park at all."

"And you said you'd never forget," murmured Ridge in mock sadness. "Hey, we both ought to be in bed."

"It's not late—it's only a little after eleven."

"It's exactly eleven thirty-five. Furthermore, you don't have to work to*morrow, but I do.*"

Furthermore, *you,* my sweet, could go on sitting here forever, quite untroubled by any emotion more turbulent, more demanding, than a sort of sleepy con-



COLLIER'S "I can't lick anybody in the house!" MISCHA RICHTER

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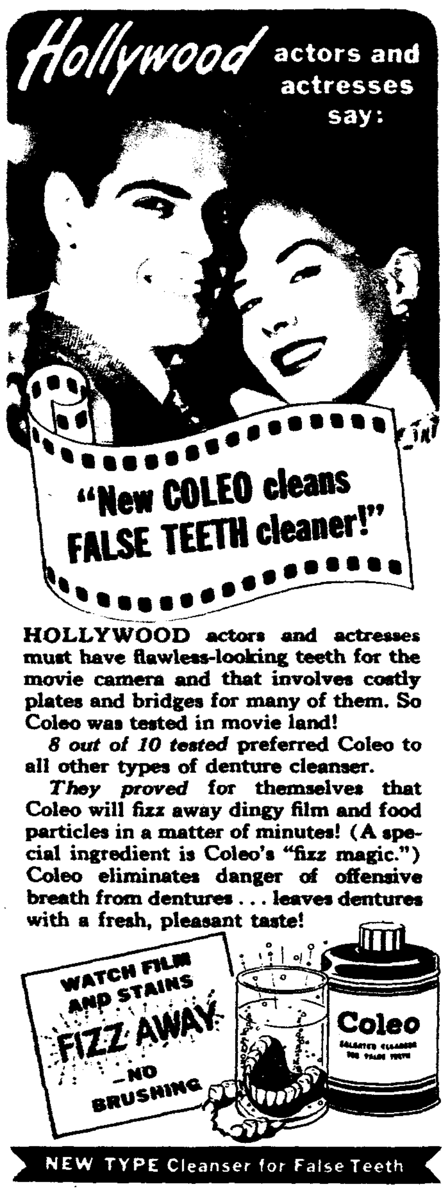

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NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

tentment. You have no conception, for instance, of how difficult, how almost impossible it is for me to be with you like this and not pull you down into my arms and start covering your face and throat and hair with kisses—you're happy and contented and perfectly satisfied to go on like this, because you've been ill and are still more or less in a state of convalescence. But I'm not finding it simple at all.

Nevertheless, it was the way Ridge intended to go on.

"You go ahead up," he said. "I'll go take a look at the furnace and lock up."

He was, of course, still sleeping in his own room. On her return from the hospital, he had explained to her logically enough that she had been very ill, that she would undoubtedly rest better if she had a room to herself. If she had been disappointed in this arrangement, she had not shown it. She had simply agreed.

He shook the furnace down, put on more coal, turned off the drafts and, having locked the back door, he went upstairs.

Her door was open, and she was sitting at the dressing table in a fragile shell-pink nightgown, brushing her hair with a silver hairbrush that had once belonged to his mother. During the months when she had been carrying Dave's child it had been unthinkable that he should ever feel the slightest desire to possess her and he had not felt any—but now the situation was entirely different.

This girl sitting there brushing her hair, her body slim and taut and lovely beneath slim silk, did not even know such a person as Dave had ever existed. Desire leaped in him, ran through his veins.

She smiled at him in the glass, and he walked across the room and bent over her; deliberately avoiding her lips, he kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Good night," he said. "Sleep well. . . ."

She put the silver hairbrush down and twisting around put her arms around him and buried her face against his coat.

"Oh, Ridge," she said. "Oh, darling."

HIS hands caught her shoulders and held her, trembling, against him. So it had come—the moment he had been dreading. It had come and, standing there, his hands on her shoulders, he didn't know whether he was glad or sorry. He couldn't go back; he had to go on. Where it would lead—into what dark, twisted bypaths of emotion and delight and despair—he had no idea.

"Ridge," she said, "stay with me."

"But—"

"Don't you *want* to stay?"

"Of course. It's just that—"

"That what, darling?"

What would happen, he thought suddenly, if he were to tell her the truth? How was he ever going to explain to her why he was standing here, hesitating and reluctant?

"It's just that you've been very ill—"

"I have been but I'm not now. I'm perfectly well."

She drew away from him, looked up at him with troubled, bewildered gray eyes.

"What is it, Ridge?" she said. "What's wrong? Is it something about us? Something that you know but that I can't remember? Something that I ought to know? Some other girl, perhaps?"

"Good Lord, no!" That, at least, was true. There were plenty of things wrong, but there was no other girl.

"Then I don't see—darling," she said. "I know it's shameless of me to behave like this—but I love you so much—"

"I love you, too." God help me, he thought, I do love her—and he knew a sudden emotional release from having actually said so, in so many words.

"Then you'll stay—you won't go?"

"I'll stay," he said. "I won't go." And heaven help us both, he thought, the day you snap out of this dream world you're living in and start remembering again. . . .

(To be concluded next week)

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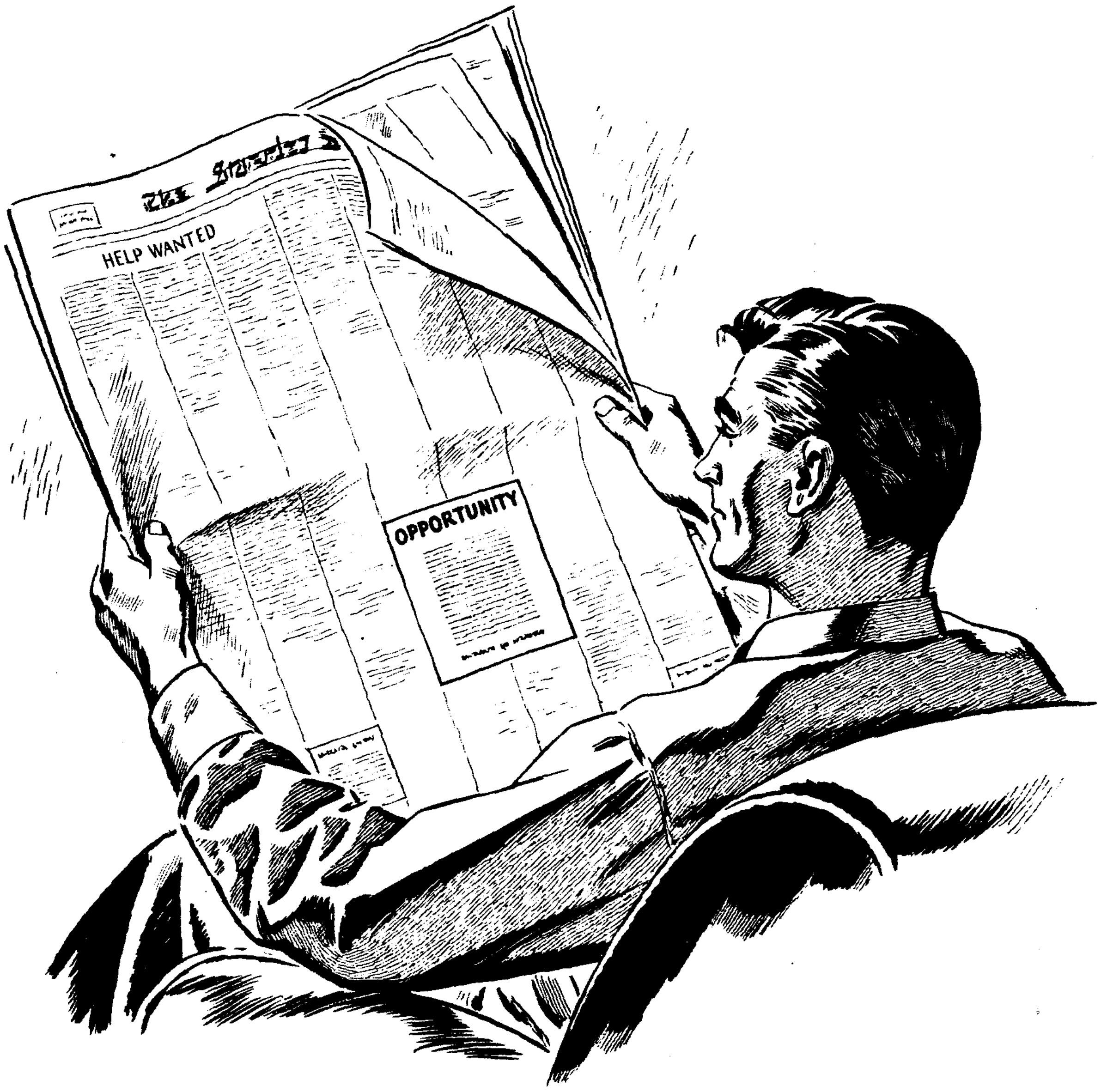
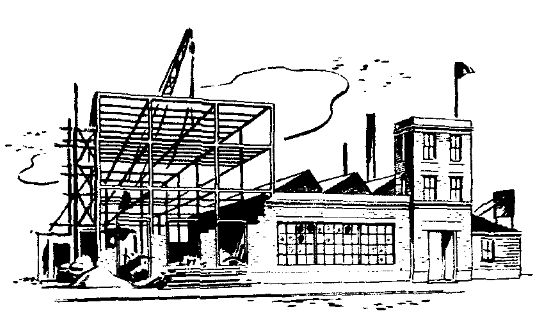
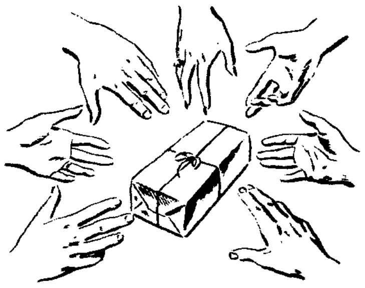


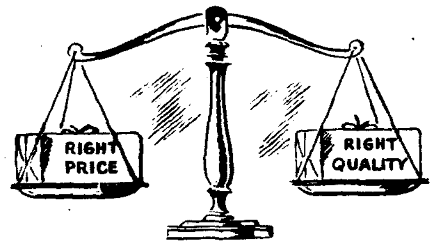
1. If you were to set out to choose a company to work for, one of the first things you'd want to be sure of is that it is solid enough to promise a steady job at good pay, plus a chance for your advancement.



2. Then you'd probably think about the firm's chances to expand and grow. Because you know, of course, that increased *wages* can come only through increased *production*. And you naturally want a job in which *you* can grow along with the company.

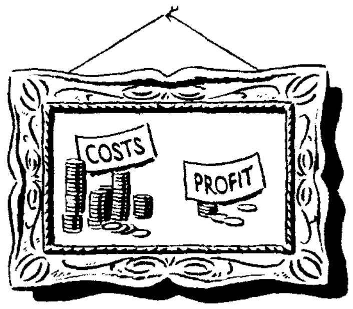


3. Next, you'd want to make sure that the company makes a product which people really want to buy—and that you want to help make.



4. And of course you'd check on the quality and prices of the company's products. Common sense tells you that when a firm's prices are too high—or quality too low—competition soon forces that firm out of business. And you don't want to hook up with any outfit that's *on the way out!*

5. On top of all else, you'd make certain about *good management* when you pick an ideal firm to work for. You know that good management has saved many a business in "bad times"—and even in "good times" it's something no business can do without!



6. Finally, what's the "profit picture"? You know that a firm *must* make a profit to *stay* in business. Besides, the profits earned by industry pay for the research and development that bring more products, more and better jobs, lower prices —and a bigger opportunity for you.

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Write for your free copy of "Who Profits from Profits?" Address: NAM, 14 W. 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.

Most Americans say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. As a matter of fact, industry averages less than half that much!

BUILD ME A BUNGALOW SMALL

Continued from page 23

approaching a lot faster than he was receding.

"Yike!" Martin gasped.

He ran. He ran like a rabbit. And behind him he could hear those sharply sinister snorts getting closer and closer.

Crashing out into the clearing, he sailed around the cabin, leaning hard on the turns. He reached the porch in one last ten-foot leap. There was a camp chair leaning against the wall beside the door, and he swung it up over his shoulder and whirled around—at bay.

It was then that he heard the high-pitched, uproarious shriek of laughter. The deer had stopped a dozen feet from the porch. It was regarding Martin with an offended expression, and now it turned its head to look toward the laughter. Martin dropped the chair as though it had suddenly become red-hot. He picked it up and dropped it again and then kicked it furiously.

The laughter died in a series of gurgling gasps. "I'm sorry!" the girl said. "I really shouldn't have—" She started up again, bending over and holding her sides. She had shiny black hair with a thin red ribbon tied in it. She was tall, and she was wearing dungarees and moccasins and a man's white shirt. She was very tanned, and she had startlingly blue eyes and a short, straight nose with a little tilt to it.

She straightened up painfully. "You should have seen your face when you came around the cabin. It was really—Oh, Dagwood! You big fool, you!"

The deer stalked up to her and lowered its antlers and snorted.

The girl slapped at it. "Oh, get away. I haven't anything for you to eat." She smiled up at Martin. "They call him Dagwood because he's always hungry, and he'll eat absolutely anything. Dagwood, you pest. Go away."

SHE seized him expertly by an antler, turned him around, and slapped him on the haunch. Dagwood sailed over a bush and disappeared in three more graceful bounces.

The girl walked up to the porch. "Hello. My name is Carol Carter. I'm staying at the Bracken cabin. It's over that way a half mile. You're William Martin, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"The Greys told me they were renting their cabin to you. They said you were an architect."

"Did they?"

"Yes. They said you wanted to come up here to be alone while you finished some important work."

"But you didn't believe them, did you?"

"What?" said Carol.

"You didn't believe them when they told you I wanted to be alone."

Carol lost her smile. "Oh. Well—are you mad at me? I apologize for laughing. I shouldn't have. I know you were scared to death."

"Is there anything else you know about me besides my name and my business and my state of mind?"

"I know you've got a nasty temper."

"There's something you can do to avoid that."

"What?" Carol asked.

"Leave."

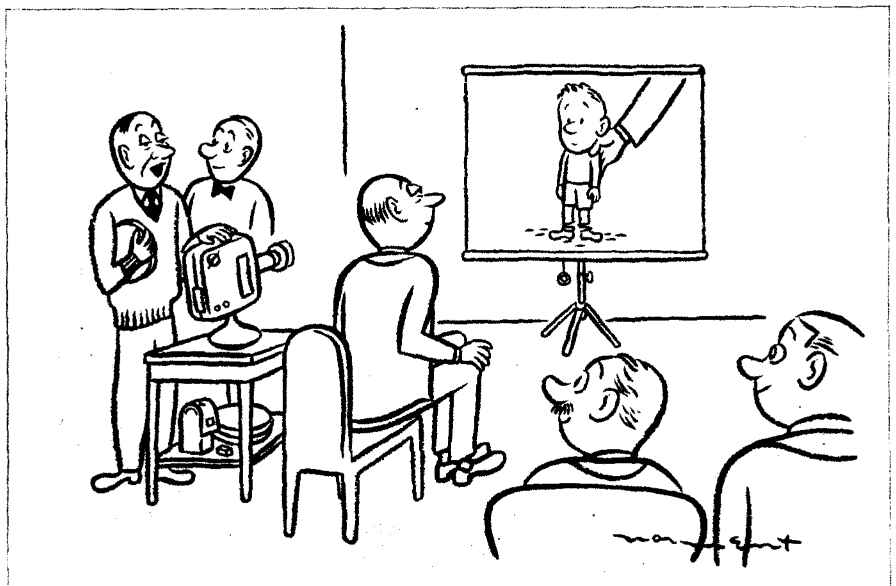
"Oh. Well—well, I mean . . ."

"Goodby, now."

"Goodby," said Carol soberly.

She turned around and walked on along the road. She walked well—erect and graceful, very quick and light on her feet.

"Faugh!" Martin snarled. "The next time I'll pick the city zoo or the Union Station." . . .



"That's everything I have to show, fellows, unless you'd be interested in some home movies of Betty Grable, at the beach, that got mailed to me by mistake"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

Martin had set himself up in business in the sunlight at the side of the cabin. He and his paraphernalia were spread all over the camp chair and two collapsible bridge tables. He had red ink and black ink and white ink and six different kinds of pens; squares, triangles, compasses, dividers, rulers, erasers and slide rules, and dozens of sectional plans and blue, checked master sheets—all placed precisely where he wanted them. He was a happy man.

He consulted one of the slide rules and found the answer he needed and began to print it in slanted, neat figures.

"Hello," said Carol.

Martin's pen jerked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Carol.

Martin blotted carefully and began to erase.

"Let me help—" said the girl.

Martin stopped erasing and looked at her.

"I said I was sorry," Carol said defensively. "And I'm sorry I laughed at you a while ago. What else can I say?"

"Plenty, I'm afraid."

"Now, look," said Carol. "I'm just trying to be neighborly. I came over here this morning with the best intentions in the world. I was going to show you how the Greys' stove worked. They asked me to. They were worried about how you'd make out, because they knew you weren't married, and they didn't know whether or not you could cook for yourself. I was even going to ask you over to dinner tonight. Of course, we call it supper."

"How odd!"

"Look," said Carol. "Relax. I'm not that repulsive. We got off to a bad start, but can't you sort of skip it? You'll find it's lonesome up here. No one comes up in the fall, because they don't realize how swell the weather is."

"What are you doing up here?"

Carol smiled. "That's better. I had pneumonia last winter, and I came up here in the spring to rest for three months, and I just sort of lingered. I like it. What are you working on?"

"A plan for a small home."

"You've got a lot of plans just for that?"

MARTIN explained reluctantly: "These are master plans to be used on a lot of small homes to be built all at once in a big subdivision. Each house has to have the same over-all requirements, but they have to be incidentally variable, so that each one can be made to look different."

"Sounds complicated."

"It is. It's a Kreiger-Croft Construction Company project. If I can satisfy them, there's plenty in it for me. I've done some work for them before, but nothing as big as this will be."

"You're up here to concentrate, eh?"

"That was the idea, at least. I got tired of trying to think while contractors and frustrated homeowners and building inspectors pound on my desk."

"I see. Can I look at the master sheet?"

"You can't visualize from a blueprint."

"I can so. I took two years of architecture in art school. . . . Say, this is cute! Now if you put a—"

Martin threw his slide rule on the ground.

"All right," Carol said quickly. "All right."

"Artists," Martin muttered. "Now it's artists. That's all I needed."

"Architecture is an art."

"It is not! It's a science! Do I look like some boob who hangs out in a garret?"

"No, and artists don't, either. Just remember that I happen to be one."

"Ha."

"I am, and I'm pretty good, too."

"Ha."

"Are you always this way?" Carol asked. "You pack around just about the nastiest disposition I've run across."

"It's a device," Martin explained carefully. "It's a device I employ so people will leave me alone long enough for me to get a little work done. But sometimes it doesn't work. There are people who are so dumb they don't get the idea."

"Meaning me?" Carol said thoughtfully. "You don't like me?"

"Now you're smartening up."

"You want me to go away?"

"You're right on the beam."

Carol swallowed. "All right. But I think you could have been a little more polite about it all."

"Oh, go drown yourself somewhere."

Carol walked away. She walked slowly this time; all her bounce had gone.

Martin picked up the slide rule and looked at it in an antagonistic manner. "Ummm," he said uneasily, using it to scratch his head. "Well."

He went back to work, but most of the flavor seemed to have simmered out of his house plans. He stalled around for a while and then got up and went in the back door of the cabin. He came out a moment later, carrying a long-handled spade in one hand and a dripping paper sack of garbage in the other.

Holding the sack well away from him,

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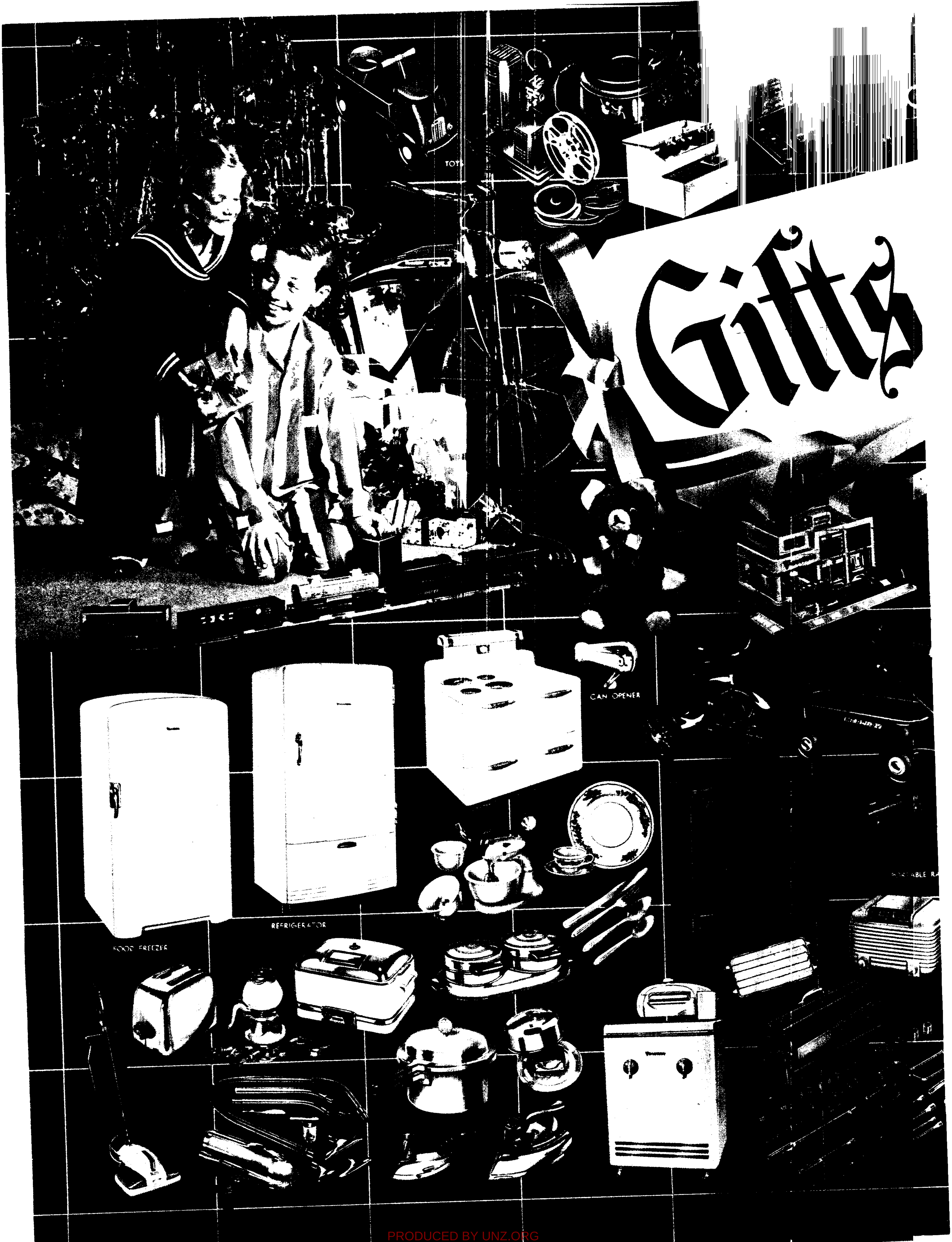
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he paced up the slope back of the cabin. Finding a site that suited him, he put the sack down and started digging.

He dug steadily for about a half hour. He had made a trench, then, about two feet deep and a foot and a half wide. He figured this would be large enough to hold a week's deposit of garbage, and he stopped and leaned on the spade handle, contemplating his handiwork.

Somebody pushed him—hard. The spade tangled his feet up, and he went headlong over it and fell flat on his face in the ditch. He scrambled frantically, rolled over and sat up.

Dagwood snorted at him.

"You get out of here!" Martin yelled furiously.

He scrambled up and swung awkwardly with the spade. It didn't miss Dagwood by more than fifteen feet. Dagwood bounced this way and that way on his spring-steel legs, shook his antlers coyly, and then paused, ready for more fun and games.

Martin ran at him. "Get out of here! You get off this property!"

Dagwood glided over a bush and flicked his white tail tauntingly. That did it. Martin lost what remained of his perspective. He took off after Dagwood like a bat from the belfry.

Dagwood danced happily all around the clearing twice and then took off up the path with Martin thundering grimly behind. Dagwood teased him along for a couple of hundred yards and then casually melted away into the brush.

Martin stumbled over to a fallen tree trunk and collapsed. He had a bad case of the gulps—an affliction which often seizes lowlanders who exert themselves unduly at high altitudes—and he sat and gasped for ten minutes before his heart stopped booming in his ears.

Finally he got up and went drearily down the path again, helping himself along with the spade. He came out into the clearing and stopped short, frozen numb with horror.

Here was Dagwood again. He had tipped over both card tables, and he was chewing meditatively on a large number of sheets of blue, checked paper.

"Oh, no," Martin groaned. "No!"

Dagwood stopped chewing and glanced at him inquiringly.

"Drop those plans!" Martin shrieked.

Dagwood started chewing again.

Martin howled. He threw the spade and ran after it. He picked it up en route and cut a vicious swath in the air with it. Dagwood bounced jauntily away, carrying the blue sheets like a banner.

"I'll kill you!" Martin promised fervently, fighting his way through brush. "I'll spatter your brains—"

THEY went up hill and down dale. They went around in two circles. They went through a bramble patch, some poison oak, and a small growth of cockleburs. Martin fell down three times, and when he got up the third time Dagwood was gone again.

Martin went right on, anyway, staggering. "Where are you?" he roared. "I'll tear you limb from limb! I'll murder you in cold blood!"

He stumbled down a rock-strewn slope, burst through a waist-high barrier of brush, and very nearly fell down the fourth time. He caught his balance and stood there, swaying and strangling, staring unbelievingly at a painter's easel. It was sitting all by itself in the clearing.

"Oh," said Martin, fighting for breath. "You! Carol Carter! Where are you?"

His voice dropped into the silence. There was no answer, not even an echo.

"Hey!" said Martin.

He listened, and then he heard the faint, infinitely alluring chuckle of running water. Realizing suddenly that he had a mouth like a blast furnace, he dragged his feet across the clearing and fought through some more brush.

He didn't even see the stream until his feet went out from under him, and he sat down with a dull thud on the bank. His feet were hanging over a deep, dark pool where the water circled hungrily like a slow-motion whirlpool, and abruptly it didn't seem inviting at all.

Martin stared at the bank opposite him. It was steep and studded with sharp rocks, and someone had slipped on it. Someone had left fresh, frantically clawed gouges in the dirt.

"Hey!" said Martin, scared now. "Hey, Carol! Where are you? Where—"

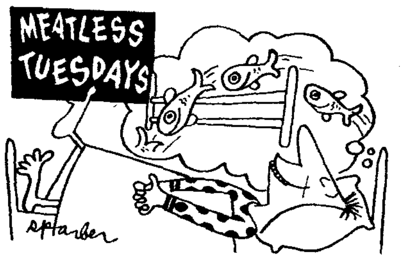
The water chuckled gruesomely beneath him.

Martin's voice went up a queasy notch. "Carol! Carol! Are you all right?"

He slid down the bank and stared into the water. He couldn't see anything but his own reflection.

"Hey?" he said, putting everything into a last appeal. There was no answer save the ghoulish gurgle of the water.

Martin scrambled back up the bank. He ran first to his left and then to his right and then hightailed it over the hill. It was very heavy going now. His feet didn't track, and he seemed to have an irrepressible urge to fall down every twenty yards. He lost the spade and his sense of direction, and it was approximately a century before he came out on a narrow, rutted road. He whirled around groggily twice, picked a direction, and started running all over again.



SAVE FOOD!

He was still going when Bradwell's dusty sedan pulled up silently alongside of him.

"Oh!" said Martin. "Listen—listen—"

Bradwell said: "I warned you what would happen to you if I caught you plastered."

Martin clutched the car door. "Listen. Carol Carter. Drowned."

"What?" Bradwell barked.

"Drowned. Pool. Back there."

"You mean that little pool where she paints?"

Martin nodded numbly. "Dangerous. Steep bank."

"You're crazy."

"No. Slipped on bank. Hit her head on rock. Drowned."

"Get in here," said Bradwell.

Martin fell into the front seat and held his head in his hands, completely blown out. Bradwell put the sedan into reverse, slammed it backward into the brush, and cramped the wheels expertly.

"No!" Martin protested. "Other way."

"Shut up. I know the way."

The sedan popped out of the brush, jittered sideways on the ruts, and picked up speed in a breathless spurt.

"Should never have said that," Martin muttered. "Never, never."

"Said what?" Bradwell asked absently.

"What I said to her. Oh, no. No."

"Pipe down. I'm busy."

The roadside brush swished past them in a brown, splattered blur. Suddenly it fell eerily away on one side, and Bradwell stood on the brakes.

"Huh?" said Martin. "This isn't—"

"I know. That's your cabin there, you dope. Someone is in it. I saw something move in the window."

"Never mind," Martin said. "It's just that damned Dagwood again."

"It ain't Dagwood," said Bradwell. "He don't break into cabins—not since I caught him tryin' it once and fanned his rear end good with a lath. Com on. We'll take a look."

"No! I'm not going—"

Hartwell reached over the back of the seat and came up with an efficient-looking .30-30 saddle carbine. "Yes, you are. You're going to march right up that pat ahead of me. Get."

Martin marched up the path, an opened the front door of the cabin cautiously.

"Hello," Carol called. "I'm in the kitchen."

MARTIN tore across the room and hung limply in the kitchen doorway, staring with bulged, incredulous eyes. Carol had just started washing his dirty dishes.

"Here I am again," she said. "I'm really a pig for punishment."

Martin tiptoed across the floor and touched her arm gingerly. She wasn't a phantom. "Whew!" he said.

"What's the matter?" Carol asked casually. "Is your conscience bothering you?"

Martin rallied a little. "Weren't you up at that pool a while ago? Why didn't you answer me when I called?"

"Yes, I was up at the pool, and I didn't answer you for two good reasons. Reason number one: I didn't have any clothes on."

"What?" said Martin blankly.

"I had taken a sun bath, and I was just about to dunk myself in the pool to cool off when you came howling around. I had to scramble for cover. Reason number two: You scared me with all those threats about murder and tearing me limb from limb. I thought you'd gone clear off your trolley. I finally figured out what you thought from your actions, but by that time you were gone with the wind. So I came over here."

Martin said, "I wasn't threatening you. I was just going to murder Dagwood because he chewed up my plans."

"What was that, again?" Bradwell demanded. "I told you to leave the animals around here alone."

"Relax. I didn't catch him."

"How do I know you didn't?"

"You know he didn't," Carol said, "because Dagwood is outside the back door right now, waiting to be fed." She nodded at Martin. "I came back before, mad as I was, to warn you that you mustn't leave any important paper lying around outside, because Dagwood likes the taste of it. He chews it like tobacco. But when I came back, you were gone."

"I was digging a garbage ditch."

"I know. I gathered up your plans then and put them in the cabin. Dagwood ran off with some scratch sheets. I put your plans in on the table."

"Yeah," said Bradwell. "I'm lookin' at 'em. . . . Say, this is going to be a neat layout. Who's going to build bungalows like this, Martin? How much do they want for a down payment on one?"

"Later," Martin said absently. "Later. Anyway, I'm going to buy the first one."

"You don't need a house," Bradwell informed him. "You ain't married."

"Well, I can get married, can't I?" Martin asked. He hesitated, watching Carol. "Can't I?"

Carol glanced sideways at him.

"Well," said Martin shamefacedly, "a person can say things—I mean, he can sort of fly off the handle and say things and then—and then he can suddenly sort of see the light and change his—"

Carol smiled slightly. "Take this lettuce leaf out to Dagwood."

"A leaf?" Martin said exuberantly. "One little leaf? No! We'll give him the whole head! We wouldn't want to turn him away hungry. Dagwood is a very fine deer and a credit to the community. Here, Dagwood. Here you are, old boy, old pal."

THE END

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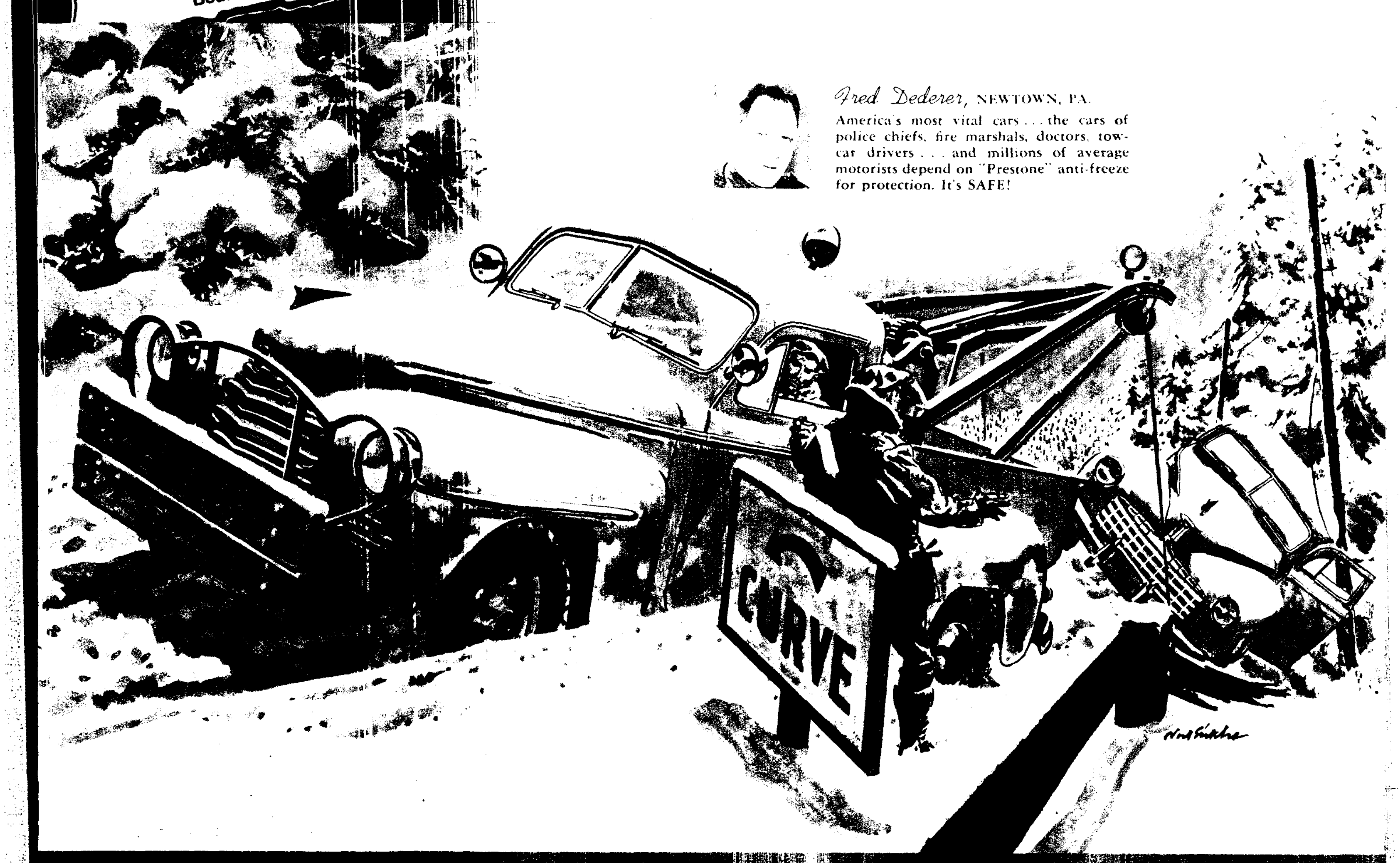

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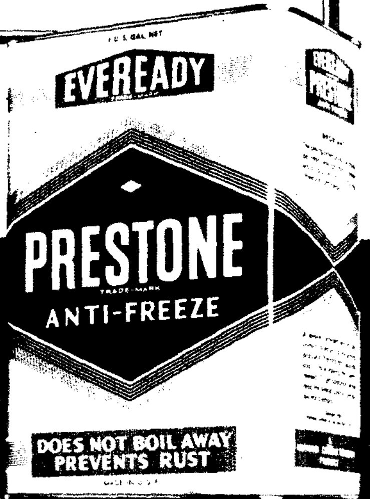

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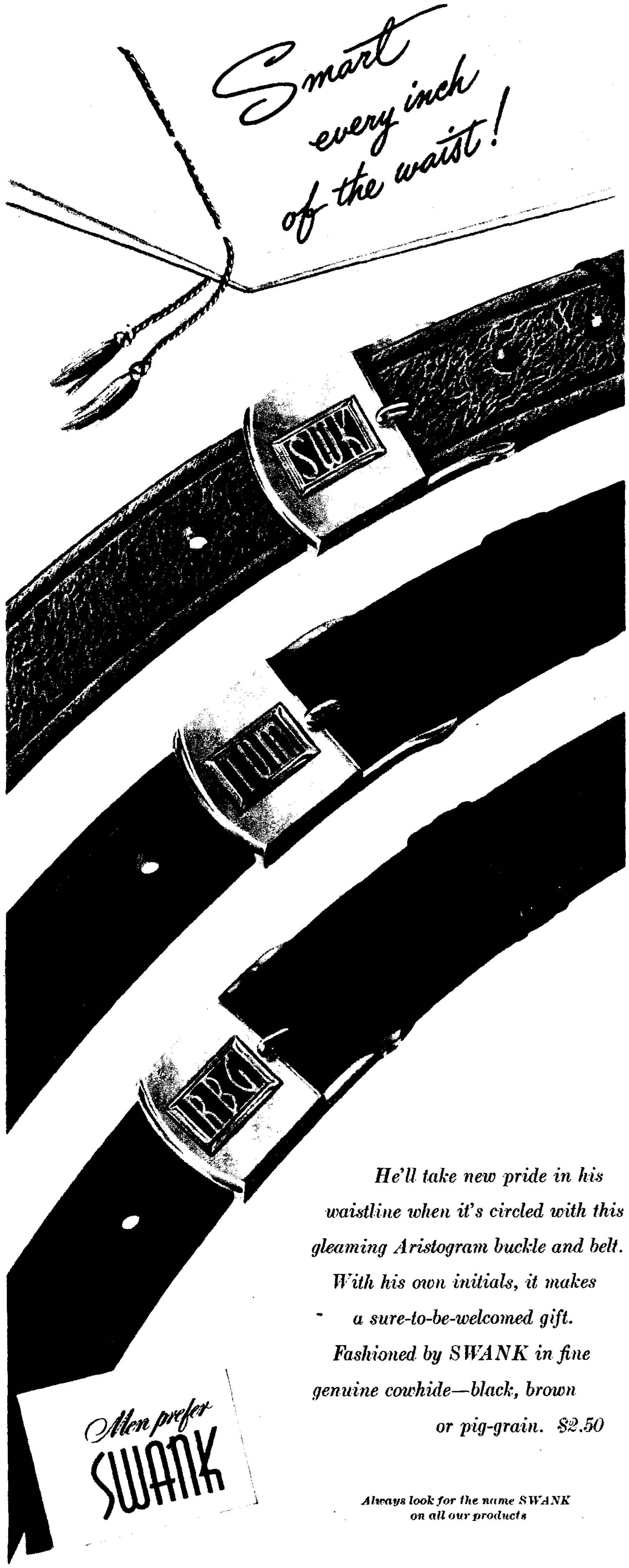
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I'M MAD AT YOU

Continued from page 17

at the Melletts. “Not at all,” he said patiently. “Millions of people all over the country live exactly that way. Nothing eccentric about it, is there? And millions live in New York. So what's eccentric about combining the two?”

“Nothing,” said Mr. Mellett, “I suppose.”

“Matter of fact, I'd be the very symbol of grass-roots normalcy. I'd wear police suspenders and congress slippers. Neatly, of course. And in the evenings, I'd mow the grass and then sit out on the curbstone smoking my pipe. I'd be the living representative of what New York subconsciously yearns for.”

“I think you're right,” said Mr. Mellett. “They do. I've noticed it.”

“Of course. I'd be an embassy, a sort of unofficial ambassador to New York from the rest of the country. Promote understanding. And in the evening, sitting there puffing my corncob, I'd chat with passers-by.”

MRS. MELLETT laughed happily as she said, “You'd collect quite a crowd on Fifth Avenue.”

“Only at first. Presently they'd accept and grow to love me. And in the evening I'd invite people up on the porch for a glass of lemonade. Mother, here, would play the piano and we'd all sing Old Hundred, Tenting Tonight, and Down the Long, Long Trail.”

He paused and Mrs. Mellett said wistfully, “Yes, those were better days, I guess. Things were quieter. More peaceful.”

“Well, don't you see?” said Tim. “That's the essence of the subtle plan back of this whole thing. Science tells us that olfactory memories survive undimmed for a lifetime.” He paused, triumphantly, evading Eve's look.

“The trees,” he continued. “In the fall I'd rake up the leaves and, standing in the twilight, leaning on my rake and puffing my pipe, I'd burn them at the curb. And through the reek of gasoline and the din of the city would come the unforgettable fragrance of burning leaves. Those fragile wisps of smoke would curl under the veneer of years of city living and touch a responsive chord in the most urban among us. Men in fancy silk shirts and pearl-gray cutaways would remember their farm-boy origins. Silk-hatted financiers with dollar signs on their vests would relax their grip on their money bags. Bobby-soxers on the way to the Paramount would dream for a moment of hay rides. The lines in the faces of young fashion designers and advertising executives would relax, momentarily, as long-ago memories of quilting bees and barn-raisings stirred. U.N. delegates hurrying to their skyscrapers would remember the smell of burning leaves in Iowa and the Ukraine, in the provinces of China and France, and along the back roads of England. For a moment, the steel and concrete would be blotted out and they'd remember the peaceful people everywhere for whom they should be working.” Tim paused for a moment and sipped his drink. “Maybe it is a great idea at that,” he said.

The Melletts thought so—and began talking of a man they'd read of who inherited a fortune, bought a large estate, and lived on it alone with some two hundred dogs. Timberlake suggested it would be fun to name them all Duke, then stand on the porch and call them all, simultaneously. And presently the Melletts went home.

“Don't look at me like that,” said Tim, dropping on the davenport. “They had a fine time and you know it.”

“I'm still mad at you, and you haven't improved things. I'm thinking of giving you away.”

“A mistake,” he said. “Who else could you find who'd put up with the Melletts?”

“At least he's far better behaved than you are.”

“I see,” said Tim. “I see it all, now. Despite your pretended friendship for your girlhood chum, you have secretly fallen for her husband.”

Eve very nearly grinned and he dived for the breach. “Well, Eve,” he said, sadly, “I won't stand in your way. Through my work as a private eye, I happen to know that he's free. They are not married; they're living in sin!” Eve held her face rigid. “What's more—I had never meant to tell you this, but—through my work as a shamus, I've learned that the preacher who married us was an impostor: one ‘Legs’ Schwartz, three-time loser.”

“Tim!” she said, and now she smiled. “Poor old Dr. Edwards!”

“Oh, he was clever. Fooled people for years. So we're not married, either, you see. You're free to discard me. Like a worn-out bauble.”

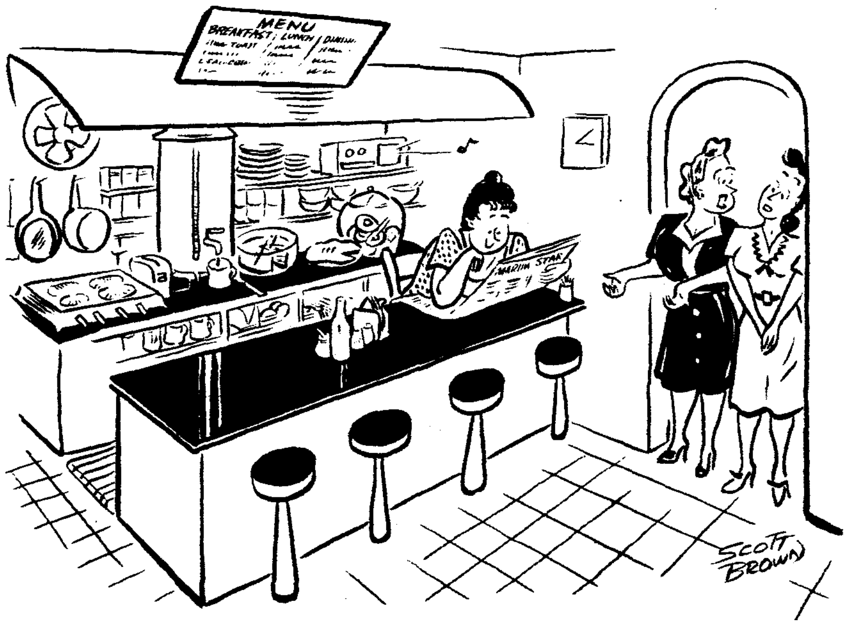
“What *is* a bauble?”

“An English bubble.”

She sneered at him, silently.

“Or,” he said, “you can start courting me all over again. Go ahead; beg me again to marry you.”

“I like that—you didn't give me a mo-



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ment's peace, Mr. Timberlake Ryan," Eve reminded him teasingly.

"Oh, I was young. Foolish. Easily deceived by false promises of wealth and ease." He sighed. "When I think of the chances I've had—"

"Tim," she spoke quietly, seriously. "Tim, have you ever—really regretted . . . ?"

He rose on one elbow and looked at her across the room. "Honey, honey," he said softly, "what a gift you have for foolish questions."

"Well—I just like to have you tell me."

He started to get up.

"Stay right where you are!" she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, falling for such an obvious trap."

He lay back on the davenport and picked up his book, while Eve left the room, returned with needle and thread and her black felt hat, and began stitching a feather to its side. "You know," said Tim, watching her from the corner of his eye, "Alice isn't so bad." Eve continued her sewing. "I could go for—" but she wasn't having any, and he sighed and resumed his reading.

But now, without lifting her head, Eve glanced secretly at Tim. She wasn't in the least annoyed with him, never had been, really, and she wondered why she should have pretended she was. And she suspected, suddenly, that Tim knew; that Tim had always understood, completely, ever since they had been married, the whole purpose and meaning of "I'm mad at you." Her fingers became motionless in her lap, her eyes widened, and she stared at the needle and thread in her hands. I enjoy it, that's why, she thought, and felt suddenly guilty, felt her cheeks flush. I enjoy his making up to me, trying to make me smile. I enjoy having all his attention, all of it. And knowing that in everything he does, even now as he lies there pretending to read, all of his thoughts are focused on me. It's like—the word popped into her mind—it's like a courtship, a miniature courtship! I'm making him court me and win me all over again! And now, though it seemed to her she should still be ashamed, she no longer was. And she knew that sometime—not too soon—she would do it again. I don't care, she thought, there's nothing I'm more sure of than the way I love Tim and the way he loves me, but it isn't enough. I need to be courted, too. Once in a while. I really do, I actually need it—and Timberlake's always understood that, and never failed to give it to me.

AND for a moment, her love plain in her eyes, she glanced at Tim. Then, lifting the hat from her lap, she placidly resumed her stitching and waited quietly, secure in her confidence that presently the courtship would be resumed. That Tim would, somehow, overcome the imaginary barrier she had placed between them. And she wondered, with serene curiosity, exactly how he would do it this time.

And presently it came. From the davenport where he lay, Timberlake scaled his book into the air and it fell to the rug with a thump. "The fools," he said, "the blind fools." Eve twisted her head to read the title: Murderers All.

"Why?" she said.

"Because they got caught—the blind fools!" He laughed in imitation of the Shadow. "But they'll never catch me!"

She snipped off a thread with her teeth, and rose, holding the tiny hat aloft on her finger tips and inspecting it critically, turning it from side to side. She preened the feather and then, putting the hat down, picked the book from the floor and placed it on the table, straightening the pile of magazines underneath it.

Timberlake grinned at her. "Old Neatness," he said.

She sniffed. "Somebody has to be neat in this house."

"Why?" he asked, reasonably. "Books

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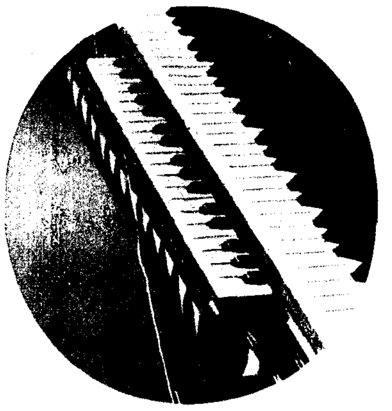

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on the floor make the place seem lived in. A sign of culture."

"Yes," said Eve, "Murderers All."

"A rare and discerning work," he said. "But fools. Children. They'd never catch me, though," and he laughed the Shadow laugh, this time slightly improved.

Eve came to the davenport and, bending her knees slightly, leaned against its front edge looking down at him. "You," she said, "you'd be looking through bars before the body was cold."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," he reached out and caught her in back of the knees so that she fell forward, a hand on his chest. "See?" he said, happily. "Judo. Just a shade more pressure and your neck would have snapped. An accident. Grief-stricken husband. 'It was all due to her neatness,' he said at the inquest, sobbing and leaning on the arm of a court attendant." Eve sat down on the edge of the davenport. "'In the middle of the night she must have remembered an ash tray she'd forgotten to empty. I heard a crash, rushed to the living room, and there she was—lying in a pool of ashes and old cigarette stubs.'" He looked at her through narrowed lids and spoke from the corner of his mouth. "Collect the insurance, and off to greener pastures."

"I haven't any insurance, and anyway, you'd be caught. Move over," she said, and he moved to the inner edge of the davenport and Eve stretched out beside him.

TIMBERLAKE put his arm round her head, pillowing her neck on his biceps. "We'll get some insurance. Tomorrow. Think you can pass the medical?"

"Easy. But you forget one thing. They always do."

"What?"

"I'd leave a note, a sealed note, with my sister to be opened in case of 'accident.'"

"She can't read."

"Is that so!" Eve exclaimed. "They'd read this note—"

"I'd deny everything."

"They'd make you talk."

"We never talk. Anyway, it'd look perfectly natural—"

"With a broken neck?"

"Oh, no! That isn't what I'd do. I'd hang all the pictures crooked every day. And insist they were straight. Slowly your mind would weaken. I'd mess up the magazines on the table, put books in the bookcase upside down, leave empty match books lying around—"

She turned, nestled closer, and kissed him on the neck. "The police have seen Angel Street, too, honey."

"How'd they like it?"

"Fine," she said, and Tim turned, put his arms around her and kissed her gently. "You're done for, honey," he said, softly. "I'm sorry; it's been fun. But it had to happen. One ash tray too many—and something snapped."

She lay in his arms contentedly, enjoying the deep pleasure of it, quiet and utterly happy. She knew she'd made him work too hard this time, and that next time they quarreled, it would be her obligation to make it up.

I owe him a courtship, she thought, and smiled. But that was in the future, and now she lay silent, eyes closed, enjoying this one.

She stirred, presently, and tried to sit up. "Time to get supper," she said.

Timberlake held her back. "Wait," he said, "what's the hurry?"

"Have to get supper. You're hungry, aren't you?"

He grinned at her. "Sure."

She pushed on his chest and sat up. "You're an evil old man. Look—there's soup and sandwiches. Or there's some hash, if you'd rather. And some cole slaw."

Timberlake stretched luxuriously. "Anything," he said. "You decide. For this meal you can have anything you want. That's the custom, you know. For me, just a little dry bread and cheese."

"That's what you'll get—served in a trap." But she didn't move. She sat for a moment looking at Timberlake, and then she spoke: "You love me?"

He grinned at her. "You know very well."

"But I like you to say it."

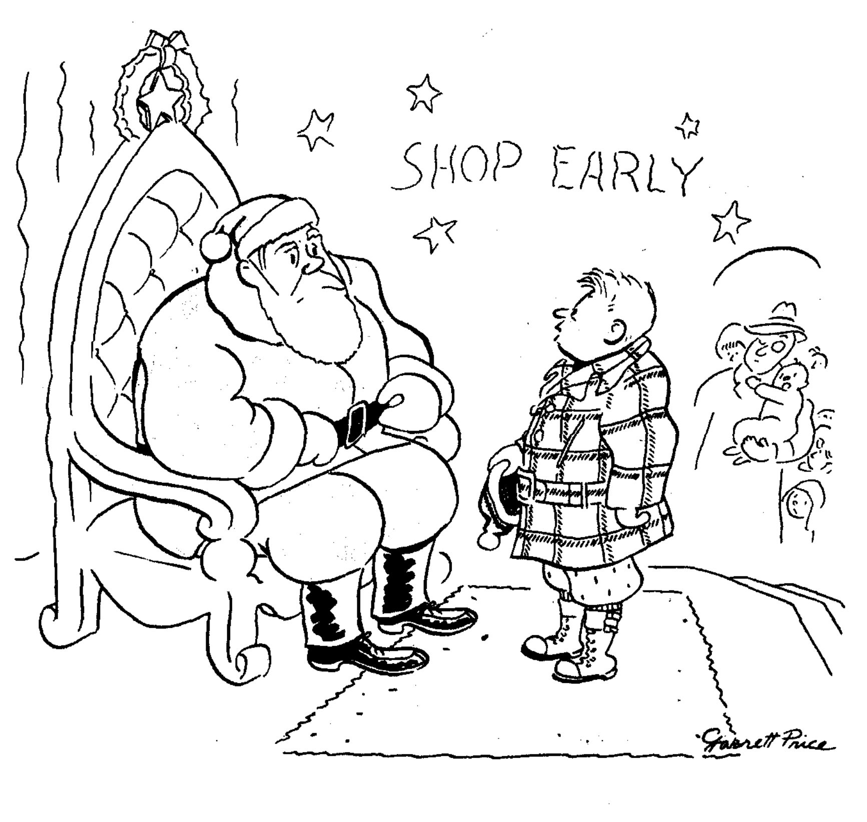
"Okay," he drew her close and kissed her. "I do love you," he said softly, and then he grinned. "I'll prove it, in fact. After all these years, I'm willing to make it legal."

"Tim, stop that."

"Stop what?" he said. "This?"

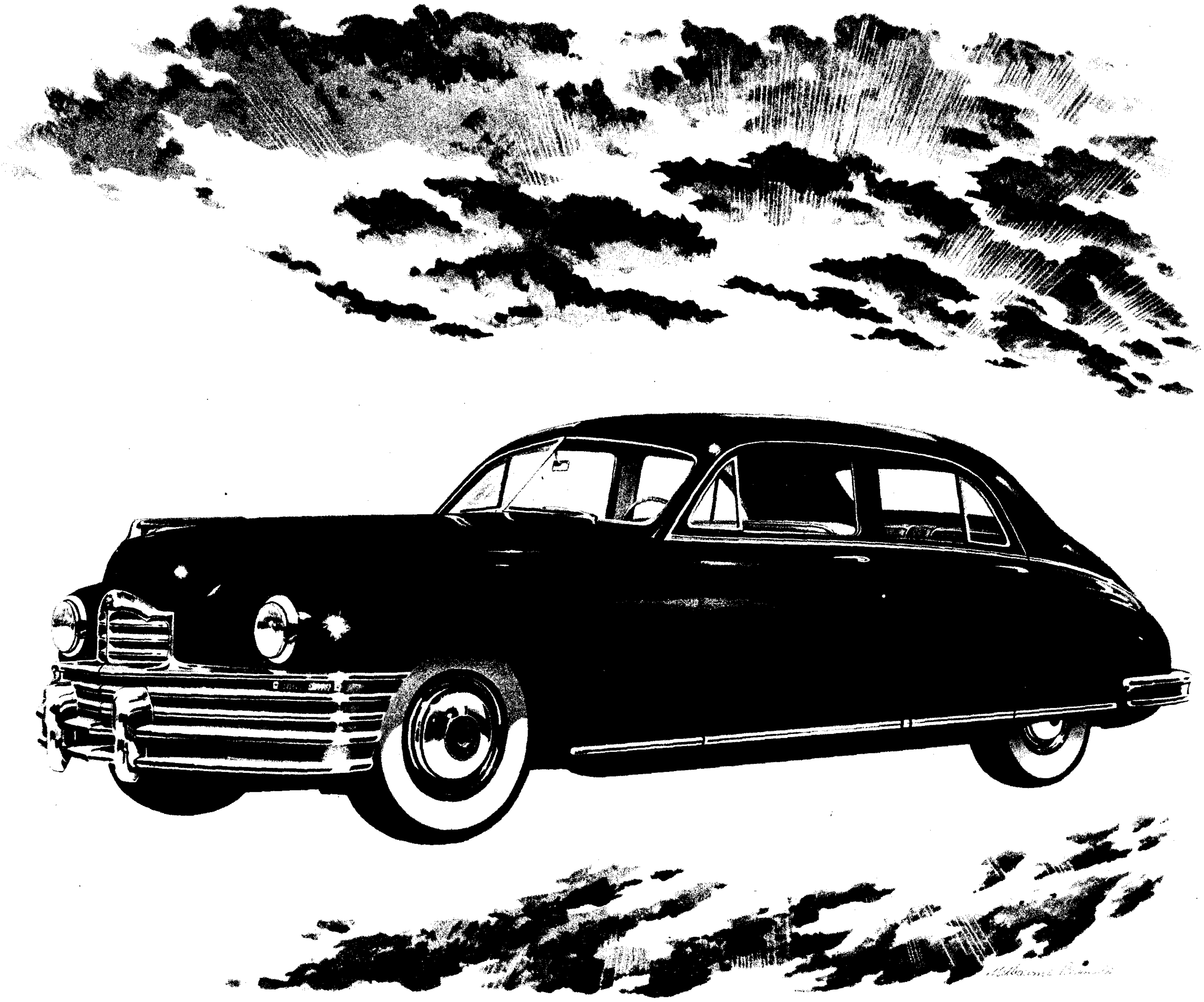
"No," she said, and pressed closer to him. "No. Not that."

THE END



"I've been picked to play Santa Claus in our school play. Could you give me some pointers?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



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THREE GREAT NEW PACKARD EIGHTS FOR '48

MISTER BOXING

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Nat Fleischer makes no matches, handles no fighters, works no angles. But as self-appointed historian he rules over boxing like a brood hen

Nat in the midst of his treasures. His collection of ring relics—championship items—is the greatest in the world

JOE LOUIS
TIPPY LARKIN
ALLIE STOLZ
JAMES J CORBETT
AD WOLGAST VS. BATTLING NELSON

LAST summer at the Chicago Stadium in the middleweight championship, Rocky Graziano had Tony Zale draped over a lower strand and was belting him with such enthusiasm that it was only a question of time till the bout was stopped or Mr. Zale was dead.

At this juncture a man leaned over and spoke into the ear of Mr. Nat Fleischer.

"Bang," he said in a cool, bored voice. "There goes another fifty bucks for one of those phony tin belts."

Mr. Fleischer sat up sharply and whirled around. Then he grinned in recognition.

"Two hundred and twenty-eight," said Mr. Fleischer precisely, "and happy to do it, too."

A week after Mr. Fleischer's return to New York another voice belabored him. This came over the telephone and belonged to M. Graziano, a sterling soul with native graces.

"Whenamigonna get 'at thing?" bellowed Graziano in Mr. Fleischer's ear. "Alla guys downa poolroom been astin' me."

"Pretty soon now, Rocky," cried the enraptured Mr. Fleischer, his face wreathed in happiness. "Getting it all made up nice for you."

Mr. Fleischer has revived the charming custom of awarding belts for all new boxing champions. The Graziano emblem brought the total to one hundred and twenty-six and made the afore-mentioned nick of $228 in the Fleischer surplus. As publisher and editor of The Ring, the bible of all red-blooded men, he considers this not only good advertising but a worthy reward for meritorious endeavor.

"Also," say Nat's friends, "it gives him a chance to say a few million words every time he presents a belt."

There are cynics who maintain that boxing is the only sport in the world where a man gets a medal for homicide, but Mr. Fleischer winces at such sacrilege. When Mr. Fleischer enters a ring to present a belt there are observers who swear that a halo appears around his head. In a gravelly voice tinged with New York East Side nuances he launches into a sweet and reverent eulogy of the art of mayhem. As the hours pass his voice grows in fervor and there are tears in the eyes of those members of the audience still awake. The tension became so great one night in Detroit that some kindly individual doused the lights. When they were turned on again five minutes later Nat was still speaking but the crowd had left.

Lore of the Pugilistic Ages

Romantic writers have called him Mr. Boxing, the Boswell of Jacobs' Beach and the Great Father of *La Boxe*. Admirers consult him from points as far distant as Bloemfontein, Reykjavik and Oskaloosa. His word is law in any boxing dispute and his records are so complete that they are said to provide the approximate fighting weight of David on the day he conked Goliath. What Nat knows about fighting he gets secondhand because he never got much over five feet tall and could be floored by a widgeon. He tut-tuts sternly when anyone mentions corruption in prize fighting and has been known to tremble indignantly at charges of brutality in boxing.

At sixty, Nat rules over boxing like a brood hen. He makes no matches, handles no fighters, works no angles. He just affords a clearinghouse for

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF

A fruit cocktail for your pocket!

How nice to know that these five luscious flavors
Are yours to enjoy in each pack of Life Savers.
So dandy—so handy! Any place! Any time!
You can have yummy Orange! And Lemon and Lime!
And tempting Wild Cherry! Swell Pineapple, too,
All in a pocket-size package for you!

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

See for yourself why **ALLIGATOR** is the best name in rainwear!

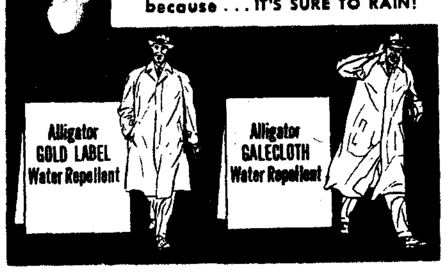
best for rain
best for style
best for value

Almost any day is an Alligator day!—in drizzles, downpours, chill or dust! Handsomely styled, impeccably tailored, exclusively processed for water repellent or waterproof excellence. Look for the Alligator label when you buy!

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!


Alligator GOLD LABEL Water Repellent
Alligator GALECLOTH Water Repellent

The Alligator Company • St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

the sport, providing the statistical data and mystical lore that assure it a place in history. He will fly anywhere in the world to referee a fight and say a few words. He works fourteen hours a day at his office in Madison Square Garden, has turned out billions of words and is solely responsible for what is known as the Meat Ax School of Literature. He will write a book at the drop of a cap and has thirty-eight volumes to his credit.

His collection of boxiana (the greatest in the world) will be set up in the New York Public Library at his death. It is held at $300,000 and contains every known book on the sport and practically every belt not given away originally by Nat. No issue of The Ring appears with fewer than four Fleischer triumphs, all written in a free-flowing, catch-as-catch-can style and punctuated with abandon. He is dynamic, forthright and chicken-hearted. He cries at newsreels, considers all fighters heroes and would turn in his own mother if she tried to throw a fight.

The early Fleischer years may be covered quickly. He was born on Avenue A in New York and scoffs at the idea that only thugs, grifters and candidates for the hot seat came from the district. After Townsend-Harris High he went to City College and was a track man, with marks of 10.2 in the 100; 25 in the 220 and 19.6 in the broad jump. After a year at the Yale Forestry School, he started a term in chemistry at New York University. A slight mishap in an ammonia experiment resulted in Nat blowing up the laboratory and departing without a refund on his $400 tuition fee.

Recognition from Frank Munsey

What made him so sleepy in chemistry class was a night job in the sports department of the old New York Press, which kept him going till two and three in the morning. In due course he ran into Mr. Frank Munsey, the new owner, and was made sports editor. Munsey had a conviction that youth must be served and Nat was certainly young and had no objection to attention.

What followed took on the air of a kaleidoscope because Munsey began buying all the papers in town, and Nat was shifted around as the new sports editor. Nobody, including Nat, was ever able to keep the papers straight because in a few years time Munsey bought the Press, Morning Sun, Evening Sun, Herald, Telegram, Mail and Globe. He combined these in quaint fashion, keeping "the best features of each" and Nat was always one of the better assets.

Scripps-Howard bought the Telegram after Munsey's death and Nat was ensconced there as sports editor when he made the mistake of taking a trip abroad. During that period Roy Howard bought the World and combined it with the Telegram. When Nat got back, the reporters met him at the boat and asked him politely what he was going to do.

"Go back to the Telegram, of course," cried Nat glibly.

They pointed a wavy finger at him and chanted in chorus:

"Oh, no, you're not, Nattie; you're fired."

And thus it proved to be. Joe Williams had the job and Nat was out. Instead of looking around for anything else, he decided to give all his time to The Ring, which he had started a few years before and had been conducting with his left hand. He had launched it with a capital of $4,000 and any slight change of wind would have washed it on the rocks. Nat saved it by fancy maneuvering and now had it taking the big waves in very brisk fashion. The depression of 1929 forced him into the arms of Bernarr Macfadden for one sad year but Nat managed to wrench free and eventually paid off the paper company that had carried him so nobly.

Mr. Fleischer has to be careful to remain impartial but anybody can see he yearns for the days of Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson and Joe Gans, when footwork and feinting were sciences and a fighter like Graziano would have had the top of his head pecked off by lefts without managing to land a blow.

"That's why I say Jack Johnson was the greatest fighter that ever lived," says Nat. "Why, he was in here just before he died, big, fat, slow, and he put on the gloves with some of these tough young fellows. Why, he feinted them almost off the second floor. They never laid a glove on him."

This seems the proper place to report the distillation of Nat's thinking over a period of forty-three years. The essence is as follows:

(a) Most eccentric fighter I have ever seen—Battling Siki, the Senegalese.

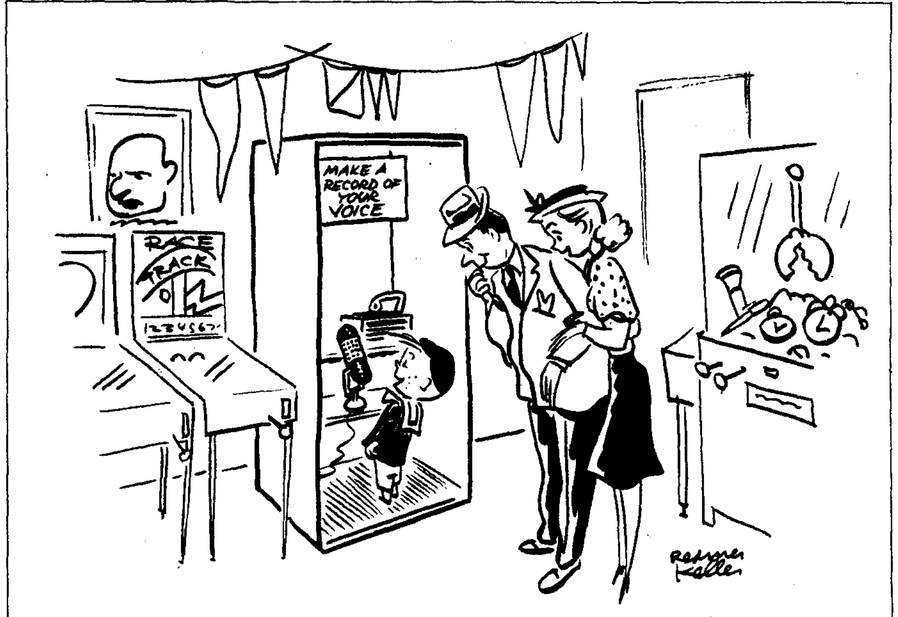
(b) Greatest boxing thrills—Dempsey-Firpo fight when Dempsey went over the ropes. The Richie Mitchell-Benny Leonard fight in which the Milwaukee fighter, dropped seven times, put Leonard down and almost had the champ out.

(c) Best left hand in boxing—Jack Dempsey.

(d) Most aggressive fighters—Jack Dempsey and Jackie Kid Berg.

(e) Best feinter—Jack Johnson.

(f) Best jabber and counterpuncher—Jack Johnson.


MAKE A RECORD OF YOUR VOICE
RACE TRACK
Reamer Keller

"Dear grandchildren, this is a record of your grandpa's voice when he was a little kid just like you"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

(g) Coolest fighter—Gene Tunney.

(h) Hardest hitter—Bob Fitzsimmons.

(i) Most durable heavyweight—Jim Jeffries.

(j) Greatest upsets—Schmeling's knockout of Joe Louis and Louis' knockout of Schmeling.

(k) Greatest fistic heroes—John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey.

(l) Great fighter who came to the front most rapidly—Jim Jeffries.

(m) Most thrilling era in boxing—the white-hope period that followed Jack Johnson's defeat of Jeffries.

(n) Greatest champions in all divisions: heavyweight—Jack Johnson; light heavy—Bob Fitzsimmons; middleweight—Stanley Ketchel; welter—Joe Walcott; lightweight—Joe Gans; feather—Abe Attell; bantam—Jimmy Barry; flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

Nat sticks to his guns on Jack Johnson, although he gets into an argument every time he opens his trap on the subject.

"I've seen them all and that's my choice," he says flatly. "Dempsey was a tiger, Jeffries was a stone wall, Fitzsimmons was a killer, Corbett was a magician, Joe Louis is dynamite with both hands, but Johnson was daddy of them all. He was a wonderful boxer, a splendid jabber, and the best feinter who ever lived and he could catch a blow with his left and counter with his right, all with such speed that it became almost a simultaneous movement. And no matter what anybody says, he could take it and dish it out. He's my boy."

Nat has the heavyweights lined up in this way:

1. Jack Johnson, 2. Jim Jeffries, 3. Bob Fitzsimmons, 4. Jack Dempsey, 5. Jim Corbett, 6. Sam Langford, 7. Joe Louis, 8. Tom Sharkey, 9. Gene Tunney, 10. Tommy Burns.

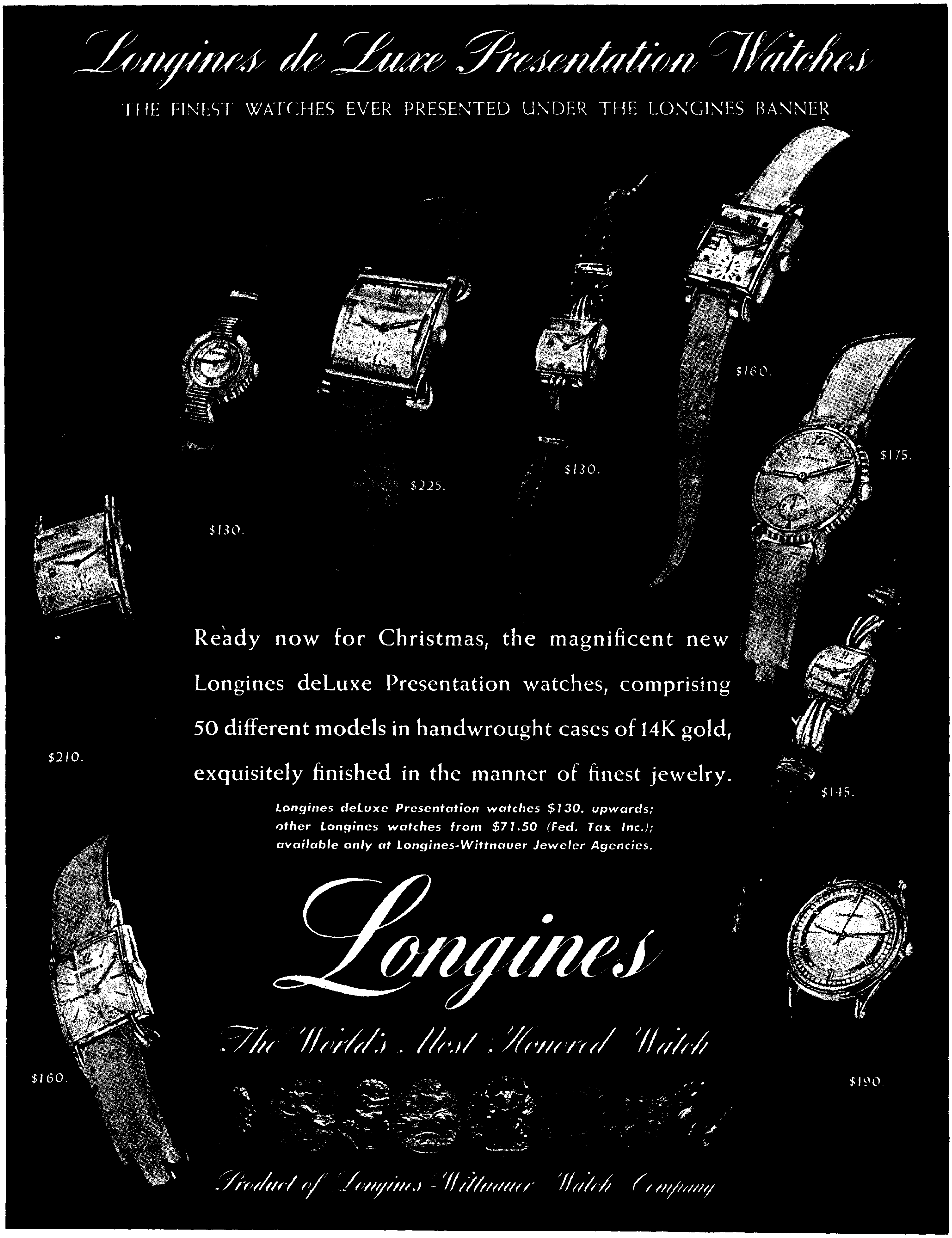
While the patrons are gnawing over this effrontery, we pass on to Nat's boxing collection, which now resides on the second floor of Madison Square Garden and has the look of a Third Avenue pawnshop planted in the jungles of Mato Grosso. From the ceiling hang acres of boxing gloves used by sundry champions to paralyze their opponents. In a case to the right are the watches and belts surrendered by champions to their heirs and hence to Nat either for money or as a gift. When Nat was refereeing bouts in Albuquerque during the war, the old white hope Carl Morris showed up with a watch and presented it to him.

"It ain't much," said Carl, "but it's yours. I die and it ends up in hock. You have it in your place and maybe somebody remembers old Carl."

The business of the watches needs some explaining. In the old days no banquet for a pug was complete without the presentation of the ticker. In addition to these Nat has a mess of watches that fighters bought for themselves. Among them is a monstrosity once owned by John L. Sullivan. It weighs a pound and is replete with gadgets telling everything from the state of the weather to the current quotations on the stock market. John L. probably used it as a gag; at least that is what Nat does with it now.

On a recent trip to Venezuela he staggered the natives by dragging out the potato on any excuse and gazing at the mysterious dials with attention and reverence. The new development in watches centers around Nat's championship belts. When Nat presents the belts, the champs counter with a watch for Nat. He loses on the deal but makes it up on sentiment.

The most valuable memento in Nat's collection is the famous belt given Charlie Mitchell after his bout with John L. Sullivan. A hundred London nobs banded together and had a masterpiece made up in gold that represented the equivalent of $10,000. When old Charlie's son was killed in the first World War, he put the belt up for auction in behalf of the War Relief Fund. The auction continued from 1916 to 1922 and raised two million dollars in relief. When it was finally knocked down it went to Ted



Longines de Luxe Presentation Watches

THE FINEST WATCHES EVER PRESENTED UNDER THE LONGINES BANNER

Ready now for Christmas, the magnificent new Longines deLuxe Presentation watches, comprising 50 different models in handwrought cases of 14K gold, exquisitely finished in the manner of finest jewelry.

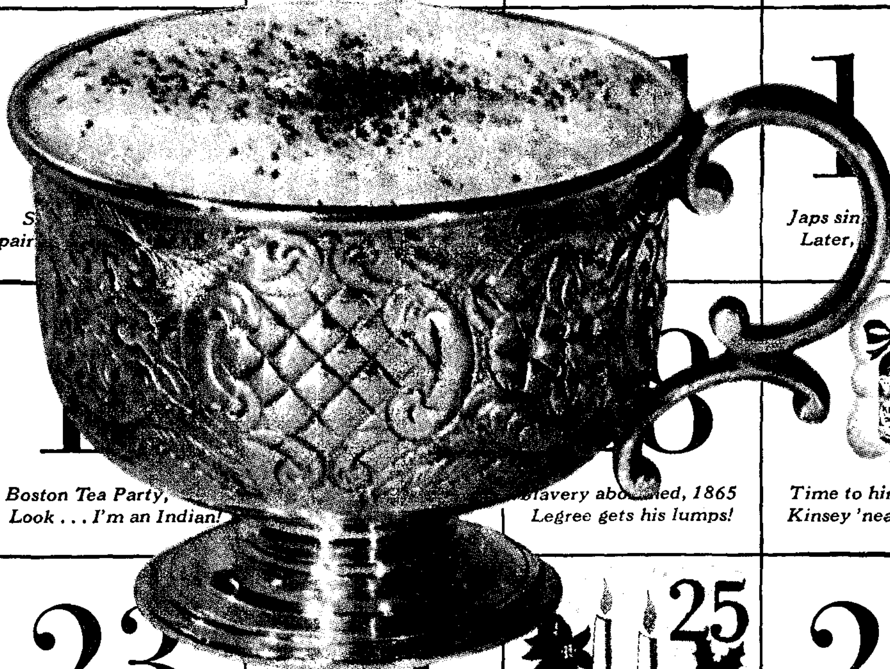
Longines deLuxe Presentation watches $130. upwards; other Longines watches from $71.50 (Fed. Tax Inc.); available only at Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler Agencies.

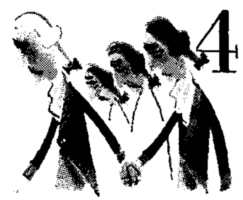
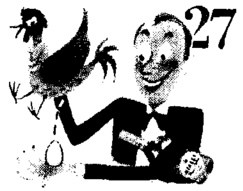
Longines

The World's Most Honored Watch

Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

KINSEY'S DECEMBER CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 *Inter-American Peace Conf. hears FDR, 1936.*	2 *Monroe Doctrine formulated, 1823.*	3 *Gilbert Stuart, famous painter, born 1755.*	 4 *Washington takes leave of officers, 1783. S'long!*	5 *Get up your gift list early . . . shop early!*	6 *Be a smart Santa . . . give pleasure . . . give Kinsey!*
7 *N.Y. Philharmonic gives 1st concert, 1842. Sharp!*	8 *Telephone ship-to-shore service inaugurated, 1929.*	*S* *pair*			12 *Japs sin nay, 1937.* *Later, sink Japs!*	13 *Drydock patented, 1816. . . . for sea-sick ships!*
14 *Alabama 22nd state to join Union, 1819. Hi, you-all!*	15 *Sitting Bull shot, 1890. Whom can he Sioux?*	*Boston Tea Party, Look . . . I'm an Indian!*		*avery ab ed, 1865 Legree gets his lumps!*	19 *Time to hint you want Kinsey 'neath the tree!*	20 *Broadway lit by arcs, 1880. Hence "Gay White Way"!*
21 *Pilgrims land on Plymouth Rock, 1620.*	22 *Why worry about style, fit, color? Just give Kinsey!*	23 *Fed. Reserve System est'd., 1913. Spare a buck, bud?*	24 *"T'is the night before Christmas and . . ."*	25 *Peace on Earth . . . Good-will to Men!*	26 *Mason and Dixon set up their famous line, 1767.*	 27 *He's nuts about those delicious Kinsey Egg-Nogs!*
28 *Chewing gum pat'd., 1869. Now we're stuck with it!*	29 *USS Constitution battles HMS Java; wins, 1812.*	30 *Made your New Year Party plans? Count on Kinsey!*	31 *The end of a perfect (?) year!*	'47's OUT OF DATE ... NOW DRINK A TOAST TO '48!		

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Serve your guests a drink supreme...
A Kinsey Egg-nog... smooth as cream!

Enrich your holiday hospitality with this grandest of *all* drinks . . . a matchless, magnificent Kinsey Egg-Nog. Here's how:

Beat separately whites and yolks of 6 eggs. Add 1 cup of sugar to yolks while beating. Mix together with 1 pint cream, 1 pint milk, 3 oz. Jamaica Rum, 1 pint Kinsey Whiskey. Chill, dust with grated nutmeg. Serves 15-20.

Superb is the *word* for it . . . and Kinsey is the *whiskey* for it! Yes, holiday or any day, Kinsey makes *any* drink taste better. Try it . . . tonight!

KINSEY
SINCE 1892
the unhurried whiskey
for unhurried moments

GOLD LABEL
Rich,
Full-Bodied

KINSEY
SILVER LABEL
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY Blended Whiskey
KINSEY Blended Whiskey

SILVER LABEL
Light,
Mellow

BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

Broadribb, the British manager, who paid $1,200 for it and then gave it to Nat.

That is when his troubles started. The United States Customs confiscated it when it arrived and declared Nat would either plunk out $624 in duty or see the belt melted down. Nat hollered murder and the matter finally went to the Solicitor General. The government claimed that when the belt left the possession of the original recipient it could be used for practical purposes by others and hence was subject to duty. Nat whipped out a roll and peeled off a grand note.

"If any of you gentlemen here can put that belt on, walk down two flights and get back here alive, I'll pay the duty and throw in this thousand-dollar bill."

The government forces declined the offer, looked askance at such horseplay and reiterated the $624 figure. Nat finally paid.

The thing that interests Nat most in his collection are the Indian clubs Jim Corbett once used. They are less than a pound in weight and although Nat has been assured Jim found them excellent for strengthening the wrists, he still doesn't quite believe it.

Gloves of Many Champions

Souvenirs keep drifting in now that the boxing world knows Nat will take anything that deals with the sport. He has the gloves used in most famous championship fights and now has an arrangement whereby they are now presented to him right after the occurrence. Except for a few pairs Joe Louis has held out for himself (and which Nat confidently expects to get someday), he has all the gloves of the Louis career. He also has the timekeeper's bell used in the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada. He has everything and you couldn't buy a blasted bit of it.

But this exercise in acquisitiveness, no matter how laudable, is less interesting to us than the pages of Nat's magazine. It now has 117,000 circulation in all parts of the world. Before the war he distributed 19,000 in London and 4,000 in Australia. Mr. Attlee or somebody has protested the use of good American dollars for such pleasure with the result that Nat now *gives* the magazine to his old subscribers in England but the folks in South Africa are still ponying over for 5,200 copies a month.

It is in a section known as the Managers' Directory that The Ring finally gets to the meat of the coconut. In this market the percentage boys offer their wares for sale in a scene somewhat resembling Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is human flesh presented on the hoof for the edification of the patrons. From Frank Gatto of Kansas City you can get "Howard Jackson, 118 pounds. Perpetual Fighting Machine. World's Greatest Crowd Pleaser." Fats Gary and Pete Martin of Philadelphia provide two excellent specimens in "Frank Feener, Irish welterweight kayo artist, and Sal Clementi, bantamweight Bundle of Dynamite."

In case that doesn't please your taste Guy T. Sulpi of Buffalo will let you gaze on "Stanley Myska, the Bull of the Heavyweights." Max Yeargain of Topeka stresses sentiment as well as prowess with "Pat McCafferty, the Middle West's light heavyweight sensation and Navy Hero." Jack Solomons, international boxing promoter of London, combines business with a delicate threat: "I am anxious to secure the best boxing talent obtainable and managers who would like to tour Europe with high-class fighters would do well to contact me."

But near the end of a list a sour note intrudes. Ike Williams, the lightweight champion, has a simple announcement, saying, "I am now handling my own business arrangements." This was obviously treason but we understand that Ike finally recanted. However, for a few fleeting moments he was a free man.

That's the way it is with Nat Fleischer, too. He wears his own soft shirt and takes lip from no man. He once had a 10 per cent contract with Max Schmeling that would have netted him $240,000 but he never exercised it. Max didn't want to pay and Nat didn't want his money anyhow.

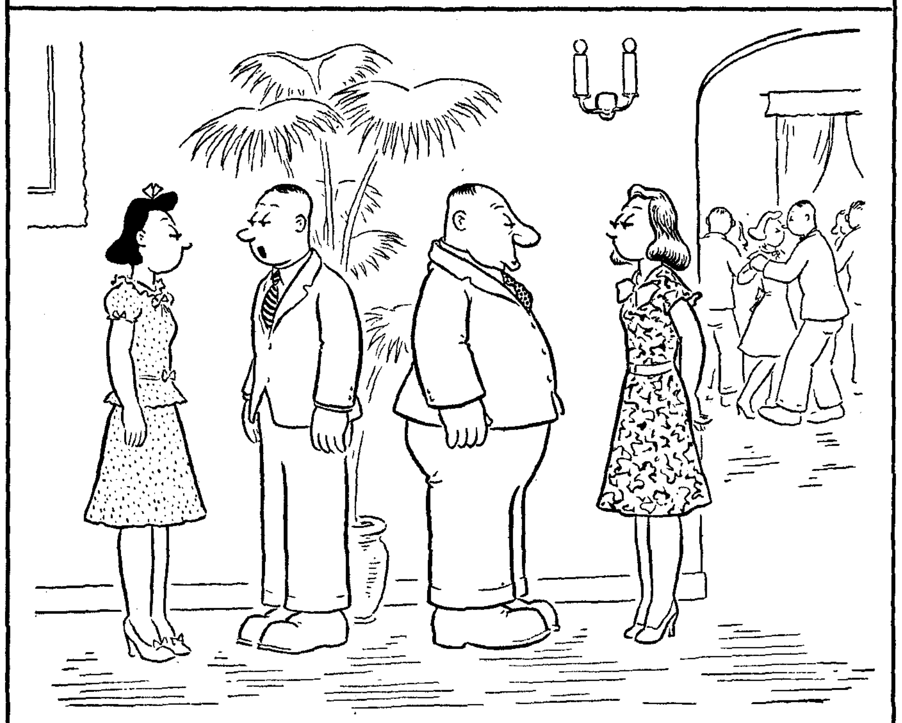
"I just wanted to prove to Tex Rickard that I knew a good fighter when I saw one," says Nat. "I didn't know he was going to turn out to be a political louse."

In the Fleischer book nobody is a boxing louse. He is a good fighter or a punk fighter and Nat loves him just the same. He has a standing order for his worldwide string of correspondents (all working gratis for the honor of it): "If you can't praise a guy, keep quiet. He'll take enough licks from the other guy anyhow."

This seems to be the basic Fleischer philosophy—and probably could stand a bit of reflection from us all.

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Alfred feels it's only fair to tell a girl right away that the door to his heart is locked and another has the key"

COLLIER'S

Give him a "REEL" Christmas
AUTOMATIC MOHAWK MARTIN N. Y. FISHING REEL
$9.75 and up
THE MARTIN *Automatic* FISHING REEL

It will be a Merry Christmas, indeed, for the fisherman to whom you give a Martin Fly-Wate Automatic Fishing Reel. He will appreciate its precise workmanship, its smooth, dependable performance and the sporty fishing it gives him.

He will appreciate *you* every time he uses it. Martin Fly-Wates are carried by the better sporting goods stores in your town. Ask your dealer to help you select one for your best angler friend. If he cannot supply you—

USE THIS COUPON

FISHERMEN, ATTENTION!

How to get a Martin for Christmas:
1. Show this advertisement to "her."
2. If she doesn't take the hint, buy one as a present from you—to you.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc.
412 Martin Street, Mohawk, N. Y.

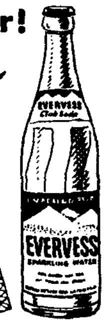
Please send me your new booklet that tells how to get the most out of a Martin Automatic Reel.

Name..........
St. & No..........
City & State..........

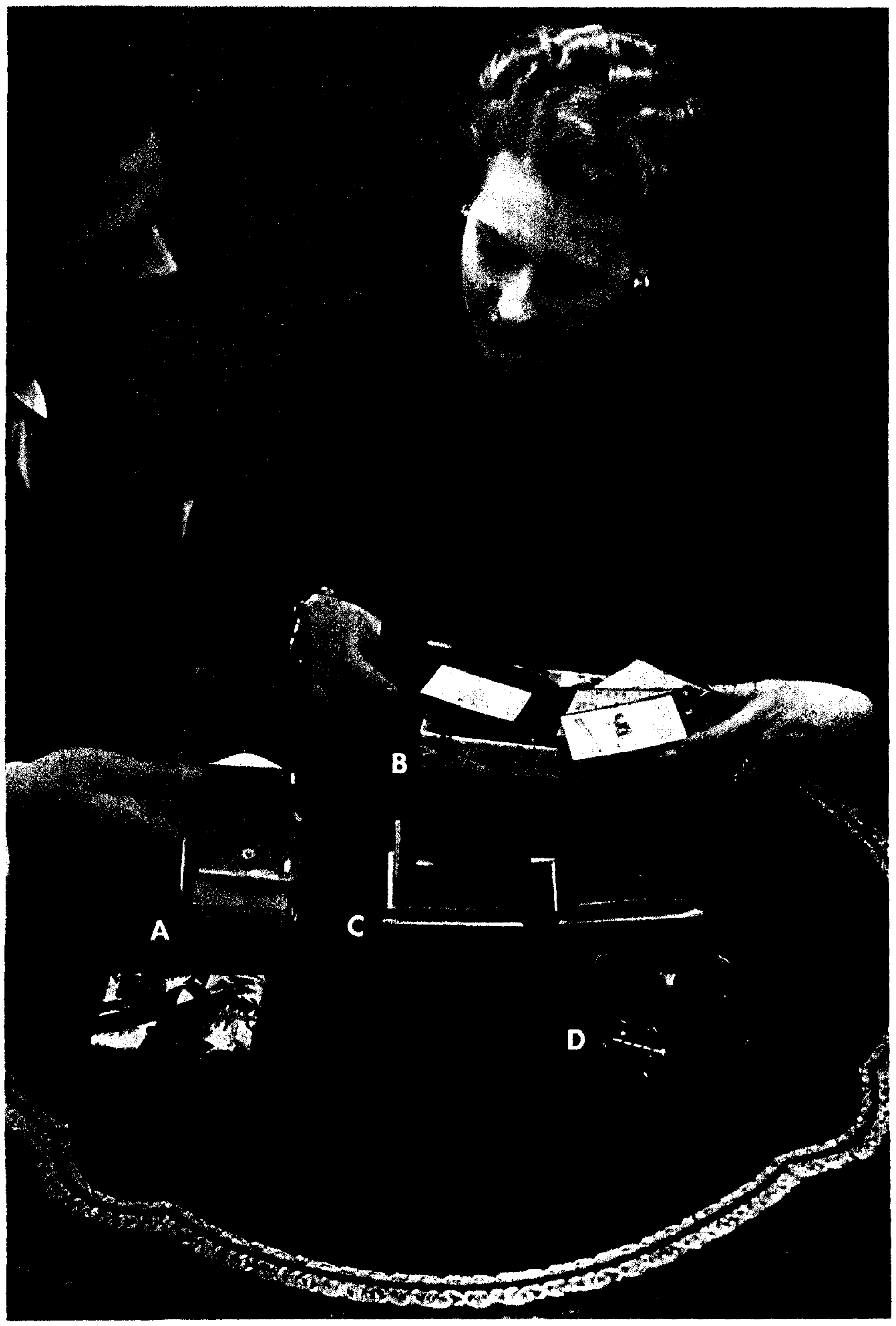
Yes... she's used to the best!

She pays $10,000 for her diamond necklace...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



YES... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!
BONDED FOR QUALITY
Product of Pepsi-Cola Company



Christmas giving is in good hands...

WITH PRINCE GARDNER...No finer gifts for Christmas than these smart billfolds and Key Gards from the superb collection of Prince Gardner leather accessories...perfect for everyone on your list.

A. For the men on your list...Prince Gardner Registrar with ingenious slip-out photo-card case. In rich Sierra Tan Saddle Leather—$7.50.

B. Fanfare, newest of Prince Gardner keep-safes. Zips all around for double safety. In deep Pony Red Saddle Leather—$7.50.

For a lovely lady...the high fashion ensemble of a Princess Gardner Registrar billfold and Key Gard, glowing Cactus Rose in luxurious leathers.

C. Registrar—$7.50. D. Key Gard—$3. At fine stores everywhere. Others from $3.50 to $30. Plus tax.

Prince Gardner

FINE LEATHER GOODS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

THE TIN STAR

Continued from page 11

what I mean? You don't get a thing for it. You've got to risk everything. And you're free inside. Like the larks. You know the larks? How they get up in the sky and sing when they want to? A pretty bird. A very pretty bird. That's the way I like to feel inside."

Toby looked at him without expression. "That's the way you look at it. I don't see it. I've only got one life. You talk about doing it all for nothing, and that gives you something. What? What've you got now, waiting for Jordan to come?"

"I don't know yet. We'll have to wait and see."

Toby turned back to the window. "All right, but I'm through. I don't see any sense in risking your neck for nothing."

"Maybe you will," Doane said, beginning to work on his hands again.

"Here comes Mettrick. I guess he don't give up so easy. He's still got that resignation in his hand."

"I guess he doesn't," Doane said. "But I'm through listening. Has young Jordan come out of the saloon yet?"

"No," Toby said, and stepped aside as the door opened. Mettrick came in. "Now listen, Doane," he burst out, "for the last time—"

"Shut up, Percy," Doane said. "Sit down over there and shut up or get out."

The flare went out of the mayor's eyes. "Doane," he moaned, "you are the biggest—"

"Shut up," Doane said. "Toby, has he come out yet?"

Toby stood a little back from the window, where the slant of golden sunlight, swarming with dust, wouldn't strike his white shirt.

"Yes. He's got a chair. He's looking this way, Doane. He's still drinking. I can see a bottle on the porch beside him."

"I expected that. Not that it makes much difference." He looked down at the bunch of flowers.

Mettrick, in the straight chair against the wall, looked up at him, his black eyes scornful in his long, hopeless face.

"Don't make much difference? Who the hell do you think you are, Doane? God? It just means he'll start the trouble without waiting for his stinking brother, that's all it means." His hand was shaking, and the white paper hanging listlessly from his fingers fluttered slightly. He looked at it angrily and stuck it out at Doane. "I gave it to you. I did the best I could. Whatever happens, don't be blaming me, Doane. I gave you a chance to resign, and if—" He left off and sat looking at the paper in his hand as though it were a dead puppy of his that somebody had run a buggy over.

Doane, standing with the square, almost chisel-pointed tips of his fingers just touching the flowers, turned slowly, with the care of movement he would have used around a crazy horse. "I know you're my friend, Percy. Just take it easy, Percy. If I don't resign, it's not because I'm ungrateful."

"Here comes Staley with the news," Toby said from the window. "He looks like somebody just shot his grandma."

Percy Mettrick laid his paper on the desk and began smoothing it out ruefully. "It's not as though it were dishonorable, Doane. You should have quit two years ago, when your hands went bad. It's not dishonorable now. You've still got time."

He glanced up at the wall clock. "It's only three. You've got an hour before he gets in, you can take your horse . . ." As he talked to himself, Doane looking slantwise at him with his little smile, he grew more cheerful. "Here." He jabbed a pen out at Doane. "Sign it and get out of town."

THE smile left Doane's mouth. "This is an elective office. I don't have to take orders, even if you are mayor." His face softened. "It's simpler than you think, Percy. When they didn't hang Jordan, I knew this day would come. Five years ago, I knew it was coming, when they gave him that silly sentence. I've been waiting for it."

"But not to commit suicide," Mettrick said in a low voice, his eyes going down to Doane's gouty hands. Doane's knobby, twisted fingers closed slowly into fists, as though hiding themselves; his face flushed slightly. "I may be slow, but I can still shoot."

The mayor stood up and went slowly over to the door.

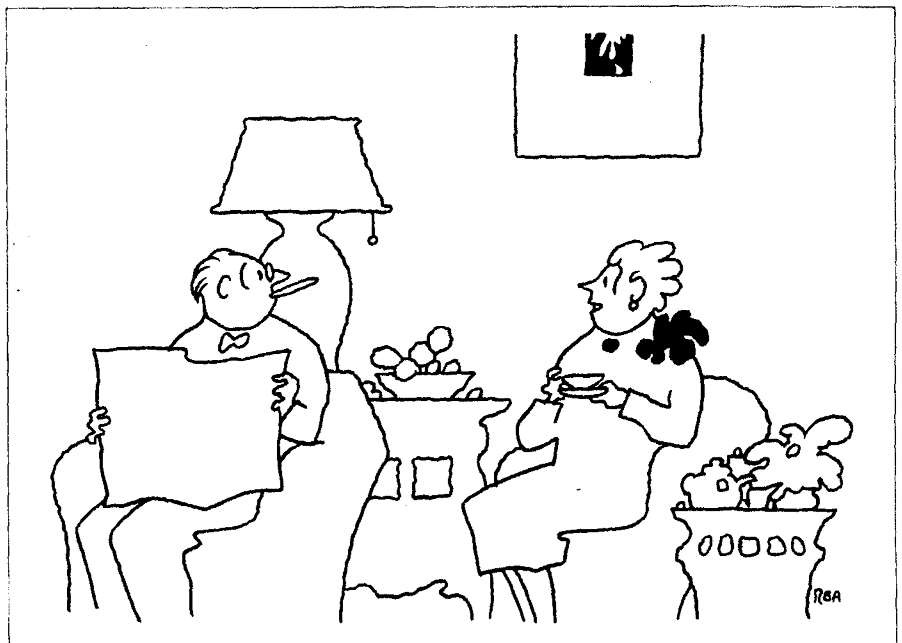
"Goodby, Doane."

"I'm not saying goodby, Percy. Not yet."

"Goodby," Mettrick repeated, and went out of the door.

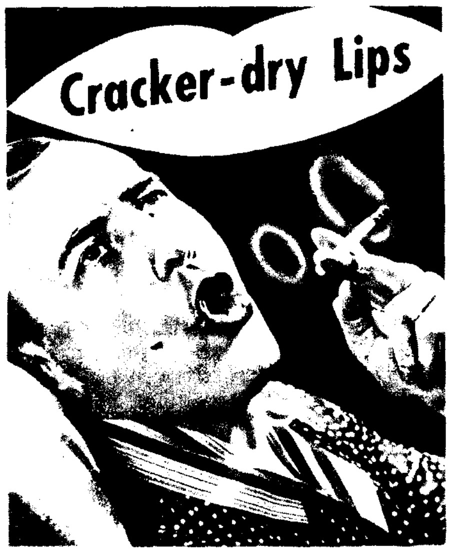
Toby turned from the window. His face was tight around the mouth. "You should have resigned like he said, Doane. You ain't a match for one of them alone, much less two of them together. And if Pierce and Frank Colby come, too, like they was all together before—"

"Shut up, shut up," Doane said. "For God's sake, shut up." He sat down suddenly at the desk and covered his face



"Do you think that if the Democrats lose, Herbert, they will go underground?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



Cracker-dry Lips

Smokers have them, indoor workers have them, early risers have them—most everyone has cracker-dry lips off and on. Licking them won't help, but 'CHAP STICK' *will.* Its soothing comfort is swift and lasting. That harsh dryness vanishes in a twinkling—smoking pleasure is increased—your lips feel fit.

Keep famous 'CHAP STICK' handy—the great little lip reparative for chapped, cracked, parched lips. Easy to apply—Specially medicated, *it's the one and only antiseptic lip balm.*

THE ANTISEPTIC LIP BALM

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FLEET'S ChapStick

25c *U.S. and Canada*

KEEPS LIPS FIT

TWO *Write* SMART GIFTS FOR EVERYONE!

Flo-Ball "48"

Writes 500 pages without refilling! Can't scratch, leak or blot. Always writes smoothly. Makes six clear carbons.

only $1

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with his hands. "Maybe the pen changes a man." He was sitting stiff, hardly breathing.

"What are you going to do, Doane?"

"Nothing. I can't do anything until they start something. I can't do a thing. . . . Maybe the pen changes a man. Sometimes it does. I remember—"

"Listen, Doane," Toby said, his voice, for the first time, urgent. "It maybe changes some men, but not Jordan. It's already planned, what they're going to do. Why else would young Jordan be over there, watching? He's come three hundred miles for this."

"I've seen men go in the pen hard as rock and come out peaceful and settle down. Maybe Jordan—"

Toby's face relapsed into dullness. He turned back to the window listlessly. Doane's hands dropped.

"You don't think that's true, Toby?"

Toby sighed. "You know it isn't so, Doane. He swore he'd get you. That's the truth."

Doane's hands came up again in front of his face, but this time he was looking at them, his big gray eyes going quickly from one to the other, almost as though he were afraid of them. He curled his fingers slowly into fists, and uncurled them slowly, pulling with all his might, yet slowly. A thin sheen on his face reflected the sunlight from the floor. He got up.

"Is he still there?" he asked.

"Sure, he's still there."

"Maybe he'll get drunk. Dead drunk."

"You can't get a Jordan that drunk."

Doane stood with feet apart, looking at the floor, staring back and forth along one of the cracks. "Why didn't they hang him?" he asked the silence in the room.

"Why didn't they hang him?" he repeated, his voice louder.

Toby kept his post by the window, not moving a muscle in his face, staring out at the man across the street. "I don't know," he said. "For murder, they should. I guess they should, but they didn't."

DOANE'S eyes came again to the flowers, and some of the strain went out of his face. Then suddenly his eyes closed and he gave a long sigh, and then, luxuriously, stretched his arms. "Good God!" he said, his voice easy again. "It's funny how it comes over you like that." He shook his head violently. "I don't know why it should. It's not the first time. But it always does."

"I know," Toby said.

"It just builds up and then it busts."

"I know."

"The train may be late."

Toby said nothing.

"You never can tell," Doane said, buckling on his gun belt. "Things may have changed with Jordan. Maybe he won't even come. You never can tell. I'm going up to the cemetery as soon as we hear from Staley."

"I wouldn't. You'd just tempt young Jordan to start something."

"I've been going up there every Sunday since she died."

"We'd best both just stay in here. Let them make the first move."

Feet sounded on the steps outside and Doane stopped breathing for a second. Staley came in, his face pinched, tight and dead, his eyes on the floor. Doane looked him over carefully.

"Is it on time?" he asked steadily.

Staley looked up, his faded blue eyes distant, pointed somewhere over Doane's head. "Mr. Doane, you ain't handled this thing right. You should of drove young Jordan out of town." His hand went to his chest and he took off the deputy's badge.

"What are you doing?" Doane asked sharply.

"If you'd of handled it right, we could have beat this," Staley said, his voice louder.

"You know nobody's done nothing

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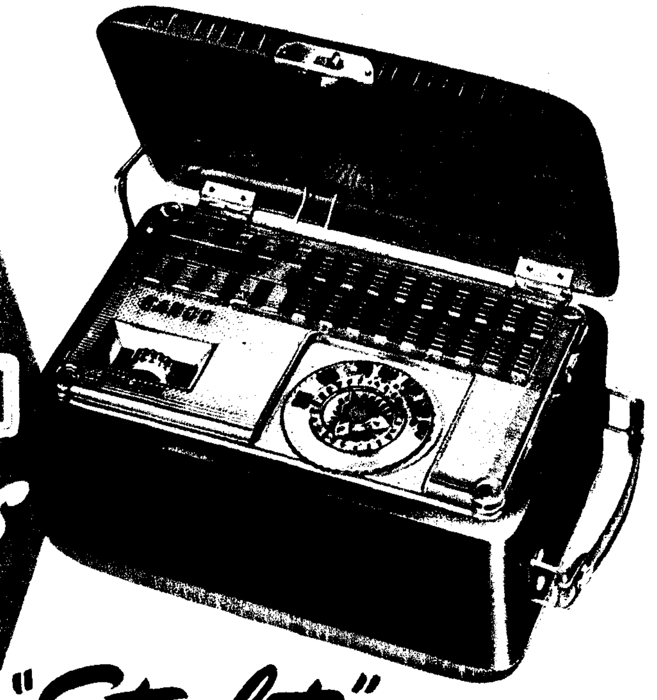
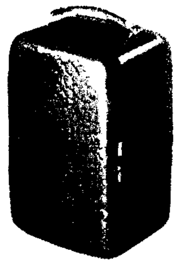
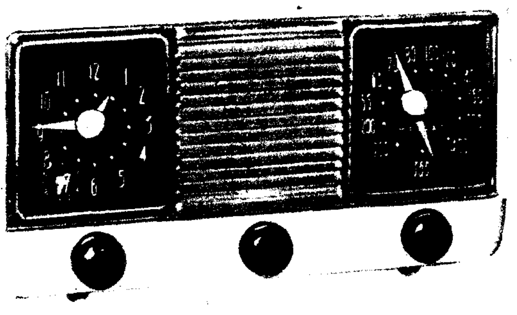






yet," Toby said softly, his gentle brown eyes on Staley. "There's nothing we can do until they start something."

"I'm quitting, Mr. Doane," Staley said. He looked around for someplace to put the star. He started for the desk, hesitated, and then awkwardly, with a peculiar diffidence, laid the star gently on the window sill.

Doane's jaw began to jut a little. "You still haven't answered my question. Is the train on time?"

"Yes. Four ten. Just on time." Staley stood staring at Doane, then swallowed. "I saw Frank Colby. He was in the livery putting up his horse. He'd had a long ride on that horse. I asked him what he was doing in town—friendly like." He ducked his head and swallowed again. "He didn't know I was a deputy, I had my star off." He looked up again. "They're all meeting together, Mr. Doane. Young Jordan, and Colby and Pierce. They're going to meet Jordan when he comes in. The same four."

"So you're quitting," Doane said.

"Yes, sir. It ain't been handled right."

Toby stood looking at him, his gentle eyes dull. "Get out," he said, his voice low and tight.

Staley looked at him, nodded and tried to smile, which was too weak to last. "Sure."

Toby took a step toward him. Staley's eyes were wild as he stood against the door. He tried to back out of Toby's way.

"Get out," Toby said again, and his small brown fist flashed out. Staley stepped backward and fell down the steps in a sprawling heap, scrambled to his feet and hobbled away. Toby closed the door slowly. He stood rubbing his knuckles, his face red and tight.

"That didn't do any good," Doane said softly.

Toby turned on him. "It couldn't do no harm," he said acidly, throwing the words into Doane's face.

"You want to quit, too?" Doane asked, smiling.

"Sure, I want to quit," Toby shot out. "Sure. Go on to your blasted cemetery, go on with your flowers, old man—" He sat down suddenly on the straight chair. "Put a flower up there for me, too."

Doane went to the door. "Put some water on the heater, Toby. Set out the liniment that the vet gave me. I'll try it again when I get back. It might do some good yet."

He let himself out and stood in the sunlight on the porch, the flowers drooping in his hand, looking against the sun across the street at the dim figure under the shaded porch.

Then he saw the two other shapes hunkered against the front of the saloon in the shade of the porch, one on each side of young Jordan, who sat tilted back in a chair. Colby and Pierce. The glare of the sun beat back from the blinding white dust and fought shimmering in the air.

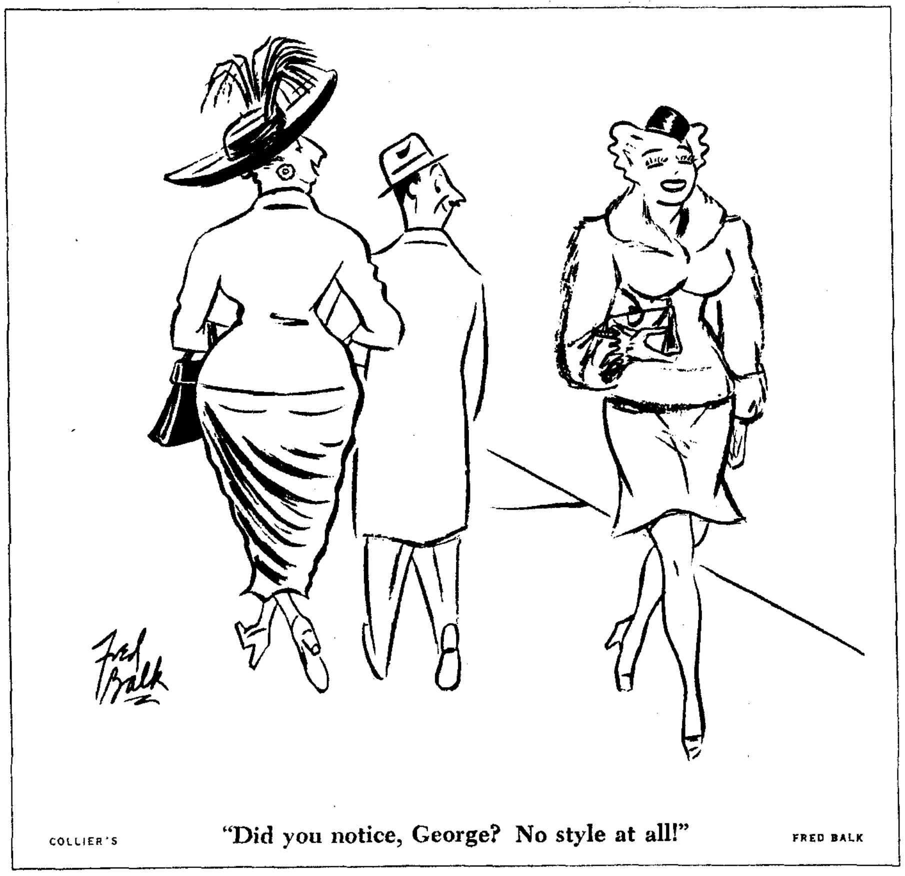
Doane pulled the brim of his hat farther down in front and stepped slowly down to the board sidewalk, observing carefully from squinted eyes, and just as carefully avoiding any pause which might be interpreted as a challenge.

Young Jordan had the bottle to his lips as Doane came out. He held it there for a moment motionless, and then, as Doane reached the walk, he passed the bottle slowly sideward to Colby and leaned forward, away from the wall, so that the chair came down softly. He sat there, leaning forward slightly, watching while Doane untied his horse. As Doane mounted, Jordan got up. Colby's hand grabbed one of his arms. He shook it off and untied his own horse from the rail.

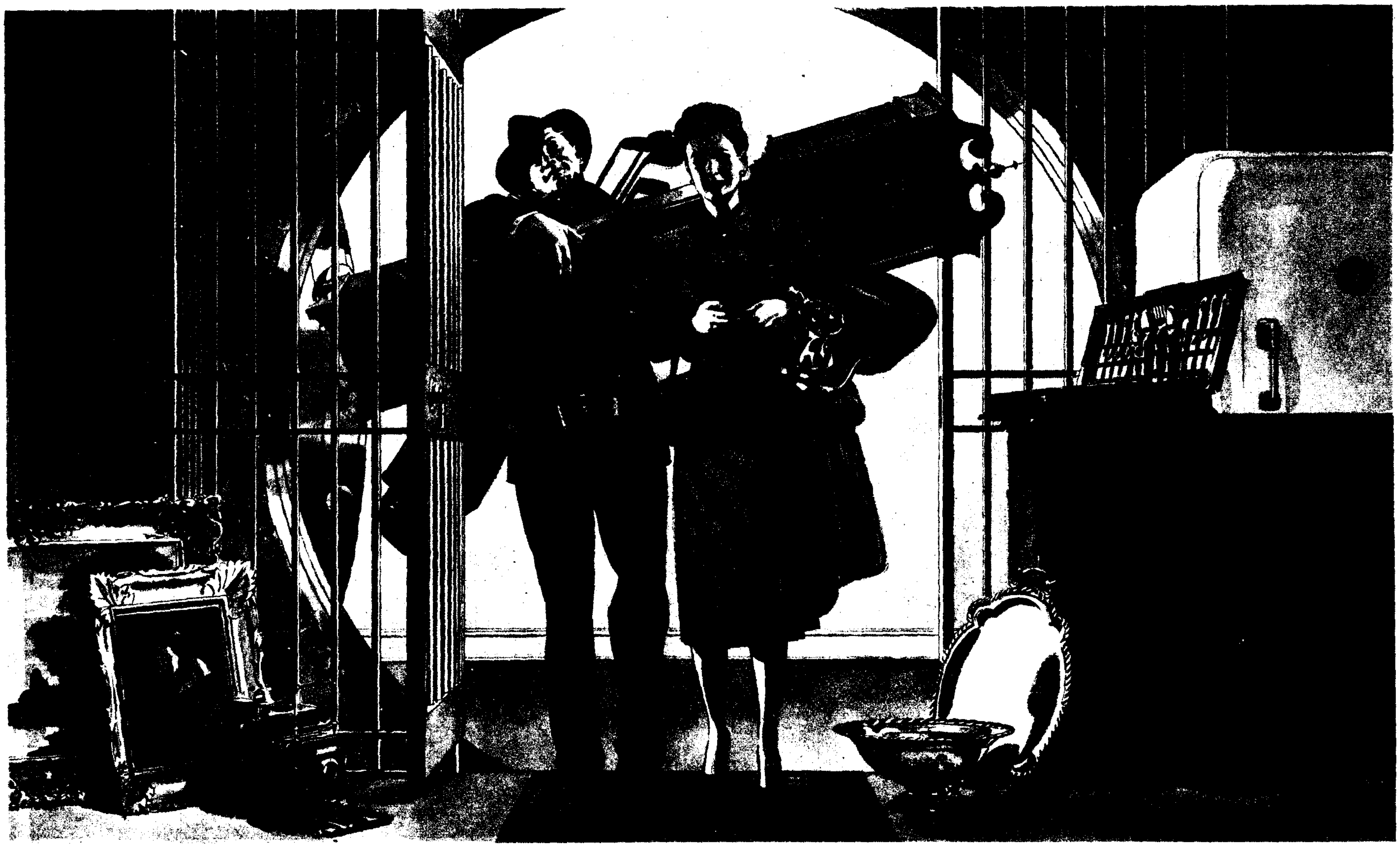
DOANE'S mouth tightened and his eyes looked a little sad. He turned his horse, and holding the flowers so the jog would not rattle off the petals, headed up the street, looking straight ahead.

The hoofs of his horse made soft, almost inaudible little plops in the deep dust. Behind him he heard a sudden stamping of hoofs and then the harsh splitting and crash of wood. He looked back. Young Jordan's horse was up on the sidewalk, wild-eyed and snorting, with young Jordan leaning forward half out of the saddle, pushing himself back from the horse's neck, back off the horn into the saddle, swaying insecurely. And as Jordan managed the horse off the sidewalk Doane looked quickly forward again, his eyes fixed distantly ahead and blank.

He passed men he knew, and out of the corner of his eye he saw their glances slowly follow him, calm, or gloomy, or shrewdly speculative. As he passed, he knew their glances were shifting to the man whose horse was softly coming behind him. It was like that all the way up



COLLIER'S "Did you notice, George? No style at all!" FRED BALK



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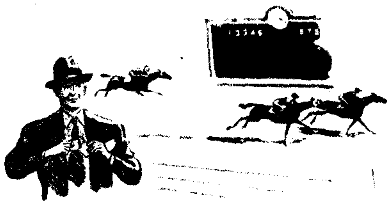

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the street. The flowers were drooping markedly now.

The town petered out with a few Mexican shacks, the road dwindled to broad ruts, and the sage was suddenly on all sides of him, stretching away toward the heat-obscured mountains like an infinite multitude of gray-green sheep. He turned off the road and began the slight ascent up the little hill whereon the cemetery lay. Grasshoppers shrilled invisibly in the sparse, dried grass along the track, silent as he came by, and shrill again as he passed, only to become silent again as the other rider came.

He swung off at the rusty barbed wire Missouri gate and slipped the loop from the post, and the shadow of the other slid tall across his path and stopped. Doane licked his lips quickly and looked up, his grasp tightening on the now sweat-wilted newspaper. Young Jordan was sitting his horse, open-mouthed, leaning forward with his hands on the pommel to support himself, his eyes vague and dull. His lips were wet and red, and hung in a slight smile.

A lark made the air sweet over to the left, and then Doane saw it, rising into the air. It hung in the sun, over the cemetery. Moving steadily and avoiding all suddenness, Doane hung his reins over the post.

"You don't like me, do you?" young Jordan said. A long thread of saliva descended from the corner of his slackly smiling mouth.

DOANE'S face set into a sort of blank preparedness. He turned and started slowly through the gate, his shoulders hunched up and pulled backward.

Jordan got down from the saddle, and Doane turned toward him slowly. Jordan came forward straight enough, with his feet apart, braced against staggering. He stopped three feet from Doane, bent forward, his mouth slightly open.

"You got any objections to me being in town?"

"No," Doane said, and stood still.

Jordan thought that over, his eyes drifting idly sideways for a moment. Then they came back, to a finer focus this time, and he said, "Why not?" hunching forward again, his hands open and held away from the holsters at his hips.

Doane looked at the point of his nose. "You haven't done anything, Jordan. Except get drunk. Nothing to break the law."

"I haven't done nothing," Jordan said, his eyes squinting away at one of the small, tilting tombstones. "By God, I'll do something. Whadda I got to do?" He drew his head back, as though he were farsighted, and squinted. "Whadda I got to do to make you fight, huh?"

"Don't do anything," Doane said quietly, keeping his voice even. "Just go back and have another drink. Have a good time."

"You think I ain't sober enough to fight?" Jordan slipped his right gun out of its holster, turning away from Doane. Doane stiffened. "Wait, mister," Jordan said.

He cocked the gun. "See that bird?" He raised the gun into the air, squinting along the barrel. The bright nickel of its finish gleamed in the sun. The lark wheeled and fluttered. Jordan's arm swung unsteadily in a small circle.

He pulled the trigger and the gun blasted. The lark jumped in the air, flew away about twenty feet, and began circling again, catching insects.

"Missed 'im," Jordan mumbled, lowering his arm and wiping sweat off his forehead. "Damn it, I can't see!" He raised his arm again. Again the heavy blast cracked Doane's ears. Down in the town, near the Mexican huts, he could see tiny figures run out into the street.

The bird didn't jump this time, but darted away out of sight over the hill.

"Got him," Jordan said, scanning the sky. His eyes wandered over the graveyard for a moment, looking for the bird's body. "Now you see?" he said, turning to Doane, his eyes blurred and watering with the sun's glare. "I'm going down and shoot up the damned town. Come down and stop me, you old—"

He turned and lurched sideways a step, straightened himself out and walked more steadily toward his horse, laughing to himself. Doane turned away, his face sick, and trudged slowly up the hill, his eyes on the ground.

He stopped at one of the newer graves. The headstone was straight on this one. He looked at it, his face changing expression. "Here lies Cecelia Doane, born 1837, died 1885, the loyal wife . . ."

He stooped and pulled a weed from the side of the grave, then pulled a bunch of withered stems from a small green funnel by the headstone, and awkwardly took the fresh flowers out of the newspaper. He put the flowers into the funnel, wedging them firmly down into the bottom, and set it down again. He stood up and moved back, wiping sweat from his eyes.

A sudden shout came from the gate, and the sharp crack of a quirt. Doane turned with a befuddled look.

Jordan was back on his horse, beating

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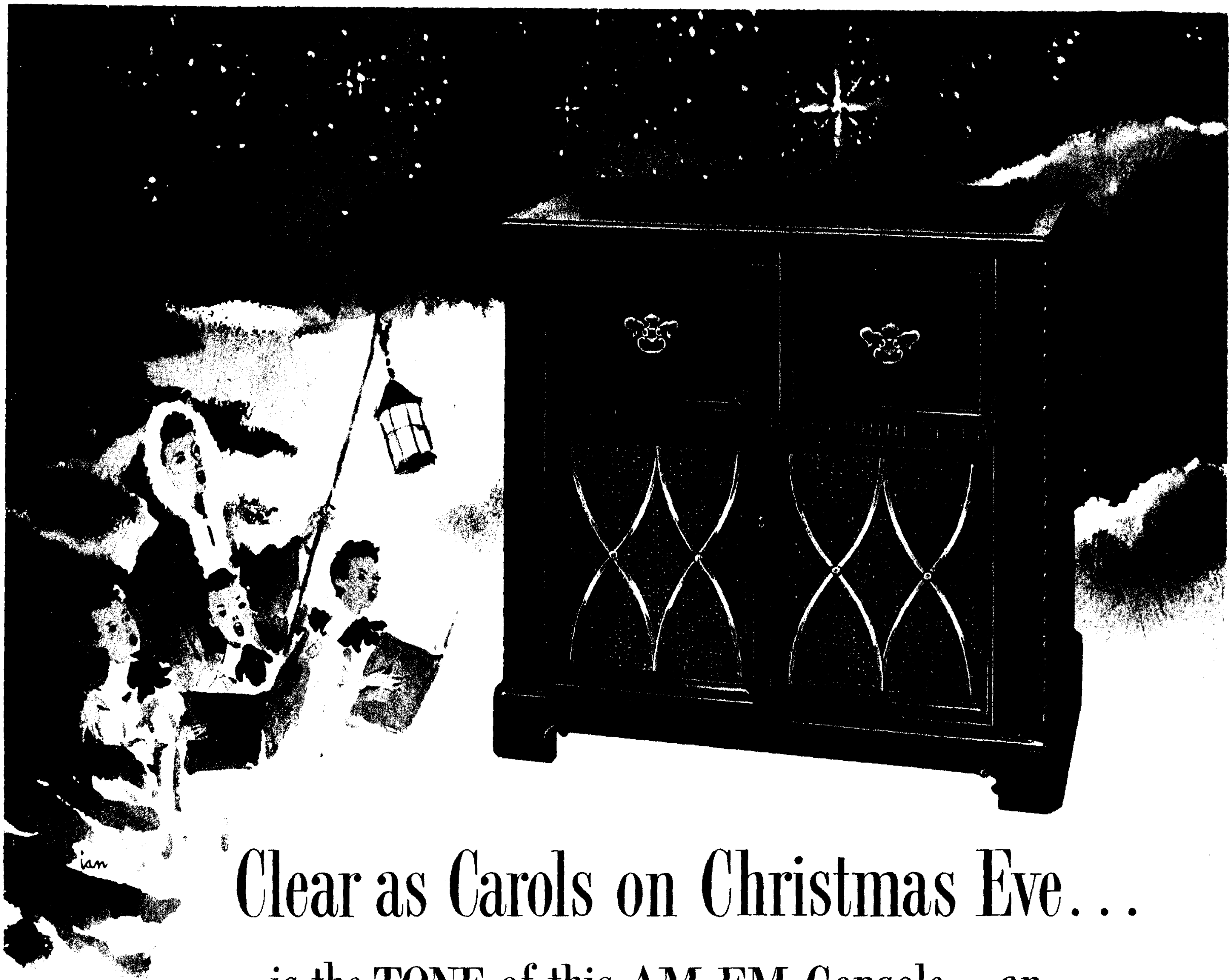

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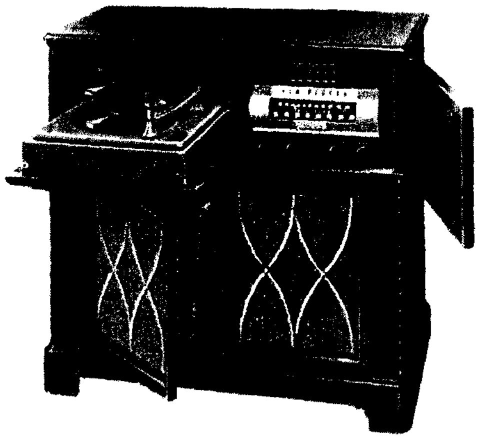

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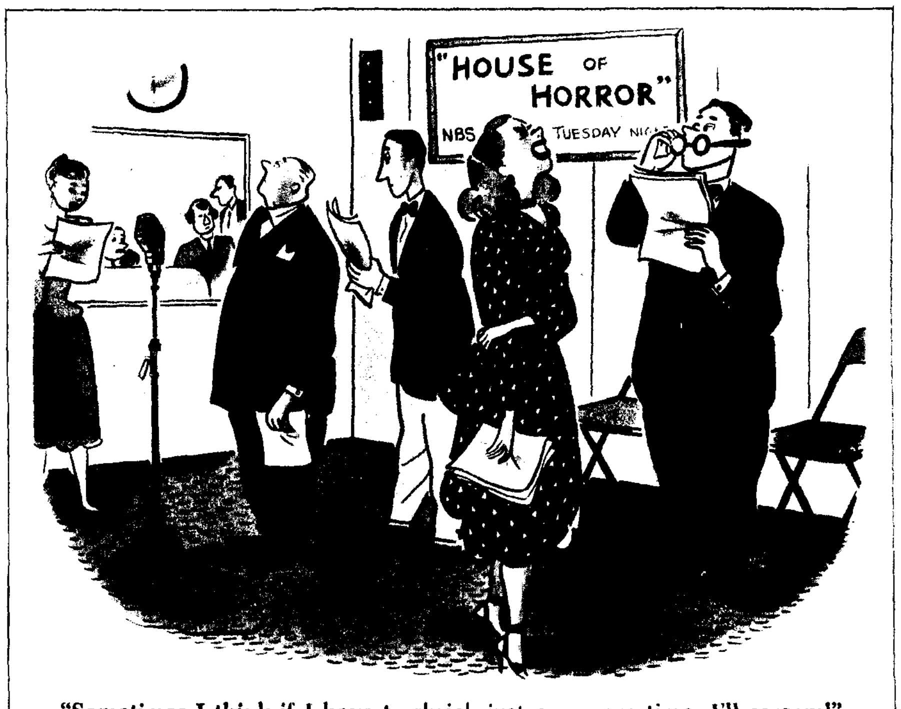
Doane's. He had looped the reins over its neck so that it would run free. It was tearing away down the slope headed back for town.

Doane stood with his hat in his hand, his face suddenly beet red. He took a step after Jordan, and then stood still, shaking a little. He stared fixedly after him, watching him turn into the main road and toward the main street again. Then, sighing deeply, he turned back to the grave. Folding the newspaper, he began dusting off the heavy slab, whispering to himself. "No, Cissie. I could have gone. But, you know—it's my town."

He straightened up, his face flushed, put on his hat, and slapping the folded paper against his knee, started down the path. He got to the Missouri gate, closed it, and started down the ruts again.

A SHOT came from the town, and he stopped. Then there were two more, sharp spurts of sound coming clear and definite across the sage. He made out a tiny figure in a blue shirt running along a sidewalk.

He stood stock-still, the grasshoppers singing in a contented chorus all around him in the bright yellow glare. A train whistle came faint from off the plain, and he looked far across it. He made out the tiny trailed plume of smoke.



"Sometimes I think if I have to shriek just one more time, I'll scream!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

His knees began to quiver very slightly and he began to walk, very slowly, down the road.

Then suddenly there was a splatter of shots from below. The train whistle came again, louder, a crying wail of despair in the burning, brilliant, dancing air.

He began to hurry, stumbling a little in the ruts. And then he stopped short, his face open in fear. "My God, my empty horse, those shots—Toby, no!" He began to run, shambling, awkward and stumbling, his face ashen.

From the end of the street, as he hobbled panting past the tight-shut Mexican shanties, he could see a blue patch in the dust in front of the saloon, and shambled to a halt. It wasn't Toby, whoever it was, lying there face down: face buried in the deep, pillowing dust, feet still on the board sidewalk where the man had been standing.

The street was empty. None of the faces he knew looked at him now. He drew one of his guns and cocked it and walked fast up the walk, on the saloon side.

A shot smashed ahead of him and he stopped, shrinking against a store front. Inside, through the glass door, he could see two pale faces in the murk. Blue powder smoke curled out from under the saloon porch ahead of him.

Another shot smashed, this time from his office. The spurt of smoke, almost invisible in the sunlight, was low down in the doorway. Two horses were loose in the street now, his own, standing alert up past the saloon, and young Jordan's, half up on the boardwalk under one of the porches.

He walked forward, past young Jordan's horse, to the corner of the saloon building. Another shot slammed out of his office door, the bullet smacking the window ahead of him. A small, slow smile grew on his mouth. He looked sideways at the body in the street. Young Jordan lay with the back of his head open to the sun, crimson and brilliant, his bright nickel gun still in his right hand, its hammer still cocked, unfired.

The train whistle moaned again, closer.

"Doane," Toby called from the office door, invisible. "Get out of town." There was a surge of effort in the voice, a strain that made it almost a squeal. "I'm shot in the leg. Get out before they get together."

A door slammed somewhere. Doane glanced down between the saloon and the store beside it. Then he saw, fifty yards down the street, a figure come out of another side alley and hurry away down the walk toward the station. From the saloon door another shot slammed across the street. Toby held his fire.

Doane peered after the running figure, his eyes squinting thoughtfully. The train's whistle shrieked again like the ultimatum of an approaching conqueror at the edge of town, and in a moment the ground under his feet began to vibrate slightly and the hoarse roar of braking wheels came up the street.

He turned back to young Jordan's horse, petted it around the head a moment and then took it by the reins close to the bit. He guided it across the street, keeping its body between him and the front of the saloon, without drawing fire, and went on down the alley beside his office. At the rear door he hitched the horse and went inside.

Toby was on the floor, a gun in his hand, his hat beside him, peering out across the sill. Doane kept low, beneath the level of the window, and crawled up to him. Toby's left leg was twisted peculiarly and blood leaked steadily out from the boot top onto the floor. His face was sweating and very pale, and his lips were tight.

"I thought he got you," Toby said, keeping his eyes on the saloon across the street. "I heard those shots and then your horse came bucketing back down the street. I got Jordan. Colby got me in the leg before I got back inside."

"Never mind about that. Come on, get on your feet if you can and I'll help you on the horse in back. You can get out of town and I'll shift for myself."

"I think I'm going to pass out. I don't want to move. It won't hurt no worse getting killed than it does now. The hell with the horse! Take it yourself."

Doane looked across the street, his eyes moving over the door and the windows carefully, inch by inch.

"I'm sorry I shot him," Toby said. "It's my fault. And it's my fight now, Doane. Clear out."

Doane turned and scuttled out of the back. He mounted the horse and rode down behind four stores. He turned up another alley, dashed across the main street, down another alley, then back up behind the saloon.

He dismounted, his gun cocked in his hand. The back door of the place was open and he got through it quickly, the sound of his boot heels dimmed under the blast of a shot from the front of the saloon. From the dark rear of the room, he could see Pierce, crouched behind the bar, squinting through a bullet hole in the stained-glass bottom half of the front window.

There was a bottle of whisky standing on the bar beside Pierce; he reached out a hand and tilted the bottle up to his mouth, half turning toward Doane as he did so. Pierce kept the bottle to his lips, pretending to drink, and, with his right hand invisible behind the bar, brought his gun into line with Doane.

The tip of Pierce's gun came over the edge of the bar, the rest of him not moving a hair, and Doane, gritting his teeth, squeezed slowly and painfully on his gun trigger. The gun flamed and bucked in his hand, and he dropped it, his face twisting in agony. The bottle fell out of Pierce's hand and spun slowly on the bar. Pierce sat there for a moment before his head fell forward and he crashed against the edge of the bar and slipped down out of sight.

DOANE picked up his gun with his left hand and walked forward to the bar, holding his right hand like a crippled paw in front of him. The bottle had stopped revolving. Whisky inside it, moving back and forth, rocked it gently. He righted it and took a short pull at the neck, and in a moment the pain lines relaxed in his face. He went to the batwing doors and pushed one of them partly open.

"Toby!" he called.

There was no answer from across the street, and then he saw the barrel of a revolver sticking out of his office door, lying flat, and behind it one hand, curled loosely and uselessly around the butt.

He looked down the street. The train stood across it. A brakeman moved along the cars slowly, his head down. There was nobody else in sight.

He started to step out, and saw then two men coming up the opposite walk, running fast. Suddenly one of them stopped, grabbing the other by the arm, and pointed at him. He stared back for a moment, seeing Jordan clearly now, the square, hard face unchanged except for its pallor, bleak and bony as before.

Doane let the door swing to and continued to watch them over the top of it. They talked for a moment. Then Colby ran back down the street—well out of effective range—sprinted across it and disappeared. Down the street the engine, hidden by some building, chuffed angrily, and the cars began to move again. Jordan stood still, leaning against the front of a building, fully exposed, a hard smile on his face.

Doane turned and hurried to the back door. It opened outward. He slammed and bolted it, then hurried back to the

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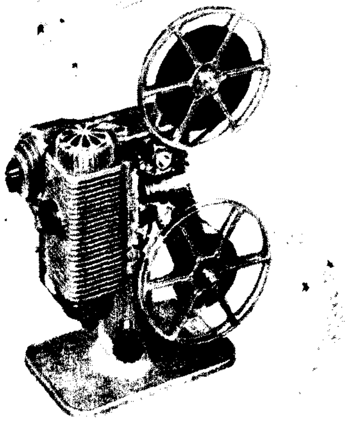

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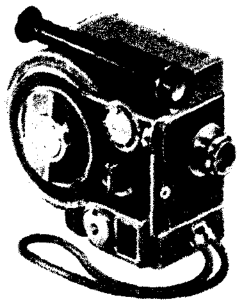

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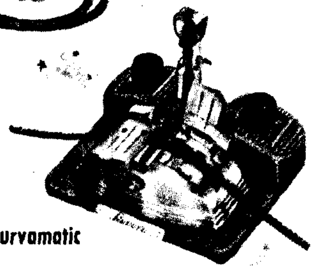

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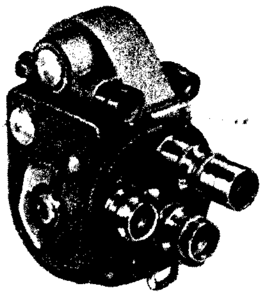

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front and waited, his gun ready. He smiled as the back door rattled, turned, fired a shot at it and listened. For a moment there was no sound. Then something solid hit it, bumped a couple of times and silence came again.

From the side of the building, just beyond the corner where Pierce's body lay, a shot crashed. The gun in the office door jumped out of the hand and spun wildly. The hand lay still.

He heard Jordan's voice from down the street, calling, the words formed slowly, slightly spaced.

"Is he dead?"

"Passed out," Colby called back.

"I'm going around back to get him. Keep Doane inside." Jordan turned and disappeared down an alley.

DOANE leaned across the bar, knocked bottles off the shelves of the back bar and held his pistol on the corner of the wall, about a foot above the floor.

"Pierce," he said.

"Throw out your guns," Pierce answered.

Doane squinted at the corner, moved his gun slightly and fired. He heard a cry of pain, then curses; saw the bat-wing doors swing slightly. Then he turned and ran for the back door. He threw back the bolt and pushed on the door. It wouldn't give. He threw himself against it. It gave a little at the bottom. Colby had thrown a stake up against it to keep him locked in.

He ran back to the front.

Across the street, he could see somebody moving in his office, dimly, beyond the window. Suddenly the hand on the floor disappeared.

"Come on out, you old ——" Pierce said, panting. "You only skinned me." His voice was closer than before, somewhere between the door and the corner of the building, below the level of the stained glass.

Then Doane saw Toby's white shirt beyond the window opposite. Jordan was holding him up, and moving toward the door. Jordan came out on the porch, hugging Toby around the chest, protecting himself with the limp body. With a heave he sent Toby flying down the steps, and jumped back out of sight. Toby rolled across the sidewalk and fell into the street, where he lay motionless.

Doane looked stupidly at Toby, then at young Jordan, still lying with his feet cocked up on the sidewalk.

"He ain't dead, Doane," Jordan called. "Come and get him if you want him alive." He fired through the window. Dust jumped six inches from Toby's head. "Come on out, Doane, and shoot it out. You got a chance to save him." The gun roared again, and dust jumped a second time beside Toby's head, almost in the same spot.

"Leave the kid alone," Doane called. "This fight's between you and me."

"The next shot kills him, Doane."

Doane's face sagged white and he leaned against the side of the door. He could hear Pierce breathing heavily in the silence, just outside. He pushed himself away from the door and drew a breath through clenched teeth. He cocked his pistol and strode out, swinging around. Pierce fired from the sidewalk, and Doane aimed straight into the blast and pulled as he felt himself flung violently around by Pierce's bullet.

Pierce came up from the sidewalk and took two steps toward him, opening and shutting a mouth that was suddenly full of blood, his eyes wide and wild, and then pitched down at his feet.

Doane's right arm hung useless, his gun at his feet. With his left hand he drew his other gun and stepped out from the walk, his mouth wide open, as though he were gasping for breath or were about to scream, and took two steps toward Toby as Jordan came out of the office door, firing. The slug caught Doane along the side of his neck, cutting the shoulder muscle, and his head fell over to one side. He staggered on, firing. He saw Toby trying to get up, saw Jordan fall back against the building, red running down the front of his shirt, and the smile gone.

Jordan stood braced against the building, holding his gun in both hands, firing as he slid slowly down. One bullet took Doane in the stomach, another in the knee. He went down, flopped forward and dragged himself up to where Toby lay trying to prop himself up on one elbow. Doane knelt there like a dog, puking blood into the dust, blood running out of his nose, but his gray eyes almost indifferent, as though there were one man dying and another watching.

He saw Jordan lift his gun with both hands and aim it toward Toby, and as the hammer fell, he threw himself across Toby's head and took it in the back. He rolled off onto his back and lay staring into the sky.

Upside down, he saw Toby take his gun and get up on one elbow, level it at Jordan and fire, and then saw Toby's face, over his, looking down at him as the deputy knelt in the street.

THEY stayed that way for a long moment, while Doane's eyes grew more and more dull and the dark of his blood in the white dust grew broader. His breath was coming hard, in small sharp gasps.

"There's nothing in it, kid," he whispered. "Only a tin star. They don't hang the right ones. You got to fight everything twice. It's a job for a dog."

"Thank you, Doane."

"It's all for free. You going to quit, Toby?"

Toby looked down at the gray face, the mouth and chin and neck crimson, the gray eyes dull. Toby shook his head. His face was hard as a rock.

Doane's face suddenly looked a little surprised, his eyes went past Toby to the sky. Toby looked up. A lark was high above them, circling and fluttering, directly overhead. "A pretty bird," Doane mumbled. "A very pretty bird."

His head turned slowly to one side, and Toby looked down at him and saw him as though fast asleep.

He took Doane's gun in his hand, and took off Doane's star, and sat there in the street while men slowly came out of stores and circled about them. He sat there unmoving, looking at Doane's half-averted face, holding the two things tightly, one in each hand, like a child with a broken toy, his face soft and blurred, his eyes unwet.

After a while the lark went away. He looked up at the men, and saw Mettrick.

"I told him he should have resigned," Mettrick said, his voice high. "He could have taken his horse—"

"Shut up," Toby said. "Shut up or get out." His eyes were sharp and his face placid and set. He turned to another of the men. "Get the doc," he said. "I've got a busted leg. And I've got a lot to do."

The man looked at him, a little startled, and then ran.

THE END

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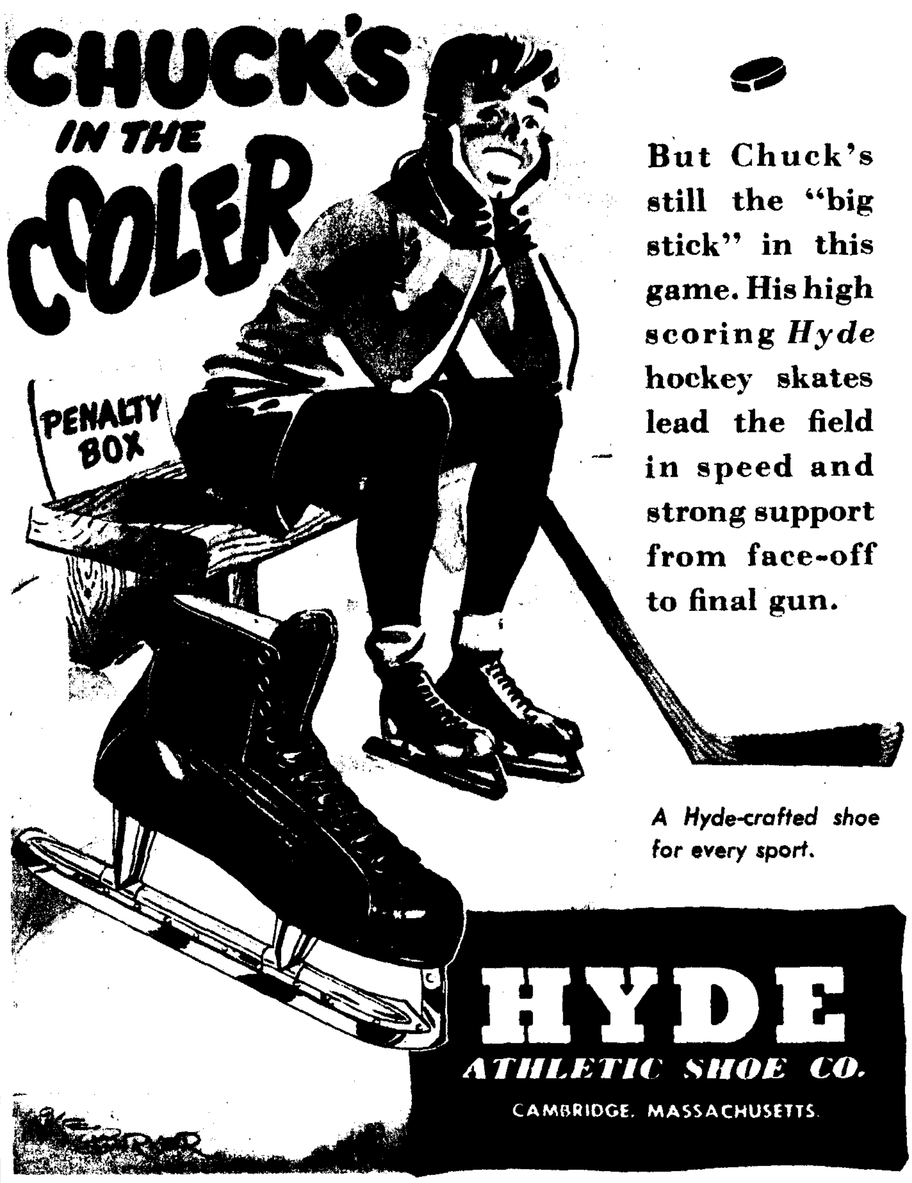
SAVE FOOD !



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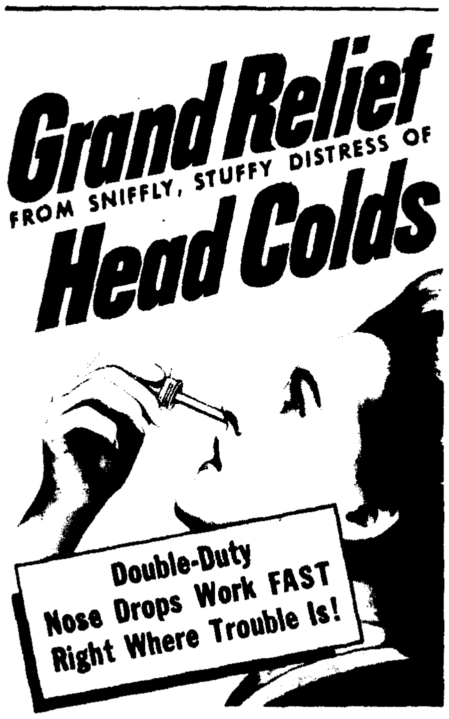
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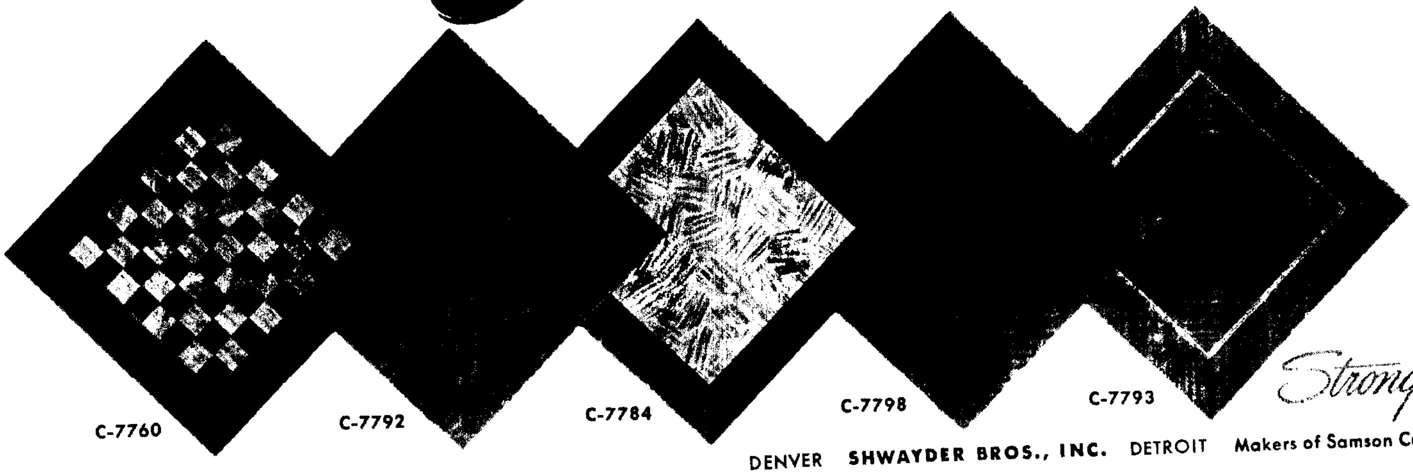

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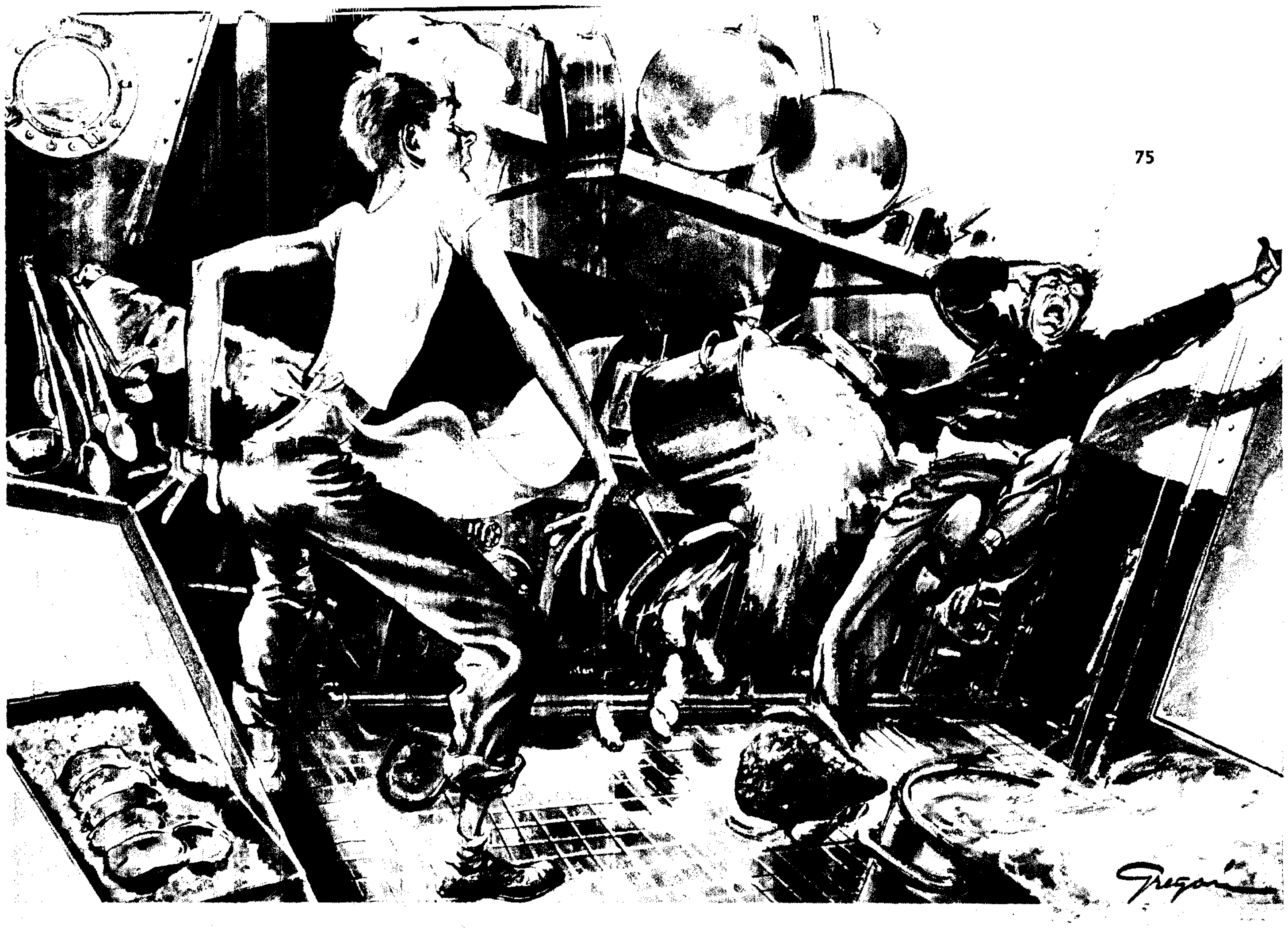

ALFRED AND THE STAFF OF LIFE

BY FRANK LASKIER

I WAS driving down to Boston to join my ship when something about a diner just off the main road caught my eye. It was a cleanly little place, and even from the outside, it had an air of prosperity. I pulled off the road and went in, took a stool, and there, behind the counter, in gleaming whites, was my old shipmate, Alfred Gilhooley.

It was easy to see that he was the boss. The information was shouted aloud in the set of his shoulders, the flick of his cloth as he wiped the counter, his proud smile as he told me that my "eats" were on the house.

I took a cup of coffee, and over the screaming protests of my stomach, I drank some.

It was just the right strength, and as fresh as the morning. I was never so surprised in my life.

Alfred turned his back on me as he gave an extra rub to the sign over the cash register. "Homemade doughnuts," I read. "All bread baked on the premises."

He looked at me with that old pleading smile on his guileless face—the smile that had trapped me so often on the Tarela.

"The sandwiches is awful good," he said. "Will ye have one?"

"Half a one," I said, weakly.

ALFRED GILHOOLEY had reported aboard the Tarela as ship's cook during the last years of the war. Unfortunately, we sailed right away.

He was a long, gangling youth with a shy manner and a quiet voice, and he aroused concern in every stomach from the first day he set foot aboard the ship. The boatswain saw him standing in the galley for fifteen minutes, staring about him as though transported to a strange new world. A sailor found him idly carving his name on the workbench with the ship's only serviceable meat knife.

In his first two hours in the galley, Alfred set the stove on fire with spilled grease and stopped up the sink for a week with a carelessly disposed dishrag. Before the voyage was a day old, we discovered that this was Alfred's first trip as cook, and to say that he could not boil water would be to state only the least of his shortcomings.

We did the best we could to help, for he was a likable lad and he tried hard to please, but there was a jinx on him, he was a Jonah, and nothing that he ever put his hand to aboard the ship turned out right.

He made a plum cake and forgot to take the pits out, and the boatswain smashed four of his store teeth, first bite. He was given a prime piece of beef to roast for dinner, and it came to the messroom burned black as the mouth of the Pit on the outside, and as raw as Halifax on a Sunday morning on the inside. If he made soup, and it was good, he was more than likely to forget, and drop a sliver of blue mottled soap into it. Once, he made us a good meal—a perfect meal. We sniffed it all over the ship, and our hungry mouths drooled. He forgot to put the guard rails on the stove top, the ship rolled and the dinner skittered off and landed on a man's foot. Not Alfred's.

These were but minor culinary ailments when placed beside his greatest failing.

Alfred could not bake bread.

Now, on board an old freighter such as the Tarela we ate a lot of bread. The watchkeepers were always eating sandwiches, and it was a rare hour of the night when there was not a sailor in the galley, slurping down his coffee and bread and jam.

At the first, Alfred produced a batch of bread with holes in each loaf, the size of the old-fashioned silver dollar. The boatswain returned these loaves to the galley and placed them on the bench and walked out.

"Too much yeast," he said in a weary voice, and Alfred shuffled his feet in shame.

Thereupon, he served us small rancid wads of dough that were cold to the touch and could be pulled apart in strands like well-chewed gum.

It was the lamp trimmer who elected to take these back.

"Not enough yeast," he said brokenly, and going from the galley, he went straight to his quarters and broke out those tins of emergency rations he had kept through the war in case the ship be torpedoed.

All that night, Alfred pored over the weighty cookbooks he had brought aboard the ship. The next day, he produced small hard bricks that clinked when they were dropped; they were dropped often.

A hollow-eyed able seaman made the long trek aft.

"There's enough yeast," he said, "but you ain't put enough salt in it."

The next batch of bread contained so much salt that it seemed to us that our vitals were consumed by flame. Otherwise, a good batch. But we panted through the day like a troupe of tortured collie dogs.

As soon as our thirst was slaked and our voices returned, we marched in a body to the galley.

"Before you ruin the stomach of every man aboard of us," said the boatswain, "take a word of advice."

He led Alfred to the rail.

"D'you see the ocean?" he said. "Well, there's just the right amount in a bucket of salt water to make bread."

He took Alfred by the arm and led him to the galley.

"That there tap," said the boatswain gently, and he pointed to the tap marked Sea Water, "is connected by pipes to the ocean. Use that, and don't add no salt."

Alfred nodded his head, and the joyful light of intelligence gleamed from his eyes.

THEREAFTER, the bread was good, and daily Alfred rose in our esteem. The carefree days sped on until we reached Abadan, on the Persian Gulf. It was on the morning when the thermometer showed 135 degrees in the shade that wasn't there, that Alfred fell from grace.

The bread smelled queer, even as he baked it.

I went to the messroom to find the crew examining one of these loaves as it reposed on the table, under a strong light.

It was small (compact would be a charitable word), in color an aged gray, and heavy enough to bash a man's brains out.

A seaman decided it had been baked in a fireman's sock. This started a bitter argument with the members of the black gang, who wanted to take him up. But the watchword was "Unity."

Again, we marched to the galley. I could see, by the expression on Alfred's face, that he knew he had done wrong, but he showed us how much flour and yeast he had used—

"Did you use the water from the sea tap?" asked the boatswain in a faint voice, and Alfred nodded his head.

One by one we drifted out of the galley, and we had not the heart to say a thing, and we left Alfred, standing there still with that dumfounded look on his face.

I went to the rail and lighted a cigarette. The greasy yellow stream flowing past the ship's side seemed solid enough to walk upon. A dead dog came drifting along, and the current gave it a sort of waltzing effect. A little, just a little, upstream a native boy sat on the bank and washed a lifetime of encrusted dirt from between his odoriferous spatulate toes.

I turned to find Alfred at my side. I was going to bawl him out, and I didn't have the heart, so I gave him a cigarette.

"They told me to use that tap," he said sadly, "but they didn't tell me *not* to use it in port."

"It wouldn't have mattered," I said.

MY THOUGHTS came back with a jolt to the present. I was in the neat little diner, and Alfred was handing me a plate, and on it, half a sandwich. I ate it, and it was superb.

"Did you bake this bread?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"No. My wife does," he whispered. "I'm a married man now, nice little business, doin' well. But I only serve. She won't allow me to cook."

I could scarce control a grin, and Alfred picked up my empty coffee cup, went to refill it and found the pot was empty. "I just made more in the other urn," he chattered, and he filled my cup and put it before me.

I took one look at it and pushed the cup back. He looked down, and at least he had the grace to blush.

"Gee," he said, "I plumb forgot."

But, at that, Alfred *was* showing an improvement.

It was certainly not good coffee, but it was beautifully boiled water.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

HOW TO ANNOY A WOMAN

Dear Sirs: I've just read How to Double Your Income by Marcia Kent Douglass (Oct. 18th) and I don't believe it. No family of four can be well fed nowadays on $40 per month. We are a family of four and even with a garden, canning and many more meatless and eggless days than Truman ever thought up, we spend at least $100 per month for food. . . .

Betty M. Michener, Sioux Falls, S. D.

. . . Oh, please, Mrs. Douglass, pass me the "pipe."

Jane L. Pentland, Norwalk, Conn.

. . . Give me a drag off that one, girlie, before you throw it away!

Mrs. O. Brenton, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Will you send as soon as possible the map with complete directions where we might find this $2,400-per-year Shangri-La?

"We may live without books, what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love, what is passion but honey?
But where is the man who can live with so little money?"

With humblest apologies to Owen Meredith.

Mrs. Veronica C. Pratt, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . Only Wall Street and President Truman could derive satisfaction from such a sneak attack against the return of price control. . . .

Sylvia Danison, Jersey City, N. J.

. . . Now let *me* tell one! Back during the depression on an income of $500 per year, we bought a town house, cabin at the beach, dream electrical appliances. Bought a Cadillac which cost not $10 a month as the Douglass car, but nothing. We used hot air, and ran it on the rims to save tires. To save the car my husband walked to and from work, about twelve miles a day.

When our two children were born, the hospital authorities canceled the bills—$150—because we were doing such a grand job saving money.

We ate berries, and grubbed edible roots, occasionally getting fresh milk and meat when a stray goat wandered by. We canned the milk using the cans the goat had eaten.

Having doubled our income, we are now planning a trip around the world, and with the help I can now afford, don't have a thing to do but write letters to magazines and enter soap contests. Yours for bigger and better hallucinations.

Mrs. Gilbert Brower, Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs: The furor which my $40 a month budget has aroused leaves me stunned. It never occurred to me that my achievement was so phenomenal as not to be believed. Let me say I did not claim that you can eat T-bone steaks every day. I made a distinct point that people of average income have to choose what they want out of life, and we would rather save on food in order to have other things. Yes, I do have some definite ideas about how to reduce the national budget. But the appropriations committee has never heard of me.

Marcia Kent Douglass

IT SEEMS THERE WEREN'T TWO IRISHMEN—

Dear Sirs: Timothy E. Hayes' letter (The Week's Mail, Sept. 27th) claiming the first white children born in America to be Irish is at least 1,500 years too late. The year 778 A.D. is about correct for the Irish to be in Massachusetts and Alaska. But before the Irish were the Welsh, and before them the Picts who lived on Baffin and Victoria islands from 500 A.D. to about 1100 A.D. Before the Picts the Greeks came to South America about 300 B.C., and before them the Carthaginians about 450 B.C. Before the Carthaginians, a Semitic people settled in Alaska from about 700 B.C. to 300 B.C. In that time the South China current flowed up through Bering Strait which made Alaska good farming land. The Semites developed agriculture in America. They could have been all or a portion of the "Ten Lost Tribes" of Israel.

H. M. Cranmer, Hammersley Fork, Pa.

WITCH'S BROTH?

Dear Mr. Davenport: Fie, fie to all the pantywaist concoctions mentioned in comments (The Week's Mail, Oct. 25th) on Ted Shane's article, Fountain of Youth (Sept. 6th). Here in the big woods of Oregon, where the weak die young, a favorite morning beverage is made like this:

Boil a box of fresh Copenhagen snoose in half a pint of water; filter through tar paper; add a dash of fish oil. Pour in glass with pinch of saw filings and stir with a stick of dynamite. Drink while effervescent. Results, when spirits are drooping, guaranteed miraculous.

Charles Oluf Olsen, Portland, Ore.

OPERATION BROADWAY

Dear Sirs: After reading Kyle Crichton's suave sortie against the medical musicomedy Allegro (Broadway Sortie, Oct. 25th), I have decided on a new title for the show: Allergio.

Suzi Berg, Jamaica, L. I.

. . . Look for a rash of musical shows with a medical base. I can see one called Andente, about the dental profession, with all members of the cast having their wisdom teeth removed in a grand finale, while attendants rush through the audience administering gas to those who don't care for ether mixed with their musicals. . . .

Gretchen Rogers, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

K9

Dear Mr. Davenport: Your editorial Goodby, Please, "Mutt" (Oct. 18th) certainly expresses the feeling of all dog lovers in America.

We thank you on behalf of our dog.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Tate, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

. . . Thank you very much. . . .

Lassie, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . Outlawing the word "mutt" is much approved. I am a ninety-one-year-old gent. Been a "crank" most of my life on slang and other improper features of our language, which I hope will become worldwide and be kept pure. I'm especially anti to the words "got, going and oh, yeah," as in "I have got," "we are going to ask you," etc. "I'd, you'd, aren't I" and others are also on my list. I hope a million educators see my letter.

E. W. Farnsworth, Sheldon, Iowa

WHODUNIT, PUNDIT?

Gentlemen: Regarding The Other Mind Reader (Oct. 25th):

Grind me up for Monday's hash,
I've been stumped by Ogden Nash.
Who did it?

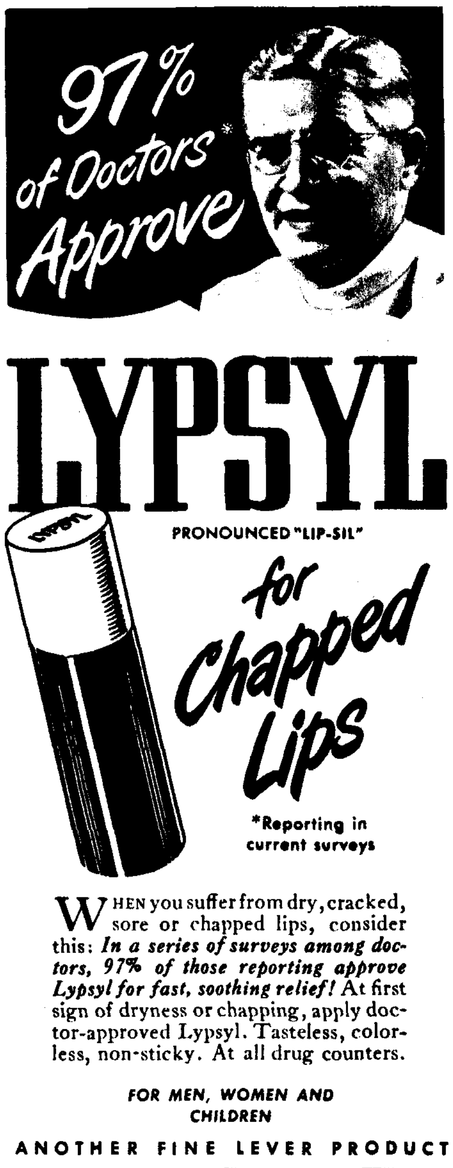
Audrey Loehr, Tulsa, Okla.

No, the reader wasn't being kiddit,
It's perfectly obvious who did it,
—But not to us—we dunno who murdered
the mind reader eider.

OUI SÍ JA DA OKAY!

Dear Editor: Re Incongrui Eramus (The Week's Mail, Oct. 25th) Dionicio Dennis McDonald of Durango, looking for his horse, came upon a stranger, and not knowing whether he spoke Spanish or English said:

"Meester Señor, have you seen a *caballo*


97% of Doctors* Approve

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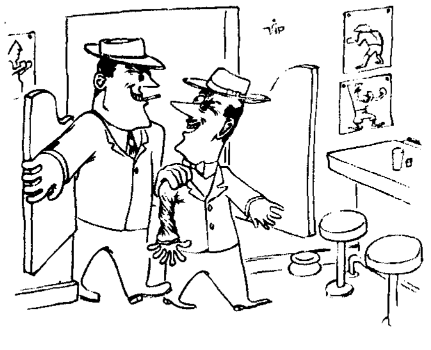
horse going down the *camino* road with a *cabresto* rope around his *pescuezo* neck, no?" The answer was "Nope."
W. J. SLATTERY, Oklahoma City, Okla.

MULTIDIGITATED

DEAR SIR: Two questions: (A) How many readers reported that the arm-twisting in Virgil Partch's cartoon (Oct. 11th) also squeezed out an extra finger? (B) Did VIP do it on purpose? Yours for more VIP with more ZIP.
JEROME E. SALNY, Morristown, N. J.

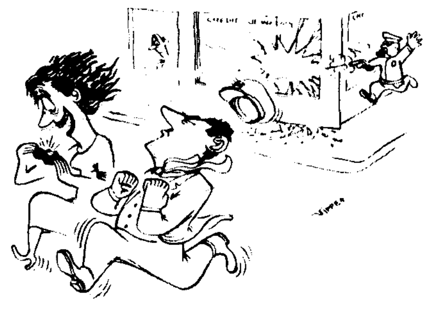
. . . Those six fingers on one hand! Ugh! Partch should have his neck twisted. . . .
SAM VASHELL, Altoona, Pa.



"Okay, you twisted my arm"

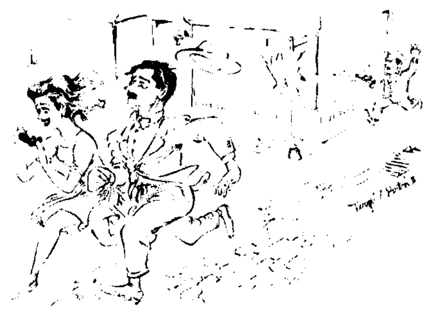
(A) We gave up counting the letters about the extra finger. (B) The artist spent four years at the Disney studios drawing three fingers and a thumb on Mickey Mouse and is now making up for the lost digits.

. . . Those hideous cartoons. Humor? Don't be silly. They're sickening.
LORINDA WILDER, Los Angeles, Cal.

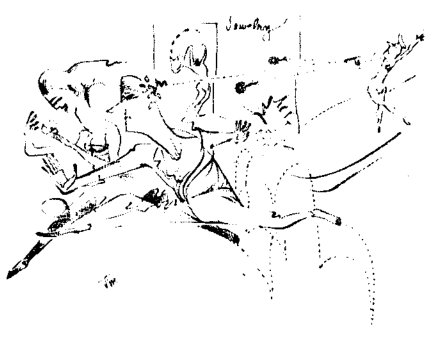


"George! It's . . . it's beautiful!"

Contrite Partch redrew the above cartoon to please Miss Wilder and others who think Vip's characters are horrendous. Two versions appear below.



"Ronald! It's . . . it's beautiful!"



This, says Vip, is for Park Avenue appeal.

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"SPRUCER"
"CRUISER"
"INTRA-RED"

Give Him a

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"CRUISER" — rugged to the last stitch, with plenty of pockets to satisfy the sportsman. Red only, in rich heat holding virgin wool. Sizes 34 to 46. $24.50

"INTRA-RED" — waterproofed gabardine, lined with 100% wool red flannel for extra warmth. Zipper pockets. Brush tan or Evergreen in sizes 36 to 46 .... $17.95

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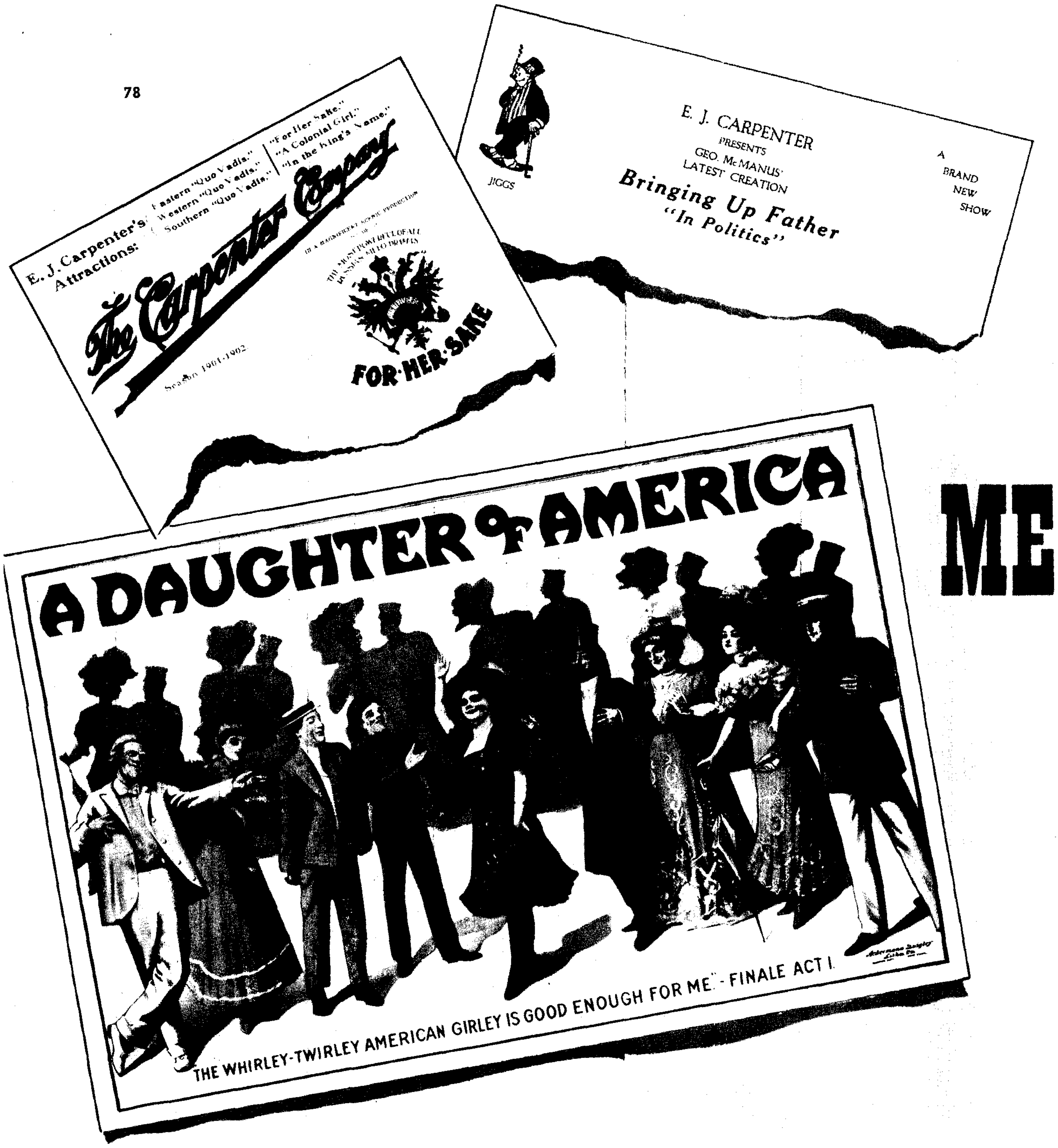
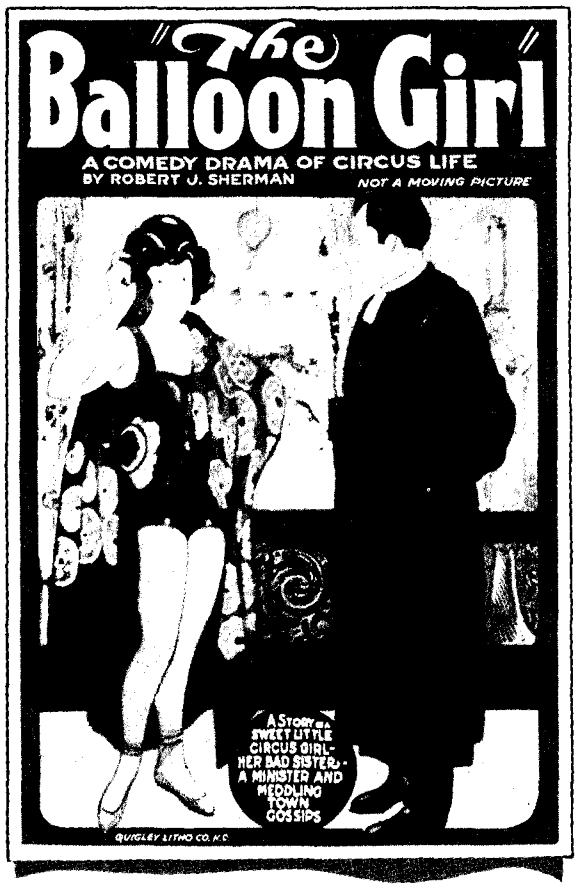

E. J. Carpenter's Attractions:
Eastern "Quo Vadis."
Western "Quo Vadis."
Southern "Quo Vadis."
"For Her Sake."
"A Colonial Girl."
"In the King's Name."
The Carpenter Company
Season 1901-1902.
FOR·HER·SAKE
JIGGS
E. J. CARPENTER
PRESENTS
GEO. McMANUS'
LATEST CREATION
Bringing Up Father
"In Politics"
A
BRAND
NEW
SHOW
A DAUGHTER OF AMERICA
THE WHIRLEY-TWIRLEY AMERICAN GIRLEY IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME" - FINALE ACT I.

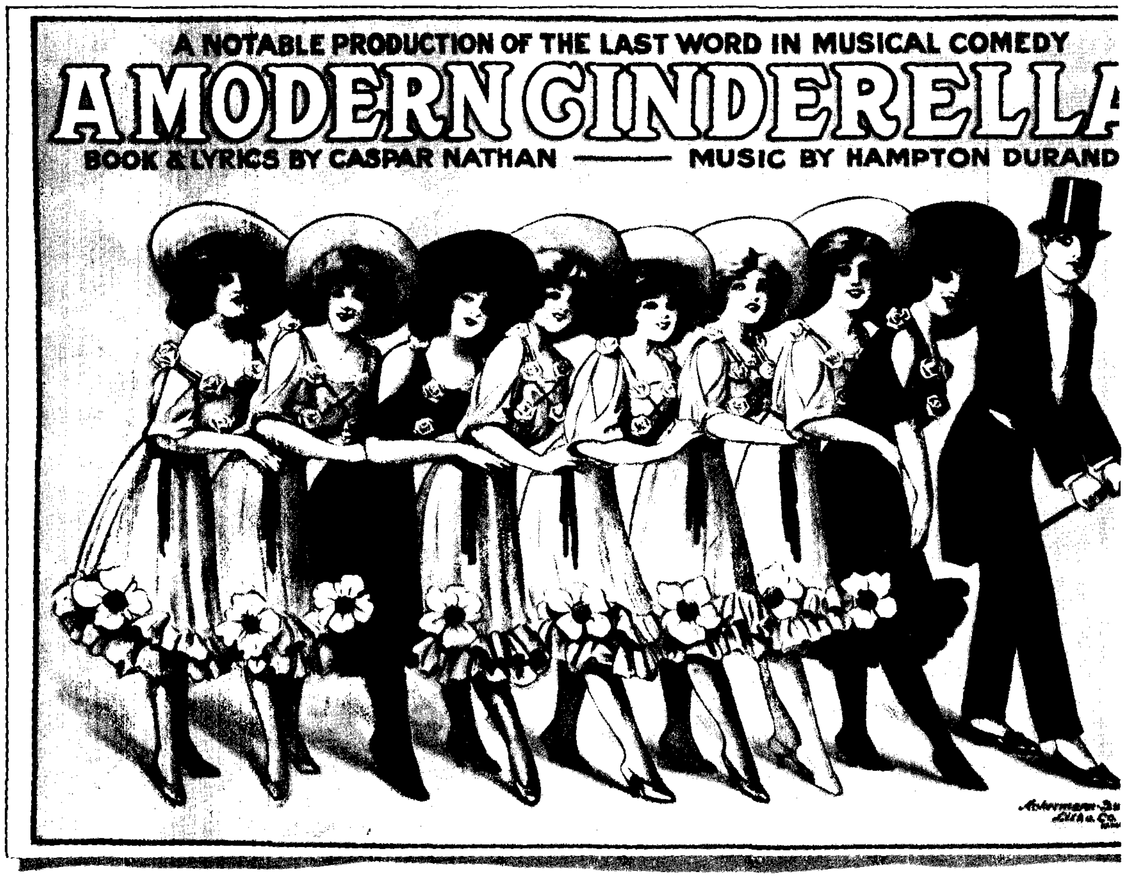
Tear-jerker or comedy, musical extravaganza or drama—the E. J. Carpenter Company could produce it. But Quo Vadis?, Carpenter's first major road production, always remained his favorite, with at least two companies touring the road year after year

KING OF MELODRAMA

BY IRVING WALLACE

For almost forty years, the small towns of America thrilled to the Broadway hits produced by the dean of the road-show fraternity, E. J. Carpenter


"The" Balloon Girl
A COMEDY DRAMA OF CIRCUS LIFE
BY ROBERT J. SHERMAN
NOT A MOVING PICTURE
A STORY of a SWEET LITTLE CIRCUS GIRL - HER BAD SISTER - A MINISTER AND MEDDLING TOWN GOSSIPS
QUIGLEY LITHO CO. K.C.


A NOTABLE PRODUCTION OF THE LAST WORD IN MUSICAL COMEDY
A MODERN CINDERELLA
BOOK & LYRICS BY CASPAR NATHAN
MUSIC BY HAMPTON DURAND

IT WAS a beautiful little animal—sleek black fur with a stripe of pure white along its back—far handsomer than the suckling pig, two roosters, striped snake, turtle, three-legged bulldog and big tomcat which made up the parade of The Greatest Show in the World. Eight-year-old Ernie Carpenter, manager of the show, had billed it as an Iowa wildcat, but he learned quickly that it had no place in the act. Less imaginative persons called it a skunk. It broke up the parade and put a period to young Ernie's career as a showman.

But a period is only the end of a sentence; other episodes may follow and build themselves into a well-rounded story. And so it was with Ernie Carpenter. Learning that other youngsters were willing to pay to see the act—two pins or a button or something of the sort—he decided it was better to be a theatrical producer than an actor. Little Ernie in time became the dean of the road-show fraternity, E. J. Carpenter, America's king of melodrama.

For nearly forty years he produced and presented plays in all parts of the nation. Will Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Russell, Flo Ziegfeld, Clara Kimball Young, George M. Cohan, Lou Tellegen, Charles Coburn, Maurice Costello, Walter Huston, Sophie Tucker, W. C. Fields, Eva Tanguay, as well as most of the other well-known stars of the past four decades, were at one time his business associates or close friends. He gave many of them their first acting jobs.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Carpenter's son, Jack, slept in the same basket while Doug, Sr., and Mrs. Carpenter played in Officer 666 during the Chicago run. This was to save the expense of one nursemaid.

During the seasons when Carpenter was sending out show troupes to play New York smash hits in one-night stands, he visited every town in the United States and Canada with a population of at least 5,000—and smaller ones if they had an opera house. In giving the "sticks" an opportunity to see Broadway shows at popular prices, he became known as The Melodramatic *(sic)* King of the West.

His real start in show business came in the Gay Nineties when he was fired from a job as printer's devil on the St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer Press and hired out as handy man to the Alhambra Road Show, which was preparing to go on tour.

Business was bad from the start. At Albert Lea, Minnesota, the sheriff came backstage to attach the properties. Stalling for time, the manager pointed out young Carpenter as treasurer. Flattered by this sudden promotion, Carpenter did some fast thinking and talking. He convinced the sheriff that he could get his money only by accompanying the show to the next town, where he could attach the receipts.

The officer, a reasonable man, agreed: at Perry, Iowa, he even helped put up the scenery. Again the show failed to make expenses, and the sheriff from that county came to see them. "Treasurer" Carpenter gave him the same spiel, and the troupe went on to Des Moines with two sheriffs as temporary members. At Des Moines the jinx left them; Foster's Opera House was jammed and both officers got their money.

Leaving the Alhambra troupe, Carpenter returned to the Twin Cities, where he induced a store clerk with dramatic aspirations to head the road show. Gold-lettered literature was issued which announced: "E. J. Carpenter Presents That Eminent American Tragedian, Sanford Dodge, and a Superb Company in Their Regular Annual Tour." He listed a repertoire of six plays: Damon and Pythias, The Marble Heart, Othello, Richard III, Don César de Bazan, and Hamlet. Sanford Dodge became very popular throughout the Middle West.

Not content to confine himself to the corn belt, Carpenter moved his headquarters to Chicago and later to New York. *Quo Vadis?*, his first major road production, remained his favorite throughout his career, with at least two companies on the road year after year. Other companies under his direction presented For Her Sake, In a Woman's Power, Mr. Plaster of Paris, A Little Outcast, Why Girls Leave Home, Shepherd of the Hills, Her First False Step, Girls of All Nations, School Days, The Other Man's Wife, Over the Hill to the Poor House. Forty-five minutes from Broadway, At Cripple Creek, The Convict's Daughter, The Prisoner of Spain, The Blue Mouse, The Pinafore Kids, and comedies on newspaper cartoon characters like Mutt and Jeff, The Captain and the Kids, and Bringing Up Father.

A Disastrous Season with the "Prince"

Carpenter will never forget his 1929 tour of the Shubert superproduction, The Student Prince, with a cast of one hundred. He had to put up $100,000 before taking the show out of New York City. The manager of His Majesty's Theater in Montreal acclaimed it the greatest production to come to Canada. But it was too big for the towns he had shown in with smaller companies, and he was forced to pull back to New York in midseason. He lost $30,000 on the tour. That same year he dropped a small fortune in the Wall Street crash.

Jack Pearl worked for Carpenter for thirty-five dollars a week. He later received $5,000 a week as the Baron Munchausen on the radio. Tom Moore, who played in At Cripple Creek was a favorite with Carpenter, the cast and the public, because of his Irish happy-go-lucky ways. J. Warren Kerrigan, Carpenter says, was a greater favorite with the women in his day than Gable, Sinatra and Van Johnson are today. Kerrigan first won public attention in Carpenter's road show, The Road to Yesterday. He later became wealthy in motion-picture work.

One time when Carpenter put out a call for a cast for a *Quo Vadis?* company, a beautiful young lady with a ten-month-old son came to his office. She had parted from her husband, John Pringle, and insisted on having a new name, so Carpenter named her Adair. Ida Adair became a popular actress. Later she married an actor by the name of Gilbert and her boy John assumed that name. As John Gilbert he became a famous motion-picture star.

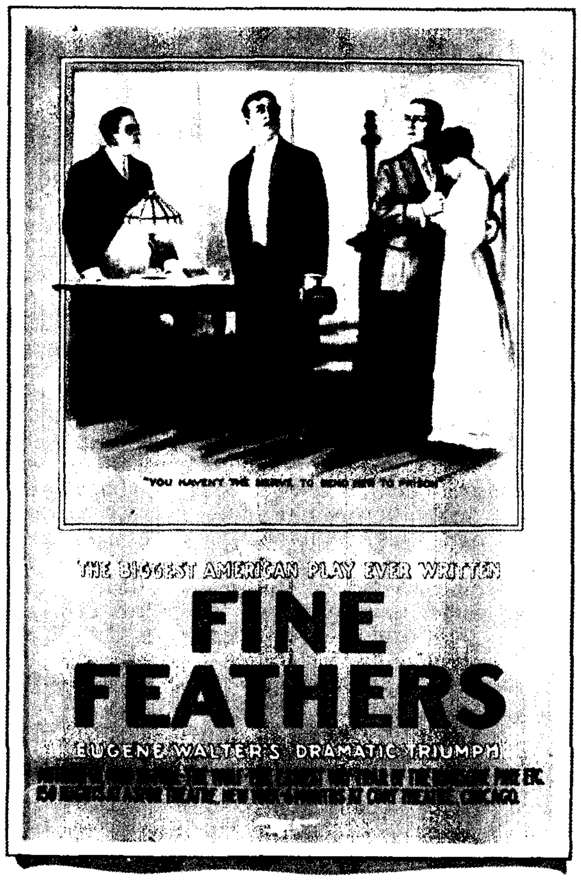
A drama club in Minneapolis once induced Carpenter to give one of its members a part—beautiful Millicent Evans, a minister's daughter. She traveled several seasons with one of the companies, ending up each one considerably overdrawn. On the last day of the year 1901, when the For Her Sake company was playing in Salt Lake City, he called Miss Evans aside and mentioned her badly overdrawn account. The flustered young lady assured the Big Boss that she'd make it up by the close of the season. He laughingly told her that the only way he could figure out how her account could be balanced was to marry him. "Will you?" he asked seriously. She said, "Yes," and they were married between shows that day.

Millicent Evans continued with her stage career, appearing in many Carpenter road productions, and later playing with Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Russell, Lionel Barrymore, May Robson and Charles Coburn.

Carpenter tried his hand at various business enterprises but always returned to his first love—the road shows. In 1909, he decided to build a model theater which would have the finest features of all the show houses he had played in over the United States and Canada.

He laid his plans before a group of St. Louis businessmen who raised a quarter of a million dollars and built the Princess Theater. At the opening, Carpenter brought in a New York company to play A Barnyard Romeo. Not long afterward, he resigned, accepting $25,000 for his part. His original trip, which cost less than $100, was his total cash investment.

During the early days of motion pictures, Carpenter organized the Colonial Motion Picture Corpo-


"YOU HAVEN'T THE NERVE TO SEND HIM TO PRISON"
THE BIGGEST AMERICAN PLAY EVER WRITTEN
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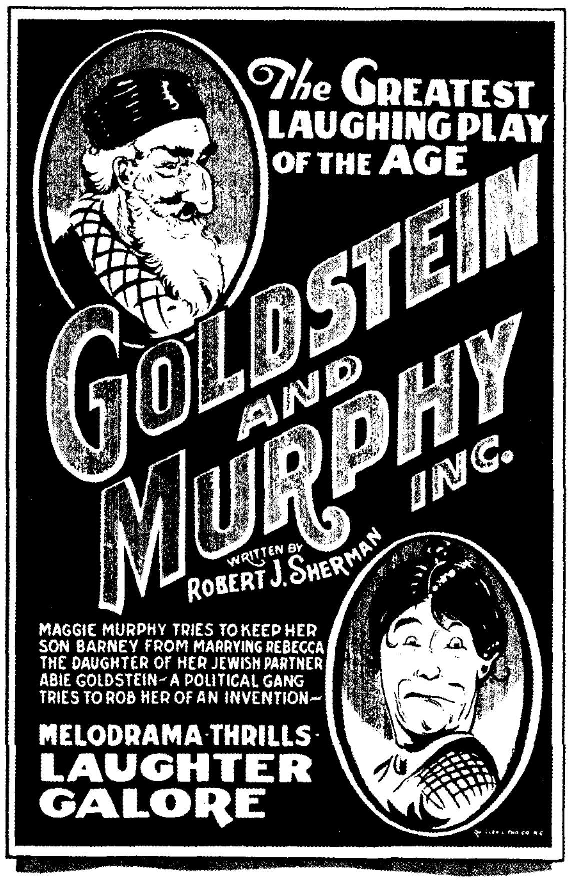
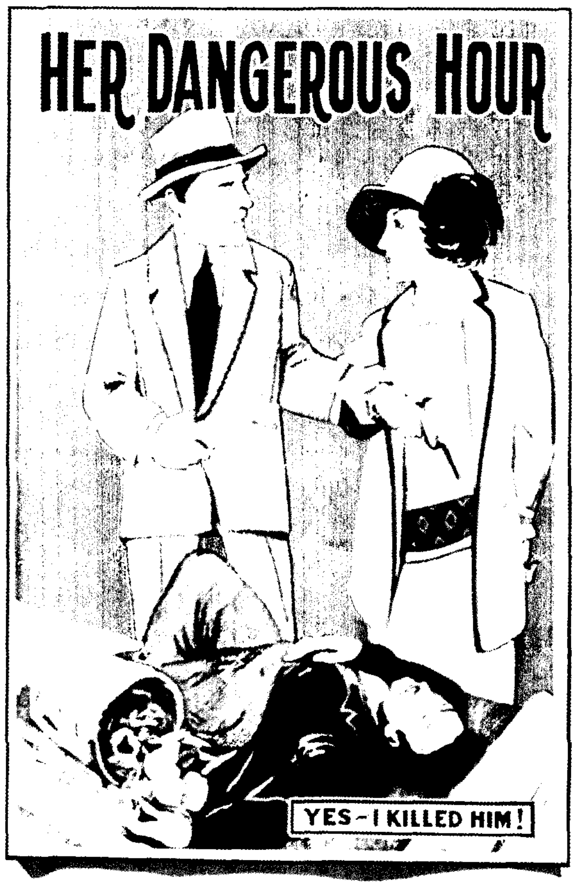
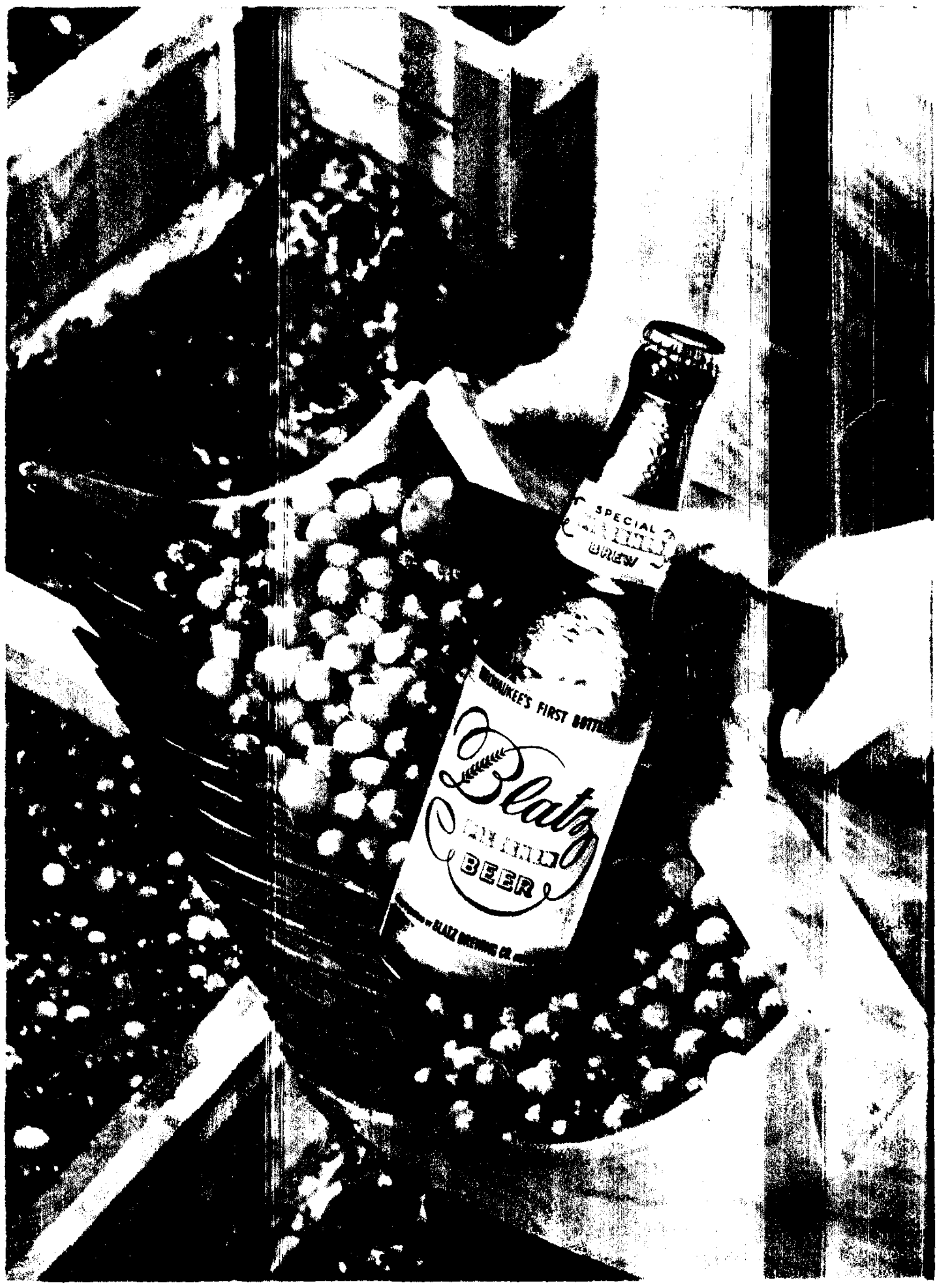
EUGENE WALTER'S DRAMATIC TRIUMPH


The GREATEST LAUGHING PLAY OF THE AGE
GOLDSTEIN AND MURPHY INC.
WRITTEN BY ROBERT J. SHERMAN
MAGGIE MURPHY TRIES TO KEEP HER SON BARNEY FROM MARRYING REBECCA THE DAUGHTER OF HER JEWISH PARTNER ABIE GOLDSTEIN – A POLITICAL GANG TRIES TO ROB HER OF AN INVENTION –
MELODRAMA · THRILLS ·
LAUGHTER GALORE





"Scoop" of the season

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ration. Their only production was Gilbert Parker's Seats of the Mighty, the first twelve-reel motion picture made in New York. Lionel Barrymore, a young actor who showed promise, appeared in it. It took a year, and all the company's capital, to make, and though an artistic masterpiece, it was a financial flop. Carpenter had had enough of motion pictures.

In 1916, he took over the Vailsburg Amusement Park in Newark, New Jersey, where he offered more free acts than any other amusement place in the world. When prohibition swept the country, it took his park with it.

In 1924, Carpenter was with his Bringing Up Father company playing the mining towns of the Southwest when he received word that his agent had booked Christmas week in the Philharmonic Auditorium at Los Angeles, that city's most elaborate theater, where symphonies and grand opera were the rule.

In dismay, Carpenter puzzled how he could satisfy such an audience with his small comedy company of 24 people including himself, his carpenters and a couple of flunkies.

Also, the Philharmonic Auditorium had a 75-foot stage and his company had properties for only 35 feet.

In Los Angeles he met Dick Ferris, an old friend, who was selling sacramental wine. Ferris offered to help him. He invited some of his newspaper acquaintances to his room that evening, and they opened his wine samples.

At the proper time Ferris told his guests about the great theatrical company Carpenter was bringing to Los Angeles direct from Broadway.

Jiggs and Maggie Wow Los Angeles

Tickets for the opening night sold out quickly and Carpenter learned the reason when he read the afternoon papers. They had been very kind to him. When the curtain went up that evening, Carpenter's 35-foot set stood on the big stage like a dollhouse, but the show was a success and every performance a complete sellout. He flooded the country with review clippings from the Los Angeles papers.

Grants Pass, Oregon, furnished his most responsive audience. His company, traveling by bus and truck from near-by Medford, lost their scenery and luggage when the truck plunged over a cliff into a river.

The actors found a full house waiting for their show. Carpenter told the audience what had happened and offered to refund their money. Nobody moved. Then some fellow in the back row yelled, "You'd better give us some kind of a show!"

The house took up the cry, "Give us a show! Give us a show!"

Carpenter decided they had better try something so he announced a Maggie and Jiggs comedy. The man who took Jiggs' part greatly resembled him; the actress playing Maggie rolled up her hair, and the show was on. Grants Pass gave the actors more applause than they had received all season.

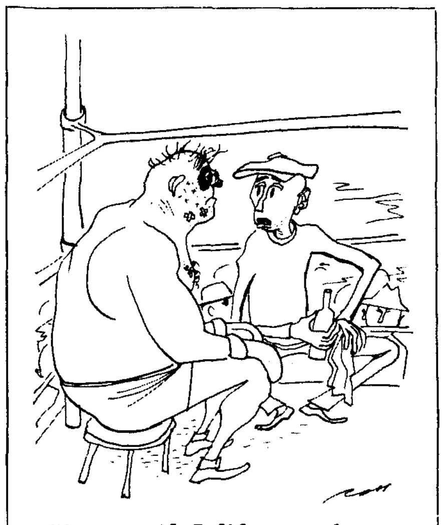
One season when Carpenter had a road show in Omaha, Nebraska, a handsome, dark young man came backstage and told how he was making a good salary selling facial soap by lecturing and demonstrating to groups of women. Carpenter told him that he possessed a talent for acting and should try it—and someday he would make much more money. The young man took Carpenter's advice. His name was Rudolph Valentino.

Frankie Bailey—whose lovely legs caused riots—received her stage experience with a Carpenter road show as leader of a chorus. Her name was later to thrill Broadway. Billboard, the showman's magazine, said of her, "There is attached to this girl's body two of the most beautiful, most statuesque legs that have ever been inveigled to the stage for public inspection—limbs which seemed to have been poured into their silken mold, masterpieces of the Creator's art."

Carpenter remembers when no show was complete without a banjo player; when Weber and Fields switched from blackface comedy to Dutch dialect. He knew May Irwin, who made a fortune in six years on the stage. He watched the career of Eva Tanguay, the I Don't Care Girl, who amassed a fortune of $2,000,000, only to lose it in the 1929 crash. He remembers when a young fellow named Jack Benny was available at a small fee as a singing single.

There were also some promising young men about that time by the names of Cantor, Winchell and Jessel, who graduated from a Gus Edwards act. Any of them could have been hired for a small salary. He once met the Marx Brothers in Brownsville, Texas, when a two-gun sheriff had seized all their costumes and scenery.

Carpenter points out that the motion pictures dealt the first hard blow to the road shows, and talking pictures handed them the knockout. The movies, refusing to be silent, developed to a point where their importance could not be ignored.



"Honest, Al, I did count them. He only has two hands!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Motion-picture producers bought or leased the country's theaters, and the road-show companies found themselves out in the cold when they attempted to get bookings.

In the early days, most legitimate actors proclaimed that they would be ashamed to write home to their mothers again if they ever sank so low as to "go on the movie lots"; but eventually many of Carpenter's actors deserted him for the movies.

The motion pictures and radio were too-strong competition for legitimate road productions to buck. "You rehearse a play faithfully," Carpenter said, "and run it in one theater—for a long time if it's a hit. In Hollywood they can produce a movie in a few months, make thousands of copies, and in a few days the same picture is playing in that many different theaters throughout the country."

Mr. Carpenter has closed his office on Times Square and retired to the old family home in Osage, Iowa, where he lives alone. Even now, at 78, you can see the showman in him—the way he tilts his hat, combs his hair, wears his glasses, and sports his lapel handkerchief. In his living room still stands a quart jar of buttons—admission money to Ernie's first shows, seventy years ago.

Carpenter feels that there should still be a place for the old-fashioned road shows.

"I wouldn't be afraid of competition from the movies," he said, "or even radio and television, if I could book my shows in the old opera houses."

THE END

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GREENWICH VILLAGE

Continued from page 25

here, but the Village has, in 40 years, become a process as well as an institution. Nearly all America's writers and artists have passed through a Village phase. It soon eliminates as genuine contenders those without talent and those who haven't the drive. The casualties are tremendous. According to Village booksellers, who keep track of faces, the average stay is a year.

The current crop of young Villagers have more money than previous generations. This has been largely due to the G.I. Bill of Rights, under which many are attending art and writing classes, the New School and to the "52-20 Club." Even so, a considerable number of young men are temporarily homeless and penniless. They manage by chiseling meals, drinks, cigarettes and studio couches.

All the moochers are men because a girl wouldn't be able to get away with it. Most of the girls in the Village have jobs and are the chief support of the moochers. One girl painter quit a full-time position where she was making $100 a week because, she said, most of the money was going to support a half-dozen fellows and she had no time to paint. So she got a part-time job for $30 a week, which she thought was enough to support just herself and give her time to paint.

"But I'm such a dope," she said. "I'm still helping to support those guys."

Army Life Blights Art Careers

World War II has had effects other than just putting money into Village pockets. No one of the younger veterans who would be an artist feels he is going to set the world on fire. After being in the Army, he will tell you it is not possible to feel that way. Few ex-servicemen have any time for movements, either artistic or political. Because the war cost them up to five valuable years of study and work, they are extremely impatient about getting results.

There is probably more disciplined work in the Village today than there has been in years. From what he saw in Paris as a State Department assistant cultural attaché, Howkins says, the young Villagers are much more serious than the young French artists and writers.

Steve Stevens, a young playwright from Washington, D.C., whose idol is George Bernard Shaw, is typical of the serious young writers. His schedule is pasted on the wall right in front of him, and at the bottom of it we read:

"If this work is not completed by Sunday, I swear I shall jump out of the window. Steve Stevens."

Thus far Steve has done some radio skits and many revue skits. He is working on a play. Five satirical skits, written in collaboration with another young Villager, have been accepted by Dwight Deere Wiman for his fourth Little Show. Recently Stevens, whose father is a rear admiral stationed in Moscow as naval attaché, wrote G.B.S. for some advice on saving the world. Shaw, who replies to little correspondence of this type, wrote back:

"Make yourself a good committeeman and an effective public speaker, for without this technique you can only be a nuisance in public affairs. How far you can contribute to the salvation of mankind will depend on your technical skill, without which your gifts and faith will all be mostly wasted."

The hardest working group of young Villagers—bar none—is the modern dancers. They come from all over America to be near their goddess, Martha Graham. There is one thing about dancing—you can't fake it. To dance,

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b
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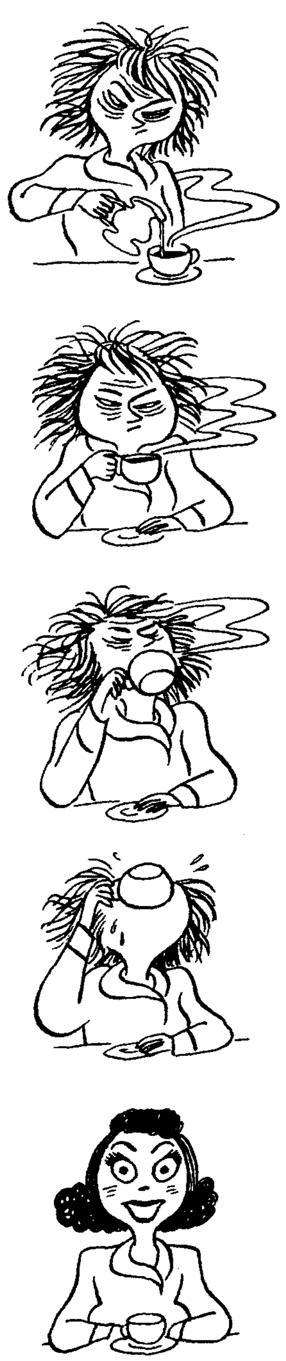
these girls make almost any sacrifice. None of them can see when she'll ever make a nickel at it, but she's got to dance. They train like athletes, go through strenuous physical exercises hour after hour and, in order to eat, to pay for their lessons at Miss Graham's, Hanya Holm's or the Humphrey-Weidman studios, they work at any job available.

In one respect the Village is dead. *Though most of its young writers, artists,* dancers and actors are in some phase of revolt, there is none of the steam that years ago generated itself into manifestoes, little magazines, organized groups, surrealism, Dadaism, and much furious unclassified excitement.

In one way or another everyone who likes to eat seems to have made his peace with "commercialism." A young poet from Chicago named Irving Kaufman is an exception. "Work is death" is his slogan. By work he means a job doing anything other than writing his poetry, which is bitterly gloomy and altogether unpublished. This might be put down as a sheer pose if it were not for the fact that, upon questioning, we found nearly everybody agreed with Kaufman's philosophy. But as in the case of existentialism, no one is willing to go the whole way to starve to keep from dying. What everyone in the Village is looking for is part-time death.

THE END

MORNING COFFEE



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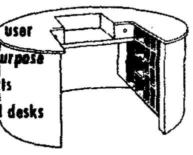

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THE SINKING OF THE POELAU BRAS

Continued from page 21

cries and moans. Lifeboat Skipper L. A. Seidel, who had been first officer of the Poelau Bras, shouts orders.

"Lie down," Seidel yells. "Play dead."

The wounded are already down. The others flop over each other as though slain. The lifeboat drifts aimlessly. Nine planes mercilessly spray decks, lifeboats and swimmers thrashing wildly in the waters.

Lifeboat Number 2 bearing Colijn and his three daughters is tossing alongside the Poelau Bras. One of the fall ropes is still fastened to the lifeboat. Someone whips out a knife and is sawing through the rope when the last bomb flung at the Poelau Bras explodes between the lifeboat and the ship. Colijn and one daughter, Helen, are pitched from the boat which is nearly swamped but not shattered. The boat floats free. Helen and her father are just being pulled in when the machine guns strike. One, two, three planes rake it from stem to stern.

Colijn yells, "Take care of my daughters. Goodby."

He and Helen swim away, head for nearly empty lifeboat Number 3.

Passengers Take Their Strafing

Back on the Poelau Bras passenger deck, sixty or seventy people huddle like sheep as strafing planes rake them. Men lie on top of the women, forming living shields against the bullets. The general's aide confronts Captain Bozuwa, a Dutch navy air commander.

"Take care of the general," the aide chatters. "Take care of the general."

"Where is the general?"

"I don't know. But take care of him. I must find my wife."

The aide runs aft, toward the waters which are now boiling over the Poelau Bras' stern. "Annah," he shouts. "Annah."

His wife does not answer. He leaps over the side into the sea.

A woman clutches Bozuwa's arm. "Where are the lifeboats?"

"They are gone. They have been destroyed," Bozuwa answers.

"What will we do?"

"Jump overboard and swim."

"But we will only drown. There is nowhere to swim."

"It is better to die trying than to surrender."

A pistol barks near Bozuwa. He whirls, sees a Dutch officer slumping to the deck, still clinging to the gun with which he ended his life. Others follow suit, shooting themselves rather than waiting to drown. Bracing himself against the rail because the deck is sloping sharply now, Bozuwa looks at the milling crowd, at the suicides, at others who, with pistols in hand, debate their final gesture. Then he vaults over the rail into the sea.

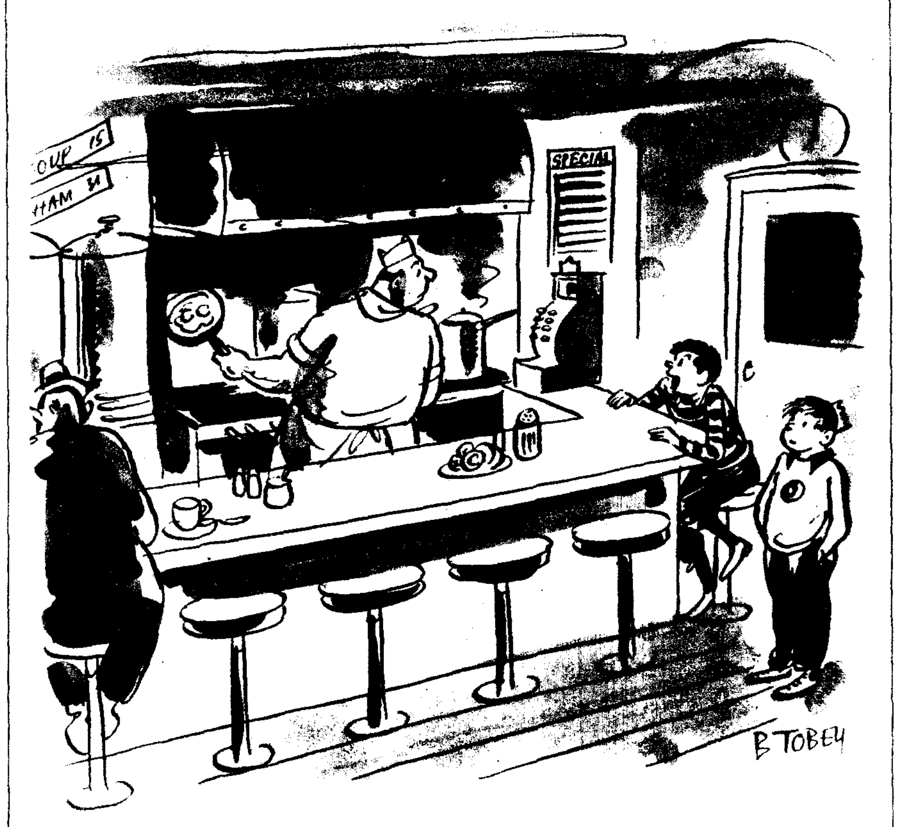
He has been swimming for some time when he comes face to face with the general's aide, screaming hysterically. His eyes are the eyes of a maniac. Bozuwa seizes him, shakes him. The aide is quiet for a moment. Then he shouts again but this time intelligibly.

"Annah! Annah!"

There is no answer. The aide surrenders himself to the sea. Lying forward in his life belt he plunges his face in the water and drinks of death.

Below, in the dining saloon Vanderpool sits brooding, staring into space. Not once has he left his chair since the bombing began. Nor does he intend to leave. He knows why he will not go. So do most of us. Perhaps this is the best way. Sit here and wait for the rising waters. Already the deck is pitched so steeply the table on which his elbows rest would be sliding aft were it not bolted down. The chair in which he sits is slipping forward but it can go no farther. Vanderpool does not care. He is past caring. . . .

To both whites and natives of south Sumatra, Vanderpool for years had been the big white rajah, the lord of oil. Only the biggest of the Indies' big white rajahs rate the title Tuan Besar. Vanderpool was a Tuan Besar. With the snap of his fingers he could make or break any one of the scores of his white underlings, the refinery department chiefs, the engineers, the technicians, all of whom were fighting their way to the top so that they too, someday, could with a snap of their fingers make or break the



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scores of white underlings they hoped to have beneath them.

But here, aboard the Poelau Bras, the Tuans Besar suddenly are no longer Tuans Besar. They are only men fighting for their lives. And Vanderpool does not have any fight left. He was beaten one night when his courage failed him in the city of Palembang. He was responsible for the Royal Dutch Shell oil plant there. When the Japs bore down on the city, he failed to destroy the plant. The Japs got it intact and used it throughout the war.

Across the narrow Soengei Gerong River from the Shell refinery the rival installation of Standard Oil became an inferno of flames and exploding storage tanks. The Americans had stayed to destroy and still had plenty of time to leave. Why did Vanderpool flee without destroying his plant? Only he knows the answer, and he is scheduled to give it—if he can—at a court-martial.

One of his fellow engineers pokes his head into the dining room, shouts at Vanderpool. "Come, it is the end."

But Vanderpool merely shakes his head and stares. His would-be rescuer dashes back to the deck, leaps over the rail and swims hard to clear the sinking ship.

The Poelau Bras is pitched so steeply now that Vanderpool is pressed tightly against the table. Chairs slide toward the door. Already the hungry waters are creeping in. They spread along the wall, lapping at the chairs piled there. He watches them advance. Then he closes his eyes and waits. . . .

On the passenger deck amidships men and women still mill like bewildered sheep. Frequently someone breaks away from the huddle and runs first to the starboard rail then to port looking for a lifeboat in which to jump, then—dodging strafing bullets—they duck back to the huddle.

I'm doing some ducking myself. Each time I reach the rail a plane swoops down. They are like hawks hovering in the sky over a grain field, waiting for a field mouse to dart from its hole.

Looking toward stern I'm aware there won't be a stern much longer. It is going under—disappearing in green foam which is boiling up the deck.

The Lifeboat Half Full of Water

Way down there in the sea is my boat, still hugging the ship's side. Still half full of water. Waiting for me. Another man is in it now. He looks up and I hurl a life preserver at the boat. The man ducks and it splashes into the water beside him.

Suddenly Hancock is beside me. He seems calm, almost nonchalant.

"Can I help you with anything?" he asks.

"No. We'd better go."

We run down the steps to the main deck directly over Number 1 boat.

"Got your insulin?" I ask Hancock.

"Yes, right up here."

"We can toss it from here to that guy in the boat. If he catches it, the vials won't break."

"Right," Hancock agrees.

A plane dives toward us, guns spitting. We flatten on the deck. I roll against the rail and try to ooze into the deck plate seams, feeling nakedly helpless as lead ricochets off steel plates.

Two life rafts are being paddled frantically away from the starboard amidships. That's no place for me. They'll die of thirst on those rafts. I run forward a few steps, in order to jump clear of the lifeboat, and climb up on the rail. Just as I am about to jump a man pops out of nowhere and jumps beside me. I wait for him to swim clear, so I won't land on him, then I jump myself. It seems a long way down.

Bobbing to the surface I strike out for the boat. Now two men are in the boat, a Dutchman and a dark-skinned Indonesian crew member. The Indonesian, a square-set, husky lad, reaches down, seizes my hands and yanks me in with one powerful sweep of his arms. Water in the boat is knee-deep.

Not until now, standing in the pitching boat, is it apparent how high a swell is running. The half-swamped lifeboat is bumping against the ship's iron side, held against the Poelau Bras as though by some evil, invisible suction. We can't push it free. We try to pry the boat free with oar blades. No use.

"Bail her out," I yell. "Bail her out and then we can push it away."

Bail with what? I use my sun helmet. The others scoop with cupped hands. We work rapidly but not frantically. There is need for haste, but not panicky haste.

Then occurs the touch fantastic; the incredible which makes fiction of truth.

Afloat Over the Ship's Deck

The Poelau Bras has settled so deeply by the stern that she is awash as far forward as the bridge superstructure. Our lifeboat riding the swell is sucked over the rail and onto the main deck of the stricken vessel.

We are standing in a water-filled lifeboat which is floating on the deck of a sinking ship.

Sitting on the gunwale I untie my shoelaces, slip off my shoes, hesitate a moment, wondering where to put them. It doesn't seem right simply to drop them back into the water. But there is no other place. Then I step out of the lifeboat, swim hard to clear the main deck and rail. Clear the ship, get away from suction. To my right is a life raft. Many persons are on it and others are clinging to it.

"They'll die of thirst," I think. "That's no place for me."

Between me and the raft are two persons swimming, a man and a woman. She is ahead, close to the raft. He is closer to me. He is terrified. His arms thrash the water and he shouts desperately. The woman turns back from her effort to reach the raft. Probably she is his wife. She swims back to him. Seizes his hands in hers. Speaks to him soothingly, lovingly. They bob there in the water, upright, talking. He becomes quiet. She pulls his face to hers and kisses him. They float there, holding hands, talking lovingly, desperately, waiting for death.

Since childhood I had wanted to see a sinking ship go down. So now I turn around, treading water, to watch the Poelau Bras.

Everything is as childhood imagination pictured it. The bow slowly swings upward until it is completely out of the water and there is a patch of sky between the keel and the sea. Figures clamber up the steeply sloping deck, scrambling to the highest point above water.

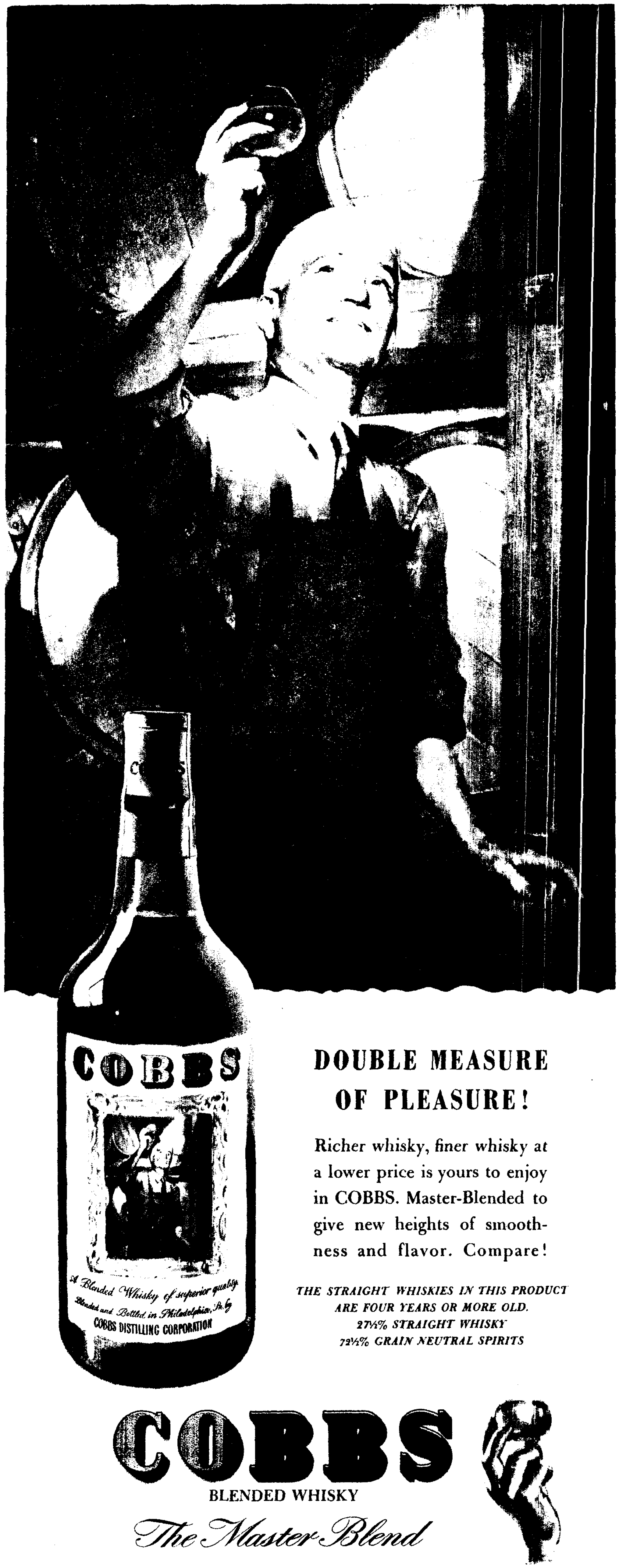
Then I see Hancock. He is braced in the angle where the most forward portion of rail joins the forecastle. There is no mistaking him. His white helmet shades his face, but I am near enough to see him plainly. He appears to be looking at me, at least looking in my direction.

Whether he sees me or not I don't know. Nor do I know why he does not jump. He might have been wounded by the plane which strafed us.

"Jump, Hancock! Jump!"

If he hears me he makes no sign. The deck tilts more steeply. The foremast collapses, crashing onto the roof of the bridge, which itself is nearly under water.

The ship's bow swings upward like a pointing finger until it is nearly perpendicular. There is a pause. Then, with a long sigh and surge of foaming waters, the Poelau Bras slides backward and disappears. A black jet of water shoots skyward, as though an inky geyser had erupted from the sea, then as sud-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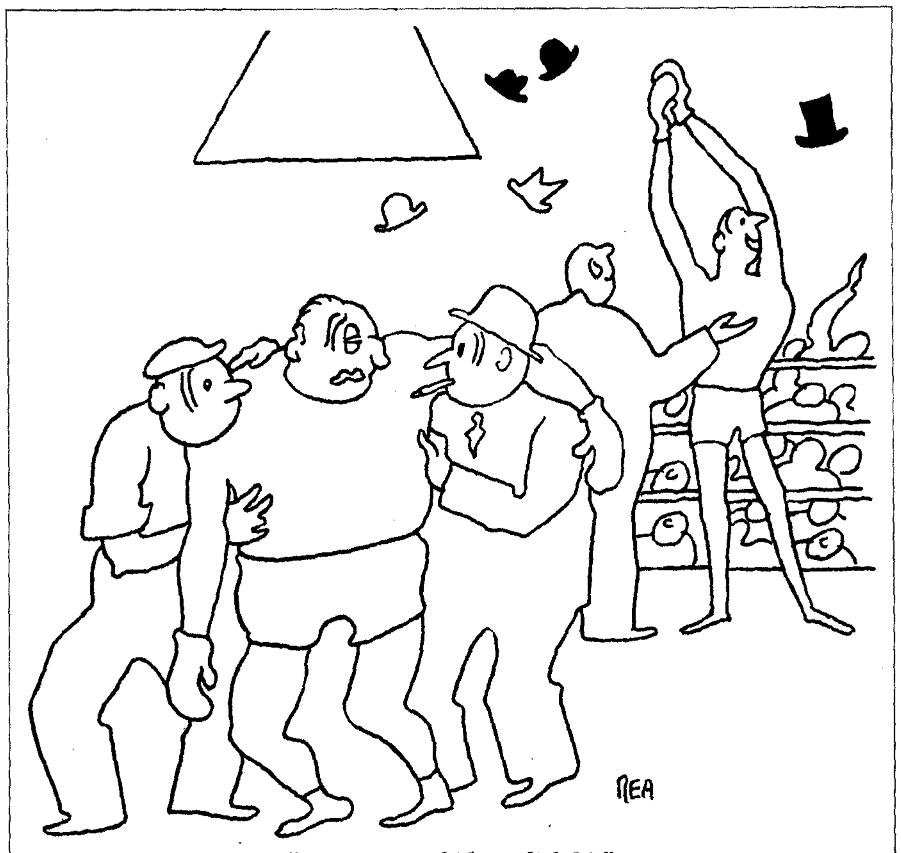


COLLIER'S "Anyway, my kid can lick his" GARDNER REA

denly been turned off. The phenomenon leaves a thin column of water suspended in the air, disconnected and without visible support. Then the column collapses.

For a time I tread water and gaze at the spot the ship had been. The water is full of people shouting. The air is full of cries . . . of pleas for help.

Voices scream at a distant lifeboat, the only lifeboat, begging it to return. Instead it moves away. I'd better hurry. I start swimming hard.

The lifeboat looms closer, about twenty yards to go. Shout.

"Help! Please help!"

They pay no attention. They row slowly away at an angle.

Change your course to intersect them. Breathe carefully. Stroke, breathe, stroke; stroke, breathe, stroke. Pour it on. Now yell.

"Help! Help an American!"

I'm so close now I'm looking into their faces. I'm safe. They'll pull me in. Wonderful feeling, safety. I'm right alongside now. I'm underneath the oarlocks and raise my hands to be pulled in.

But no one reaches down to pull me in.

"Please pull me in. Please."

They only stare at me, wooden-faced. The boat is jammed full of white and brown wooden faces. Mrs. Mueller is there and another woman. They turn their faces away from me. Other white faces also turn away. Only two brown faces near the stern look at me, unblinkingly.

There is a white face at the tiller. The skipper? I plead with him.

"Give me a break."

The tiller man points over my head in a direction behind me.

"Over there is a boat," he says. "We are full."

Liar. There is no boat over there. There is no boat anywhere but here. They're trying to get rid of me. If they don't pull me in now it's curtains.

Again I plead, "Give an American a break."

"We are full."

True, they are full. They are jammed full. But they can't, they won't let me drown. Oh, yes they will. They're rowing away.

Wildly I grab for an oar but it is wrenched away. Don't try again. They'll knock me out with another oar. They'll bash in my skull with oars. Thrashing downward with my arms and kicking hard with my legs I try to leap high enough from the water to grasp the gunwale edge, but my fingers miss. I beg the two brown faces.

"For God's sake, pull me in."

Poker-faced, they stare, unmoved, unblinking. I swim behind the stern in a try for the starboard side. Maybe some one on that side will pull me in. No. They turn away. A rope trails in the water from the stern. I lunge for it. Grab it. Hang on! Some one in the boat yells. The rope is jerked from my fingers, oars bite the sea, the boat leaps forward, away from me. The rope drops back into the water, trailing tantalizingly, just beyond reach. I strain every nerve and muscle to reach it. One extra little burst of speed and I can make it. But there are no extra bursts. I'm done. The boat pulls away.

Exhaustion is a dead weight, dragging down my whole body, arms, legs, neck, head—pulling my face toward the water. For a while I float helpless.

Calm Interlude Follows Horror

Slowly, the drug of exhaustion wears away. Those iron bands around the lungs relax; that dreadful pounding in the ears subsides and the fog of weariness evaporates and vision returns. The air no longer is hideous with screams. Another swimmer drifts into my circle of vision. He is swimming breaststroke, his chin resting on a preserver, pushing that horseshoe shaped monstrosity before him. For a while we drift side by side, then begin moving apart. I feel no need of company, unless it is the company of a lifeboat.

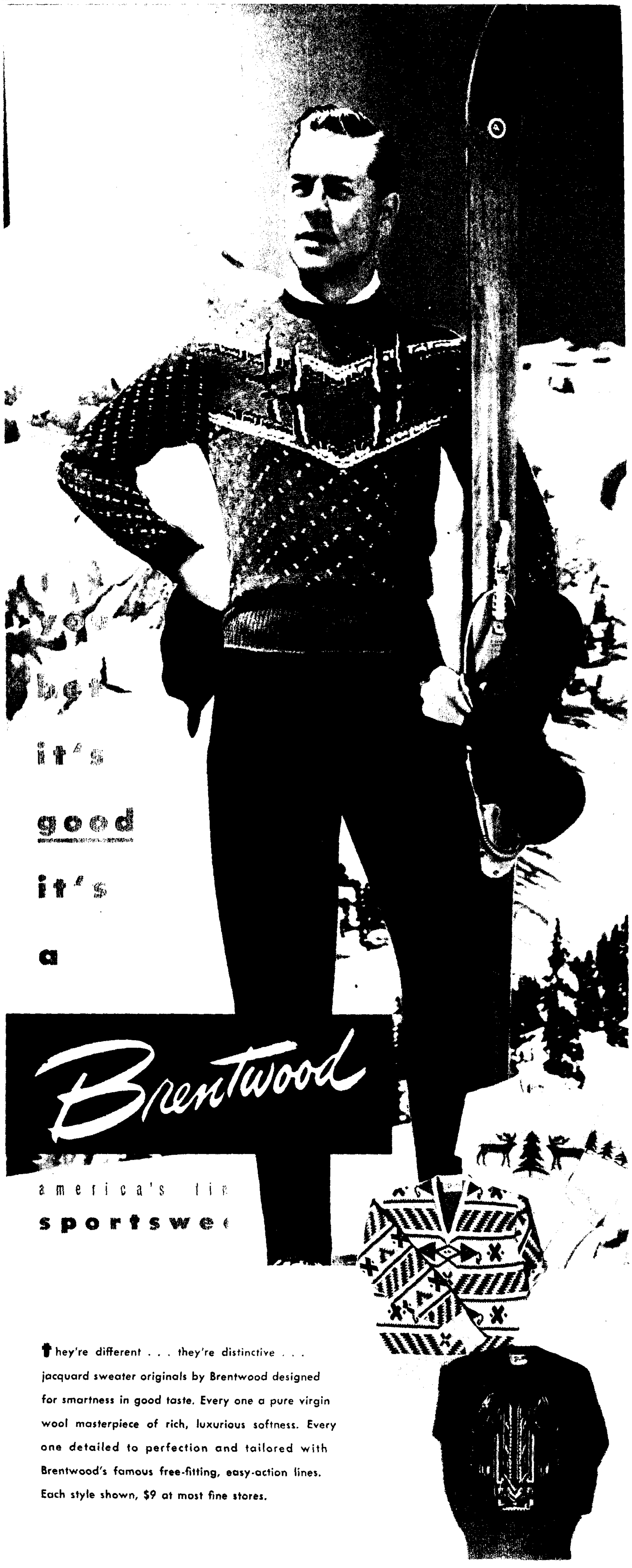
I do a lot of praying. First time I ever realize what prayer really is. The things which used to matter so much now matter not at all.

Odd bits of debris float around me. I must be over the spot where the Poelau Bras sank.

A larger piece of debris with a sharp, broken point protruding above water catches my eye. Hang on to it a while, rest. You can float for days if you have something to cling to. Then I realize that just floating is fatal.

"Let go of that piece of wreckage," something tells me. "It slows progress. You're getting too cocky. Keep swimming in the direction you were going. Don't stand still. Look around!"

I look around. There is a little spike sticking up over the horizon. Wreckage?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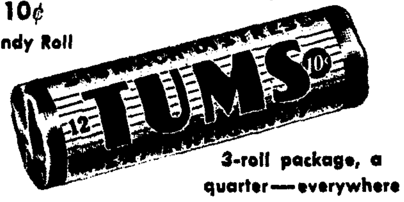

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No. Wait for the next wave. It looks like a stick. It's a submarine periscope! Swim for it. There's another one way off to the left. Something's wrong. Can't be two submarines. Swim closer. They're not periscopes; they're masts. I'm positive they're masts. Lifeboat masts.

"Here's your break, fellow," I tell myself. "Keep your eyes on them. Make time. Discard your life preserver, it's slowing you down. Just swim and pray.

"Swim for a point between them. They seem to be drifting apart. The left boat is disappearing. Make for the right. You're gaining on it. Soon you'll see the boat itself. A sail is rising on the mast. It's in place. It's filling. It has filled. It is moving diagonally to your right. Calculate its course and swim to intersect it. Now the boat itself is visible, a dark line parallel with the water. It gains speed. It is passing your point of intersection. You'll never make it. Yell. Yell! Yell!"

Only the whispering silence of the sea replies. I keep on talking to myself. "Look for the other one. Swim left. There it is. Up a swell, ride the crest, slide down. Steady does it. Steady or you'll crack. Hello. There's your friend of the life preserver. Tell him about the boat."

He's just ahead of me. A couple waves ahead. Swimming slowly, oh, so slowly. Still pushing that huge thing ahead of him. Why doesn't he throw it away? Maybe he can't swim at all. I crawl up to him, break my stroke and with my right hand nudge his shoulder. He twists his head, looks into my eyes. We do not speak. Breath is too precious. Besides, there is no need to speak. I gesture toward the second mast. He nods. He has seen it too. He is trying to make it. He manages the ghost of a smile of thanks. He isn't frightened any more. He is just tired.

Hope Fades as Sail Is Hoisted

I pass him, swimming strongly. Never knew before I could swim like this. Now the boat itself is visible in dark outline on the horizon. The sky is lighter straight ahead of me, kind of reddish gray. The boat is not moving much, just drifting. I can make it if it doesn't move . . . But now they begin to hoist sail. They'll sail away and leave me, just like the other two. I pray! I swim. I shout—wildly. Suddenly, the sail falls down.

I'm gaining on the boat. I can see the people in it outlined against the sky. Figures are working around the mast, trying to hoist sail again. It starts up the mast jerkily.

This is my last chance to live. This *was* my last chance. The sail is hoisted again . . .

"God," I pray, "make that sail go down!"

And again, the sail collapses.

Now yell at them. They will row over and pick you up.

"Help! Please, help!"

Someone in the boat waves an arm. They'll pull me in. Shout again to make sure.

"Help. Save me!"

But the boat doesn't move toward me. No one touches an oar. They only work around the mast. Trying to get that sail in place.

From behind me sounds a shout, faint but unmistakable. My friend of the life preserver. We must be the only swimmers still afloat and alive.

I'm alongside now, choking, gasping, extending both hands. Two men lean over, seize my outstretched hands, haul me in. I'm standing in the boat, trembling, bedraggled, gasping.

"Thanks a million. Thanks."

Then another breath. I tell them about my friend of the life preserver.

"He's over there."

But I can't see him.

"He was there a few minutes ago. Just behind me. Not far. Row over that way."

For a moment there is only silence in the boat, then a husky, red-haired sailor barks an order in Dutch, curls his hands over an oar, leans forward and bends back on the oar with a powerful sweep. Seven other rowers do likewise. The boat moves away from the direction of my friend.

"Hey, that way," I tell them, pointing again.

The red-haired sailor speaks.

"We can't pick him up. We have to think of ourselves. We can't go looking for people."

"But he is only a little way."

"There are too many in this boat now."

No one else speaks. There is nothing more to say. The oars swing rhythmically in long, steady sweeps, sending the boat northward at right angles from the direction of the last surviving swimmer.

I strain my eyes but I cannot see him anywhere in those restless wastes. Nor do I hear him shout. Perhaps he is too far gone to shout, too exhausted from the struggle.

He must have seen me rescued. Maybe he rejoiced at the sight, thinking: Now they know I'm here too. There is one thought I hope he didn't have. I hope he didn't think I betrayed him.

THE END

CAN SOLDIERS BE GENTLEMEN?

Continued from page 19

eighteen-year-old charged with being late for guard duty, and was impressed by the dispatch and fairness with which it was conducted.

James McKown, a sandy-haired youngster from San Mateo, California, handled the prosecution and drove his points home by a series of skillful questions. Another boy, Charles Riddell of Canton, Mississippi, was the defendant's counsel, and fought hard for his client. He argued vehemently with the president of the court, and even asked for a recess so he could bring in the whole second platoon as witnesses. But he lost his case. Six smooth-faced boys, comprising the court, decided that the defendant had been late for duty, and he was given three days' extra fatigue. Such sentences are subject to review by the company commander.

"These courts place the responsibility for punishment on the men themselves," said Captain John P. Stafford, Staff Judge Advocate of the Experimental Unit. "The men learn self-government. They exercise their basic right to a trial by their peers . . ."

And, by and large, the Trainee Courts are pretty strict. Of the first 54 cases tried, 50 resulted in convictions.

Another phase of the Experimental Unit's program which has been outstandingly successful is the work of the chaplains; their methods have already been adopted by Army posts throughout the country. Every recruit, as soon as he arrives, is interviewed by Chaplains Maury Hundley of Cedar Bluff, Iowa, and Charles J. Murphy of Middletown, Connecticut. In addition to regular services, the chaplains conduct off-duty classes of religious instruction, choir practice and Sunday-night song fests. On two evenings a week they are available for conferences and counsel.

The morality program is also the responsibility of the chaplains. They give talks and lead discussions on sex morality, and encourage continence as the only sure way to avoid venereal disease. When spokesmen at Fort Knox insisted that the morality program was a big success, and that the behavior of the Unit boys in town was exemplary, I was a little skeptical, for I know soldiers. So I went to the city hall in Louisville for statistics on Unit boys picked up by the police as drunk, disorderly or in trouble. But a lieutenant of the Louisville Police Department said:

"Statistics? There aren't any. To my knowledge we've never had even one of those boys to take care of."

Of course, several things aside from the hard work of the chaplains have contributed to this extraordinary state of affairs. In the first place, the boys training in the Experimental Unit are picked specimens; they are more intelligent than the average youngster and less likely to get into difficulties. Also, every boy who wears the distinctive blue-and-gold shoulder patch of the Unit is under twenty-one years of age. In Kentucky it is illegal to sell liquor to a minor. So when the Unit began operation at Fort Knox, Louisville policemen showed the patch to every bartender in town and warned them not to sell liquor to any boy wearing it. When, on a Saturday night, I looked for Unit boys in bars known as soldiers' hangouts, I found none.

The actual military training given the boys in the Experimental Unit is based upon the Army's standard methods of instruction as developed in the schools devoted to the various branches of the service. Training 40 hours a week, the boys are instructed in virtually all of the subjects that were taught during the war; only a few things, such as bayonet drill, rough-and-tumble fighting and the infiltration course, are omitted. In six months they receive two weeks of processing and orientation, eight weeks of basic training, eleven weeks of branch training (infantry, artillery, etc.) and three weeks of Unit training.

But it is the nontraining phases of life at Fort Knox that are emphasized for the benefit of visitors, and it is exactly those phases which will be most difficult for the Army to reproduce on a large scale. For example, take the extensive Troop Information and Education Program, headed by Captain Luther S. Crawford. In the old Army, educational reading matter ordinarily consisted of the Infantry Drill Regulations, a few comic books, and some dog-eared magazines. By the end of World War II, however, the Army had discovered that the enlisted man had something that resembled a mind, and had introduced the Information and Education Program. It was usually conducted by the lieutenant who ran the Unit theater, supervised the PX, and sold the War Bonds. In general, it didn't amount to much. It was too big a job for one man, and there was never enough money.

All the Comforts of Army School

Here at Fort Knox the boys can relax in a well-lighted reading room furnished with tables and leather-covered, comfortable chairs. Around the room are maps, charts and mounted newspaper clippings of current events. Reference books are available; so are magazines and newspapers, plenty of them. Captain Crawford's staff included a first lieutenant and three noncommissioned officers who conduct weekly current events discussions; two civilian educational counselors, two civilian clerks, and several part-time teachers who hold classes in automobile mechanics, radio repair, typewriting, Spanish and bookkeeping.

"Our program here," said Captain Crawford, "is the same that the Army has tried to put over elsewhere. The one big difference is that I have sufficient personnel to handle it."

And he really has! Captain Craw-

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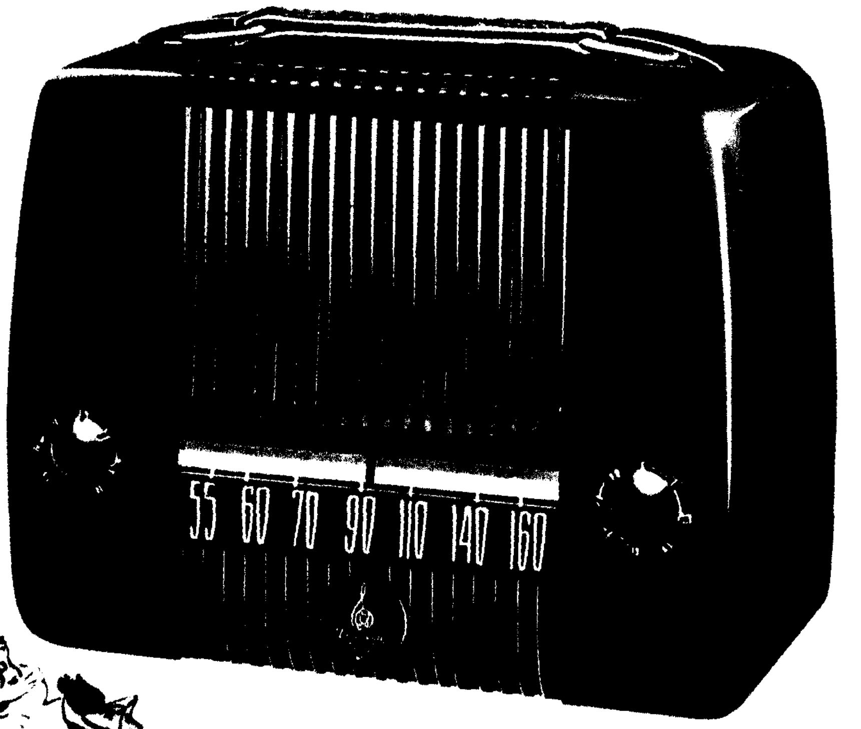

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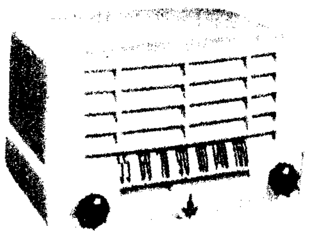

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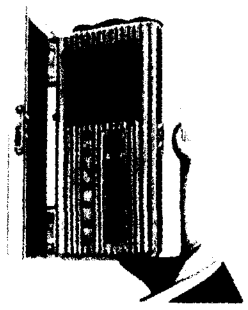

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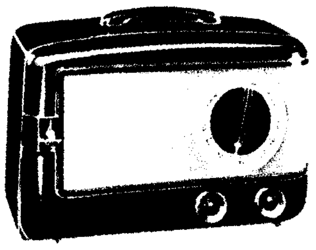

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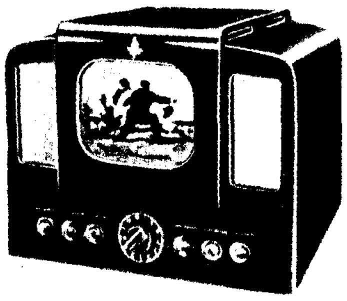

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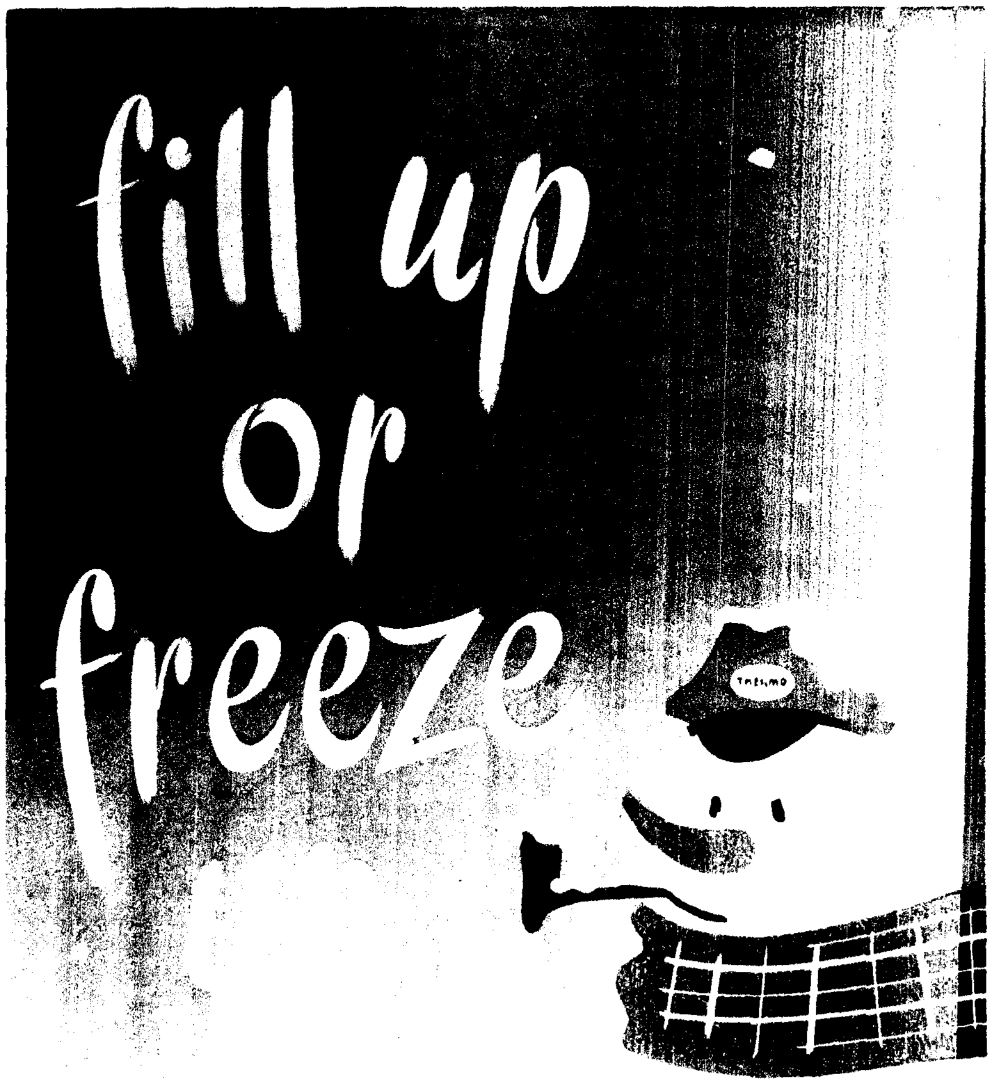

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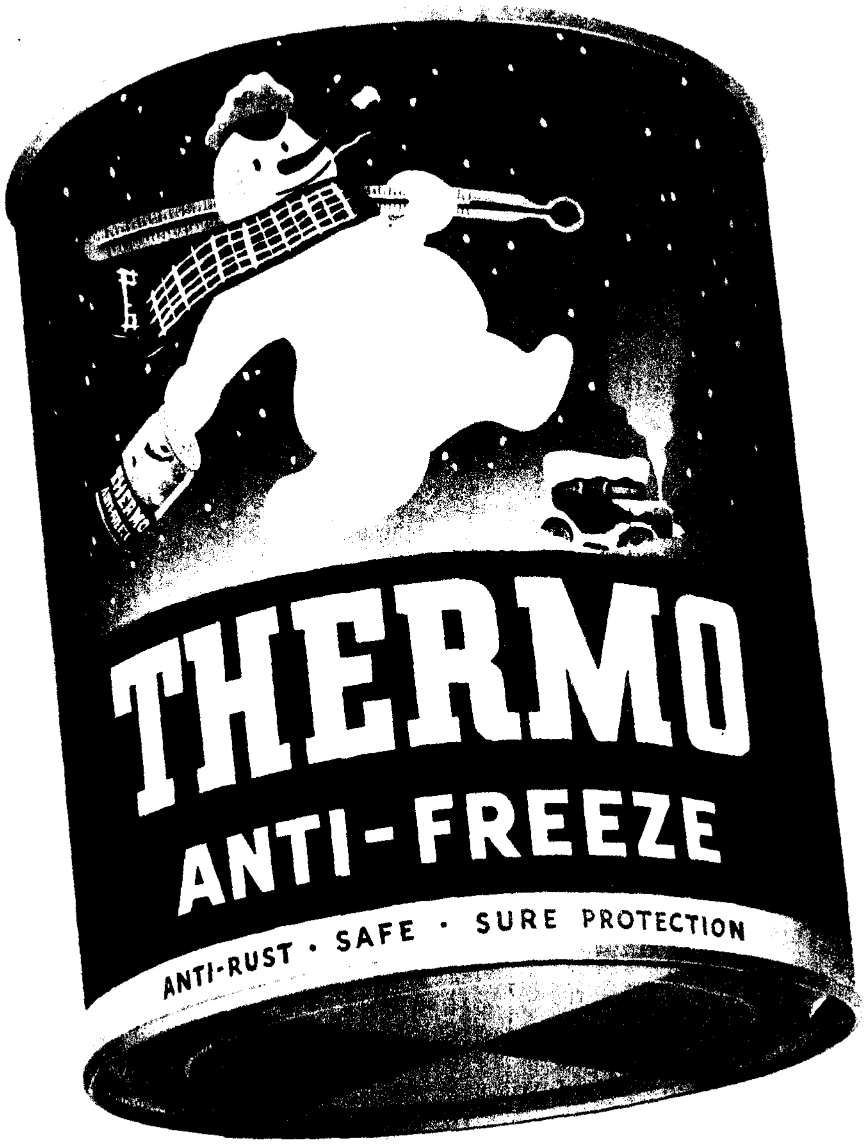

SAFE, SURE PROTECTION FOR YOUR CAR

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ford's staff, with the addition of a couple of noncoms, could handle the Information and Education Program for a regiment. But—Captain Crawford estimates that to set up his section and operate it for one year would cost $100,000! And in the projected universal service Army it probably would cost more, because at the average Army post it would not be possible to obtain enough part-time teachers.

Each of the 21 divisions of the new Army would require from 30 to 35 full-time instructors, with a total pay roll of well over a million dollars a year. It is very doubtful if the Army will ever have enough money to give the 850,000 men of the universal service Army the same sort of educational setup that is in operation at Fort Knox. Nor provide the officers necessary to run it.

The Experimental Unit's athletic, recreation and special service facilities are likewise on a scale which could never be applied to an army of 850,000 men. At Fort Knox the boys have a two-story building crammed with equipment for woodworking, metalworking, photography, and even fly-tying. There is another building, equally well equipped, which is used as a sports center. A major, two lieutenants, and three noncoms run the athletic program; four other officers and 27 enlisted men arrange entertainments and operate the hobby shop, music department and band. This staff, with the addition of eight more officers and noncoms, could serve one regiment, fewer than one thousand men.

If the Army extended this setup to the universal service Army, it would have to assign 2,700 officers to no other duty than athletics, recreations and special services. And, somewhere, millions of dollars would have to be found to pay for these things.

One of the important factors in the success of the Fort Knox program is the treatment the boys receive when they go into Louisville on pass. Unlike most American cities, the people of Louisville didn't desert the soldier when the war ended; he is still treated as well as when he was a hero. The night I was in Louisville, the half-million-dollar Service Center on Fourth Street was jumping with jive and swing while 150 girls and 200 G.I.s (Unit boys and soldiers) enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Ethel Money was busily dispatching four busloads of girls, suitably chaperoned, to dances at the fort. Her calendar for the coming month listed 75 dances, to each of which about 70 girls would be sent.

"We are very, very particular," she said. "The girls come from carefully selected families. After the dance every one will be delivered directly to her home."

Nice Place to Spend a Week End

Ed Keiley, director of the Service Center, said that the center, formerly the old Knights of Columbus building, had been opened in 1941. It has a hamburger counter, and hundreds of beds where soldiers on week-end pass can sleep if they wish. It has a reading room and pool and Ping-pong tables, all of which, when I was there, were being used by G.I.s and girls.

"Down the street at the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church," said Keiley, "they have served a free supper to G.I.s every Saturday night since 1942."

There are a good many questions about universal military service for which the Fort Knox experiment doesn't even pretend to provide the answers. Yet eventually these answers must be found if we are to have a real Army. The proposed law would require every young man to take twelve months' training, the first six of them in a camp which would, theoretically at least, imitate the Fort Knox pattern. The second six months would be spent in an advanced universal service camp, as part of a regular enlistment, in the National Guard, in the Organized Reserve, in the Naval or Marine Reserves, as part of an R.O.T.C. course, or in annual one-month training sessions of the Enlisted Reserve.

General Devine says that the universal service boys should be completely isolated from other soldiers. But how can that be done? How can such a boy get a year's real training if he is segregated from his fellows and from the ruggedness of Army life? It is planned to train about 144,000 boys for the Infantry every year. Suppose, after six months in the Fort Knox atmosphere, 50,000 of them sign up for an advanced universal service camp, to get their year's service out of the way. *How are they going to be trained?*

They've got to learn to act like soldiers, and there are many things they can learn only as members of an outfit, not at a training center. They'll march. They'll maneuver in battalions and regiments and maybe in divisions. They'll hand-carry machine guns up mountains and through swamps and across rivers. They'll work with experienced line sergeants and officers and technicians. They'll maneuver with supporting artillery and tanks; live shells will be fired over their heads. They'll march some more. Then they'll get week-end passes and go into town and they'll act like soldiers there, too.

NO BREAD and BUTTER...
UNLESS REQUESTED!
SAVE FOOD !

And that goes for other branches of the service. Men for port battalions are trained, finally, at the water front, not in a cloister. Experienced truck drivers are developed by having them drive over all kinds of roads in all kinds of weather. Naval recruits will get tough sea duty. And in all this training you'll have to mix the universal service boys—with their memories of the comforts of Fort Knox—with the regular Army men who had little or none of those comforts.

Here is another question on which the Experimental Unit at Fort Knox sheds no light:

How about the Negro? How will the Army train the ten Negroes among every hundred boys drafted under the universal service law? At Fort Knox the Army has dodged the question by having no Negroes in the Experimental Unit. The President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training recommended that there be no segregation in any form. But I am told that the Army intends to stick by the Gillem Report, which advocates separate Negro units of company, battalion and regimental size.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the Christian Herald and a member of the President's Advisory Commission, inspected the Experimental Unit last spring. When he left Fort Knox he said this:

"In setting up this Experimental Unit, the Army has made a solemn promise; it has committed itself to this type of training should Congress pass a law. American parents won't settle for less."

It isn't going to be easy to keep the promise.

THE END

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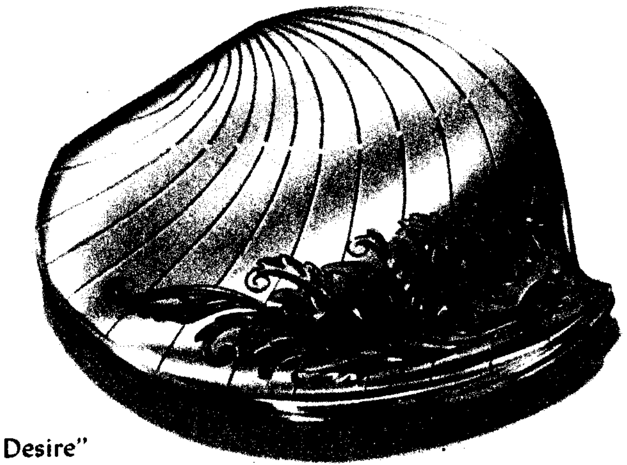

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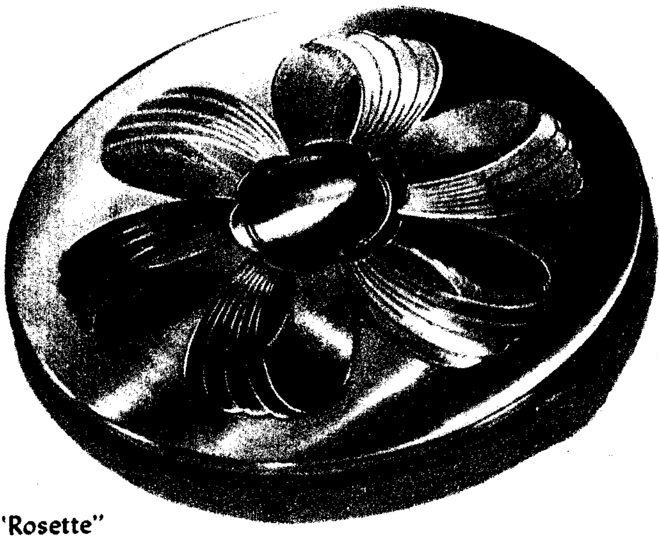

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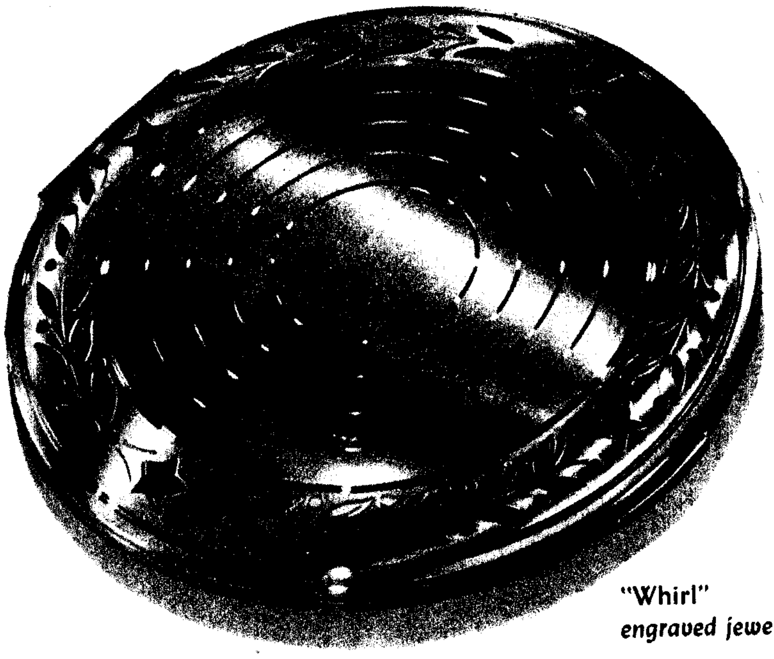

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THE MARRIAGE PRICE

Continued from page 15

take care with whom she talks," he called, "lest she be scorned by real men."

Andoki came up to her at the mahogany tree; she was staring dismally across the river and rubbing herself.

"My father would give me to Eboro for the sake of a gun and a te-e-e-pot," she sniffed. "Could you not steal those things and give them to my parents?"

"Steal?" Andoki was shocked. "That is very bad."

"It is also very bad to lust after the woman of another man," said a harsh voice behind them.

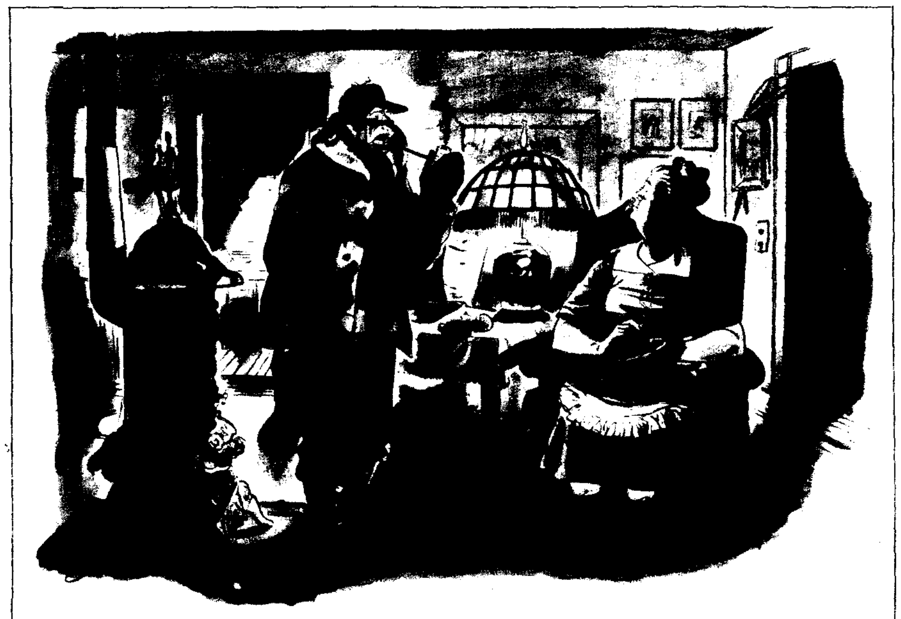
"I am not another man's woman," Ilumba said indignantly.

Eboro, scowling at them over a bush, his low brow twitching over cunning little eyes, looked like an angry ape.

"A stick will soften that tongue," he said darkly. "I am a rich man in this town. When the moon is big you shall come to my house, O Ilumba."

They watched him strut on hairy bowlegs back to his hut.

"I will not go to his house," Ilumba whimpered, scratching the circular tattoo on her small stomach.



"I'd like t' git one of them new-fangled electric milkers, but Nat Frazer says they play hob with television reception. Make the pitchers all blurry"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Andoki threw an arm across her shoulders and laid his face against hers.

"Go back to your father," he whispered, "lest that bigmouth make you trouble. I will find a way to pay the marriage price."

"How?" Her eyes were like brown pansies.

"I do not know," he said. "But I will not let you go to Eboro."

He watched her bustle bounce happily back to the village. Then he hitched his trousers to follow. The men of the village were preparing their nets on the riverbank. Women, most with babies riding their hips, were filing into a fold in the forest to tend their gardens. Small children sat in the warm, red dust playing solemn games. In the palaver house, a large shelter without walls, the old men scratched their lean ribs, gossiping over the fire. Their rheumy eyes collected on Andoki.

"When I was a young man I feared nothing," said one ancient pointedly. "I did not tend gardens like a woman; I killed elephants. Meat smoked over the fires, and men came to buy the teeth with salt and machetes and brass rods."

Andoki approached them.

"Old men," he said humbly, "how can I kill an elephant without a gun?"

"When I was young," quavered an ash-covered warrior, "I walked under him while he slept and I put my spear in his belly."

"I dug pits with poisoned stakes," another boasted.

A faint muttering came out of the forest. The old men fell silent to listen to the beat of a signal drum.

"A white man walks in the forest," it said. "He sits down at N'kole M'von. He seeks word of Matiu N'lombo."

"Wah, coward," cackled an elder. "Run to the white man. Perchance he will kill the devil for you."

Andoki marched across the clearing to where Eboro watched his wife arranging trade goods outside his hut.

"Lend me your fine gun," he said. "I would kill an elephant. I will pay for the loan with meat."

"Wah!" hooted Eboro. "The big man would hunt elephants like the white people. Where, O rich man, will you find money to pay license to kill elephants? Where will you find carriers to bear your fine loads? Go, stupid one. The devil who knelt on your father will kill you and then who will pay me for my gun? Go, coward, and scratch your garden with the other women. Leave this important person who must make palaver with the chief."

Andoki retreated under Eboro's jeers, collected his hoe and followed the women to the gardens. His own patch was large and tilled after the Americani fashion; an improvement the women had so far refused to copy.

"Cassava between plantains," they chanted. "Peanuts between cassava; beans between peanuts. Work your garden well, Andoki; perchance a rich husband will come for you."

He ignored their shrieks of laughter to chop morosely at the weeds between his carefully tended rows. . . .

The sun was low when he followed the women back to the village. Eboro, in tight trousers below which his feet stuck out like tree roots, sat in the palaver house talking pompously to the chief. The old men, chased from the fire, squatted in the dust, listening.

"A fine price," they were agreeing. "He will pay the fine gun and the te-e-e-pot as well as iron pots, brass rods, salt, fishhooks and many pieces of cotton cloth. In three days there will be a marriage dance."

Outside Eboro's hut his wife squatted, glowering.

"One woman, two women," she muttered. "I am his woman. He does not thirst for the small one. He wants her because she is the child of a chief; he would be a big man with two wives. What can I do with the small one? She knows nothing but play."

Andoki eyed her.

"If I had a gun I could kill an elephant." He peered inside Eboro's hut.

"If Eboro sees you at his door he will beat you with a stick."

"If I killed an elephant I could pay the marriage price," Andoki said softly.

The woman glanced toward the palaver house. It was growing dark; already the fire glowed red against blue shadows. "The gun is above Eboro's bed," she said. "The black grains are under it. If I see nothing I know nothing."

Andoki stepped over the doorsill. There were two beds, the ashes of the night fire between them. He sighed for the wealth stacked in crates, cases and bundles against the bark wall. He reached for the gun, then lifted the bed and dragged out the keg of powder. Pouring a handful into a scrap of bark cloth he stole out of the hut. Silently he circled the village to his own hut, stripped off his pajama trousers and tucked a bark cloth about his middle. Then he picked up his machete, the short-hafted elephant spear of his father, the gun and powder and stole out of the village.

FOR a mile he trotted through the narrow forest trail, his heart thudding at strange night sounds. He squatted in a moon-filled clearing to examine the gun. He cocked it, as he had seen Eboro do. He pulled the trigger; the flint made a satisfying spark. Rising to his feet, Andoki moved into the darkness.

Four miles from M'bene's village, he came upon an abandoned sugar plantation, choked with undergrowth and cane that had gone to seed. Here Matiu N'lombo was known to feed, resting by day in the shadow of immense iroko trees. He was a mighty solitary, driven from the great herd of South Cameroons years before by a younger, stronger bull. With one tusk snapped off in the terrific battle, the beaten leader had shambled off into the forest. For years he had terrorized the Bulu people, charging their towns, raging and stamping until the fragile huts were tattered shreds. He had killed many. White men had gone in search of him, but he was cunning as well as savage and he had always escaped. The bush people fled from him as from a forest devil.

Andoki took station in the buttressed roots of a cottonwood tree where he would be sheltered from observation while he could see for some distance. But for faint moonlight filtering through the upper branches of the tree, it was black. He settled himself, the gun across his knees, to wait. Luminous sparks moved in the darkness and there were stealthy sounds that made his skin crawl. Once the bark of a gorilla chilled him with fear. But he must have slept for the descending scale of the fever bird roused him to the fact that there was a grayness in the sky. As the light increased he could see to pour powder down the muzzle of the gun. He wadded the bark cloth after it and shoved the wire-bound shaft of his father's spear down the barrel until only the broad-bladed point protruded. Then he cocked the gun and poured a little powder into the priming pan.

Soon he could see across the tangled clearing. The night racket diminished as the sun rose and soon there was silence. Suddenly a pair of waterbuck bounded out of cover, their hides dappled with gold by the sun. Backed against the tree trunk, Andoki crouched motionless.

There was a sound from a depression

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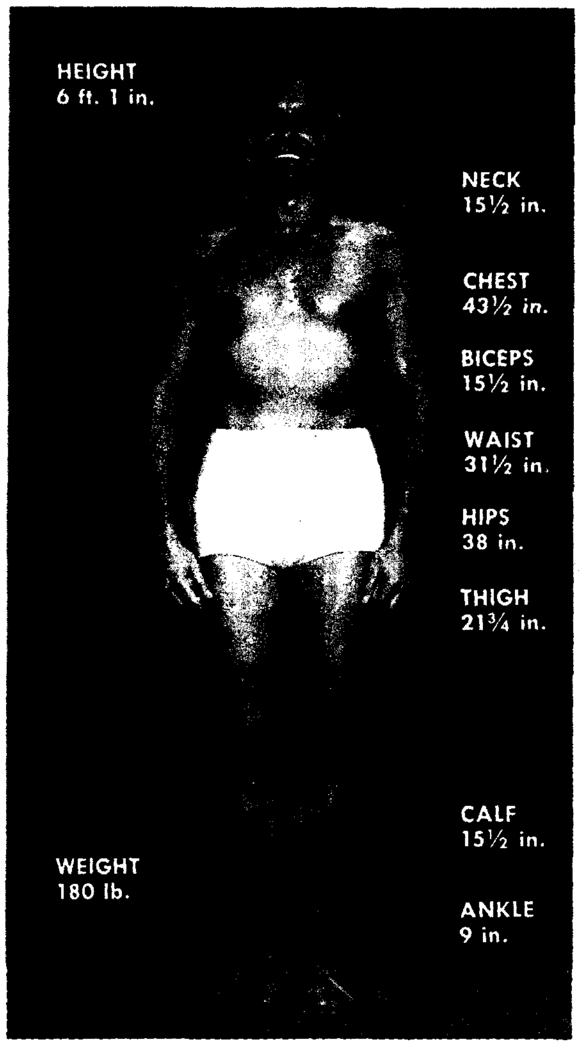
HEIGHT
6 ft. 1 in.
NECK
15½ in.
CHEST
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BICEPS
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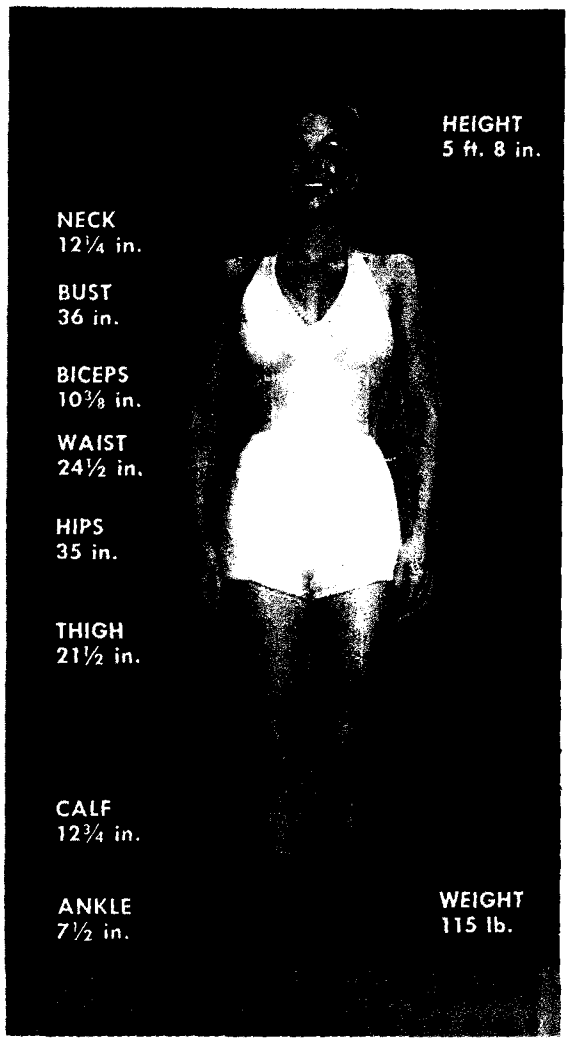
HEIGHT
5 ft. 8 in.
NECK
12¼ in.
BUST
36 in.
BICEPS
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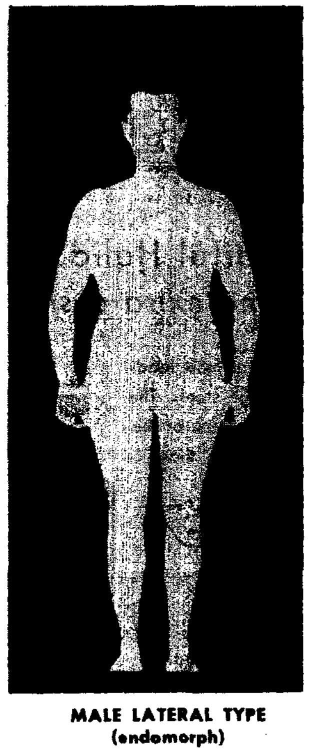
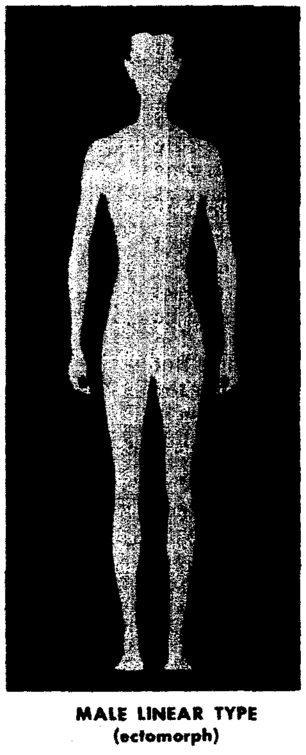
115 lb.

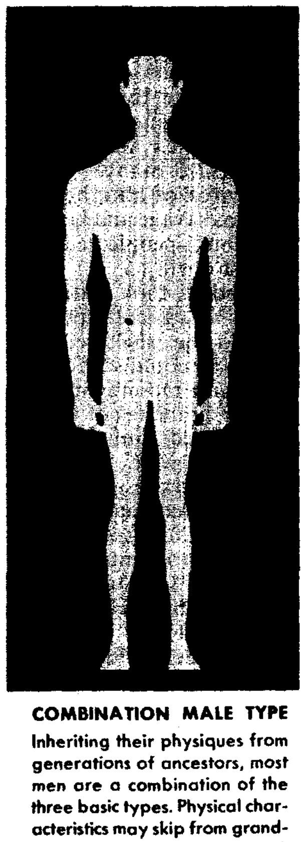
APPROACH TO PERFECTION
Grace and poise mark this desirable "Muscular" type, the mesomorph. Medium in height and weight, such women are energetic, often a match for their husbands in golf or tennis. Frequently social leaders, they also manage home and children efficiently. Their activity calls for foods which provide an abundance of dextrose, energy-sugar.



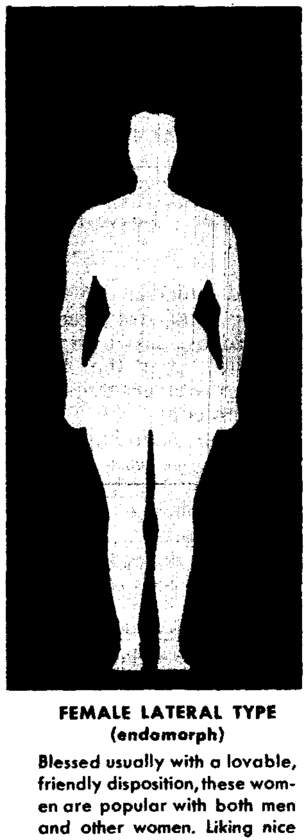
MALE LATERAL TYPE
(endomorph)
Usually genial and affectionate, laterals are generally extroverts. They love company, are generous and trusting, make good salesmen, actors, public speakers (also husbands). They are often excellent swimmers. Their energy requirements are high. They are fond of foods which provide plenty of dextrose sugar to maintain their activity.



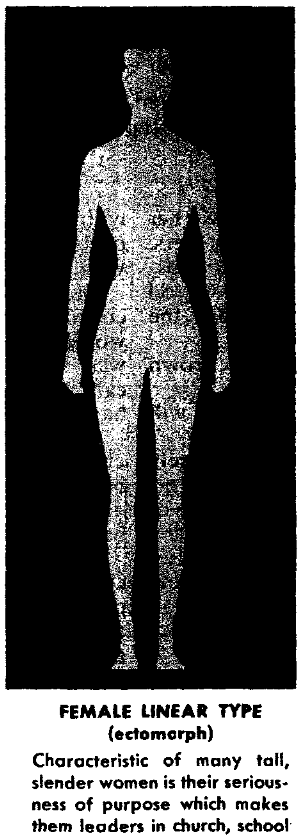
MALE LINEAR TYPE
(ectomorph)
Tall, slender people are more often serious, quiet in speech and action. They are predisposed toward the professions; make excellent scientists, teachers and writers. As children, they usually need more food to match the growth of other types. As adults, they prefer protein foods, although foods rich in dextrose provide the major part of their energy.



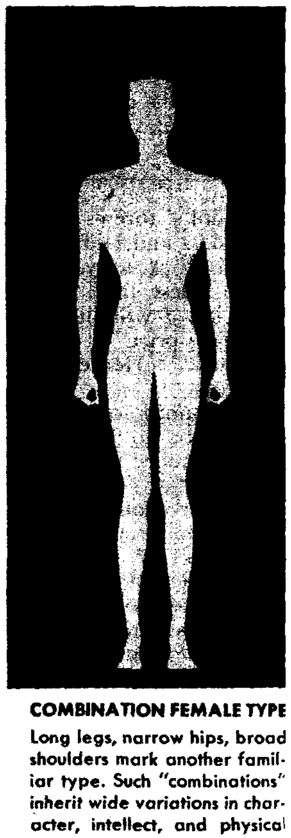
COMBINATION MALE TYPE
Inheriting their physiques from generations of ancestors, most men are a combination of the three basic types. Physical characteristics may skip from grandparents to grandchildren. A man may get heavy shoulders and a well developed torso from his "muscular" father and thin legs from his maternal side. His energy, however, comes chiefly from the basic "fuel" sugar—dextrose.



FEMALE LATERAL TYPE
(endomorph)
Blessed usually with a lovable, friendly disposition, these women are popular with both men and other women. Liking nice things, they are fine wives and mothers, excellent housekeepers, good cooks. They appreciate fine food, and know that in a well-balanced diet, foods rich in dextrose are the most important sources of all mental and physical energy.



FEMALE LINEAR TYPE
(ectomorph)
Characteristic of many tall, slender women is their seriousness of purpose which makes them leaders in church, school and community activities. They seldom talk about their own affairs, nor do they gossip. They have great capacity for public service. They freely expend energy, which is chiefly replaced by foods which provide dextrose, energy-sugar.



COMBINATION FEMALE TYPE
Long legs, narrow hips, broad shoulders mark another familiar type. Such "combinations" inherit wide variations in character, intellect, and physical reactions. Practically all modern women, however, are healthier, stronger, more active than their forebears...largely due to more intelligent nutrition, in which dextrose sugar always plays its part in providing quick food energy.

to his right. His mouth dry, he crept behind the tree, moving silently, avoiding the pools of sunshine as he sidled toward a slow, irregular rumbling that came from the stomach of an enormous elephant, standing like a gray rock beside a tree.

The great beast snorted once, moving his feet, stamping softly. His great ears, folded like wings along his shoulders, flapped once and were still. A short, stiff mane followed his spine to the tail, bare but for a bunch of wire-thick hair at the end. Down his left shoulder oozed a glistening discharge from the tusk socket where a splinter of decayed ivory was still visible. His head was angular, with deep hollows above the eyes, the trunk moved restlessly fingering the ground between his feet. Once the head turned and Andoki gaped at a splendidly curved, blackened tusk that reached almost to the ground. He crouched in terror as the beast shook his terrible head and, squealing madly, thrashed his trunk against the tree. His eyes were small and white and crazy.

Holding his breath, Andoki crept closer until the great, stinking shoulder was above him. Slowly he raised the gun, aimed it at the point where the edge of the ear crossed the ribs and squeezed the trigger. There was a terrific *bang!* Andoki was knocked sprawling. He scrambled frantically behind a tree as the elephant staggered, then braced his forefeet. Slowly the head turned. The trunk lifted, scenting delicately. A great spurt of blood jetted around the spear shaft in his side. The trunk lowered, stretching like a snake. A vicious glitter lighted the tiny eyes. Suddenly the beast trumpeted shrilly. The ears stuck out like sails, the trunk stiffened. He lurched with terrifying speed toward the tree behind which Andoki quaked. Then he halted; his head went back; his hind legs buckled. He struggled for moments and then, with a deep, exhausted groan, toppled on his side. The hind leg swung a little and was still. After a while ants came out to the great sop of blood.

Andoki crawled warily from cover, his heart beating like a frightened deer's. He ducked under the single tusk, scrambled over the enormous carcass and hacked at the tail with his machete. Then, gripping the stiff brush, he raced back to the village.

"I have killed him!" he panted. "I, Andoki, have killed Matiu N'lombo. There is meat for all and a tooth for my marriage price—" He halted at the silent group of men confronting him.

"The thief," Eboro bawled. "The stealer of guns. Hold him!"

"I did not steal," Andoki protested. "I borrowed the gun. Here it is, returned. I will pay for its use with meat."

"You will pay," squalled Eboro. "The meat you killed with my gun is mine."

"E ké!" gasped Andoki.

"Aye," pronounced M'bene sternly. "You, who have said it is bad to steal, stole Eboro's gun. You have returned it so you will not be punished. But the meat, killed by his gun, is his."

"It was I who held the gun," Andoki faltered.

"Thief!" yelled Eboro. "Could you kill the beast without my gun?"

"I may keep the ivory?" Andoki begged humbly.

"The ivory is mine," Eboro yelled. "And the meat. Make drum talk. Tell all men that there is meat for trade."

"Wah!" shouted the villagers. "Lead us to the dead Matiu N'lombo."

"He lies in the old cane garden," mumbled Andoki.

Men, women and children grabbed baskets, knives and machetes and streamed out of the village. The old men lifted their cracked voices in ancient battle songs and tottered after them. Only Ilumba remained.

"You killed the great devil for me!" Her eyes were soft.

"Aye, for our marriage price. Here is the marriage price," he said bitterly, holding out the bloody tail.

She took it reverently.

"With the strong hair of Matiu N'lombo I shall make bracelets for our arms. They will be finer than silver bracelets, and stronger."

"Yet not strong enough to hold you to me. In two days your father will have the gun, your mother will have the te-e-e-pot, and Eboro will have you. I shall have nothing." He ran to his hut.

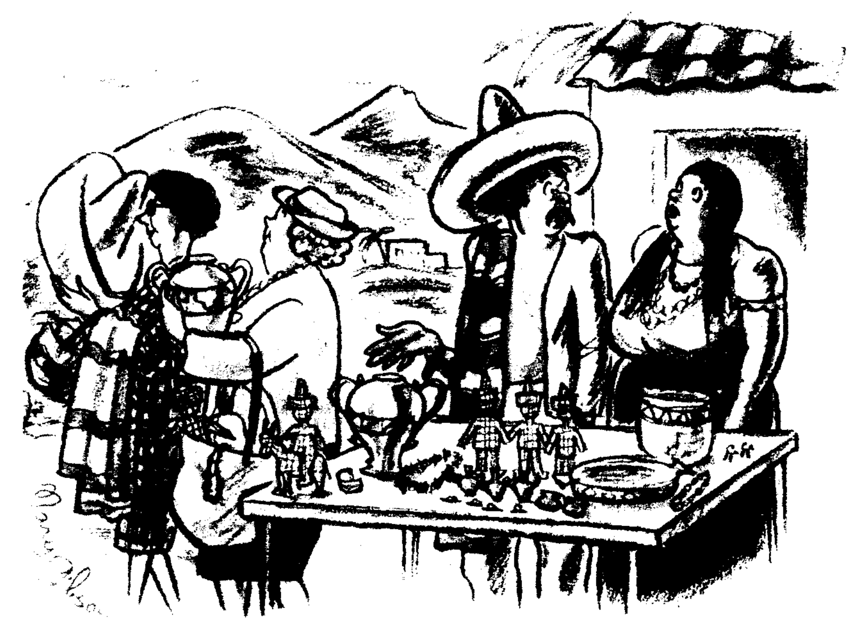
ALL day long the people, smeared with blood, dumped baskets of meat in the village and raced back for more until there was a pile higher than a man.

"Make drum talk," Eboro mumbled around a hunk of meat. "Tell the white man at N'kole M'von that there is fine ivory at M'bene's town." He grinned triumphantly at Andoki.

The night rumbled with the news passed by the drums from town to town across the forest. And by morning canoes were pulling in to the riverbank and strangers admired the stacks of meat smoking over great fires. Eboro strutted, gun over shoulder, haggling over the produce offered for meat.

Andoki stared reproachfully at Ilumba who was guiltily gulping a morsel.

"I am a small woman," she said humbly. "And when my father gave me a piece I did eat." She hiccuped apolo-



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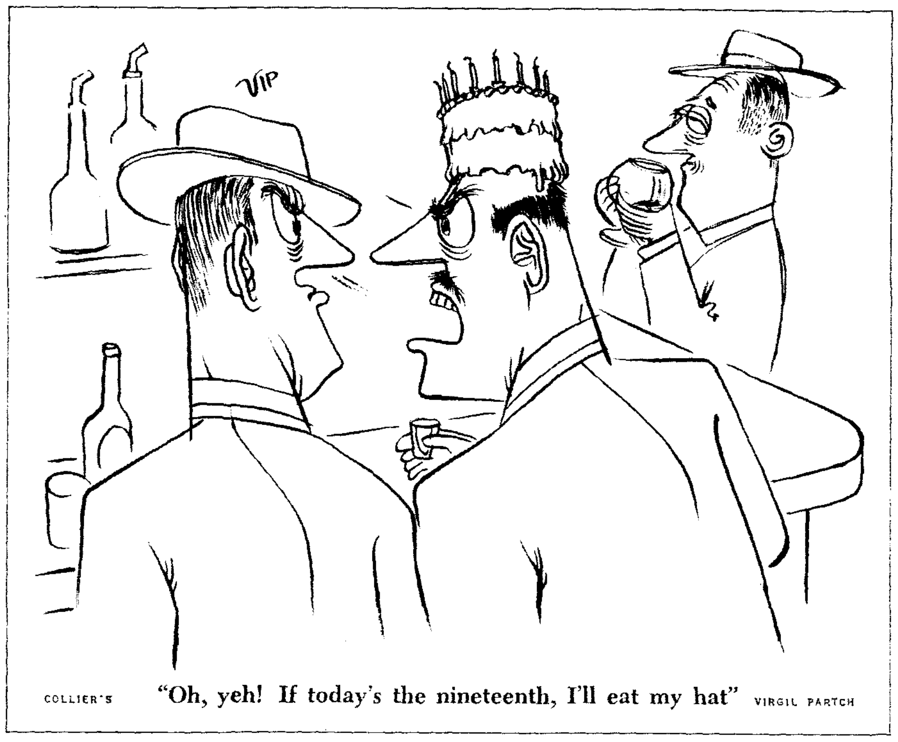


COLLIER'S "Oh, yeh! If today's the nineteenth, I'll eat my hat" VIRGIL PARTCH

getically and licked her fingers. "It was very good meat that you killed."

Slowly the pile dwindled and the heap of produce outside Eboro's hut grew larger. That night the trader sat beside the roaring fire guarding his meat, the gun across his knees. His wife wept in their hut.

At dawn the drums spoke of a white man approaching the village.

"Wah!" Eboro rejoiced. "He comes to buy the fine tooth of Matiu N'lombo. Sweep the palaver house. Bring chickens and eggs. Bring bananas and pineapples. I shall make trade with the white man."

"It is the chief who orders in this place," M'bene said coldly. "Take care, Eboro, lest your riches make you too big for this town."

THAT afternoon M'bene waited to salute the white man. Women brought plantains, eggs, fowls and fruit for him. Eboro strutted about the village bawling orders, a too-small helmet teetering on his bullet head.

Then, in the middle of the afternoon, six police with guns walked into the village, followed by a small white man with forked beard and gold bars on the shoulders of his white tunic.

"E ké." Eboro gasped. "Hide the tusk! It is a government man."

But the tusk stood in plain view. Eboro dived into his hut.

"M'bolo, N'tangan." M'bene saluted. The police stood in file behind the white man, who was eying the great tusk outside Eboro's hut.

"I see you, O Chief," he said. "I have come on the matter of Matiu N'lombo. The signal drums spoke saying a man of this town had killed him."

M'bene looked toward Eboro's hut.

"No! No!" Eboro bolted into the open, saluting like an automaton. "No, *sar,* I did not kill the elephant. I am a good man, *sar,* a trader. I would not kill elephant without paying for license to the government. It is a small man of this town who killed him. One Andoki. He killed without paying license money. He went into the forest—"

"Bring this Andoki."

Andoki stepped from his hut.

"I see you." The white man glanced at the sweating Eboro. "This man says you have killed Matiu N'lombo."

"I killed him, *N'tangan.*" Andoki pointed at the tusk. "There is his one tooth. The small woman has the tail."

The white man looked with appreciation at Ilumba, peering round-eyed from behind her father.

"He will punish him for not paying." Eboro sniggered in M'bene's ear. "He will reward me for telling his name."

The white man held up his hand for silence.

"For many years," he said, "the people of this country have been humbugged by the rogue, Matiu N'lombo. Gardens have been spoiled, huts have been smashed and many men killed. For that reason the government has made him outlaw and promised a reward for whoever kills him." He held out a blue paper to Andoki. "What you have done is a very brave thing," he added. "I give you this paper. You shall take it to Ebolowa and they will pay you one thousand francs for it."

"Wah!" Eboro snatched at the paper. "The money is mine. It was my fine gun that killed the elephant. O woman, bring my fine gun for the white man to see."

The white man looked interested.

"It was said that a spear killed Matiu N'lombo," he said thoughtfully, as Eboro's wife brought out the gun. "So it was a gun that fired the spear."

"It said *'Tschang!'* but once, and he died," said Andoki shyly.

"And where is the powder that made it say *'Tschang!'?"* the white man asked.

"E ké." Eboro gasped, for his helpful wife was bringing out the powder keg.

"So," the white man eyed Eboro sternly. "You possess powder. I shall take that powder. And you shall walk to Ebolowa with my police to pay a fine. The gun is confiscated. Yet, because it killed the great rogue, the chief shall carry it as a mark of honor to this town." He handed the paper to Andoki. "The reward is for the man and not the gun."

"N'tangan," Andoki said. "How many te-e-e-pots will one thousand francs buy?"

"Teapots?" The white man smiled. "About a hundred. Why?"

"Wah!" yelled Andoki. "I will walk with you to Ebolowa and I will buy ten te-e-e-pots for the mother of Ilumba. I will buy iron pots and umbrellas and sardines and fine clothes for her father. For her I will buy cotton cloth and silver bracelets—"

"And I will walk to Ebolowa with my husband," declared Ilumba firmly.

"I will walk with my fine son-in-law to buy fine things for the marriage price," roared M'bene.

"I, too, will walk," said his wife, "to pick out beautiful te-e-e-pots."...

That night the villagers, full of free meat, danced before the great tusk outside the hut of Andoki. Under a mahogany tree overlooking the moonlit river two brown figures sat close.

"Oh, oh, mammy, oh, la-la," sang Andoki, while Ilumba fastened a bracelet of elephant hair about his arm.

THE END

HOW FRANCE EVADED STALIN'S GRASP

Continued from page 13

French-Russian relations were very cool. Catroux felt it every time he saw Molotov. Even in such small matters as acquiring another building next to the embassy in Moscow for an extension of its offices, Molotov showed his ill-temper and said no. And when Catroux inquired at the same time whether Stalin could see him, the answer was always: no reply. Bidault's feeler had failed completely.

With Franco-Russia relations in this state of tension, Bidault left for Moscow to attend the Council of Foreign Ministers meeting. But this was not his only worry. General de Gaulle, who had resigned from public life on January 20, 1946, had suddenly decided to reenter the political ring. Throughout 1946 he had raised his voice on only one issue—the new French constitution, which, he thought, did not give enough power to the president. But just before Bidault left Paris, De Gaulle announced that he would make important political speeches to rally French public opinion behind him, for greater unity among the French people to fight the Communist party's aims to dominate France. It was De Gaulle's new bid for resuming the leadership of France.

Two Great Leaders Compared

Here, a word is necessary about the strange relationship—or the lack of one—between Bidault and General de Gaulle. There was practically no disagreement between the two in their ideas or in their political aims for France; only a difference in approach. Both are ardent Catholics, both hate Communism, both rose to significance and leadership as fighters for the liberation of France from the German yoke.

But physically, mentally and sentimentally, they are at opposite poles. General de Gaulle is tall, military, stiff and inaccessible, mentally stubborn and autocratic; sentimentally he considers himself the incarnation of the new France. Bidault is short, delicate, almost feminine, modest and shy, a scholar of history and literature. It is said that if Bidault is asked to take issue on a question, he replies, "Yes, but . . ." whereas De Gaulle would answer, "No, because . . ."

Bidault is earth-bound and realistic, but De Gaulle, when once warned that he might be assassinated, replied in his mystic, autocratic manner, "That is unimportant. I shall govern France better dead than alive."

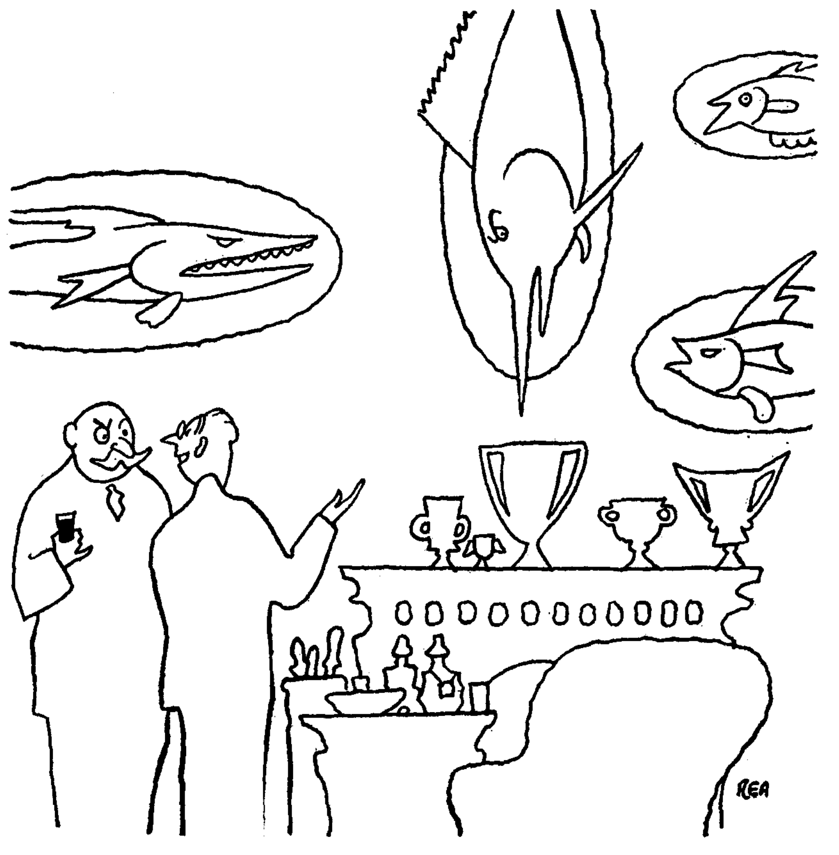
From the very day De Gaulle and Bidault met, they disliked each other. Nevertheless, Bidault became the head of the Popular Republican party, which had originally been founded to support De Gaulle who, in order that he might remain above party politics, was not its avowed leader.

But when De Gaulle turned thumbs down on the French constitution after its second drafting in January, 1946, all major parties, including the Popular Republicans, voted for it. The Popular Republicans, under Bidault, were fed up with the whims of General de Gaulle. They suspected him of aiming at a Napoleonic dictatorship, and decided for the new constitution, which curbed the president's powers.

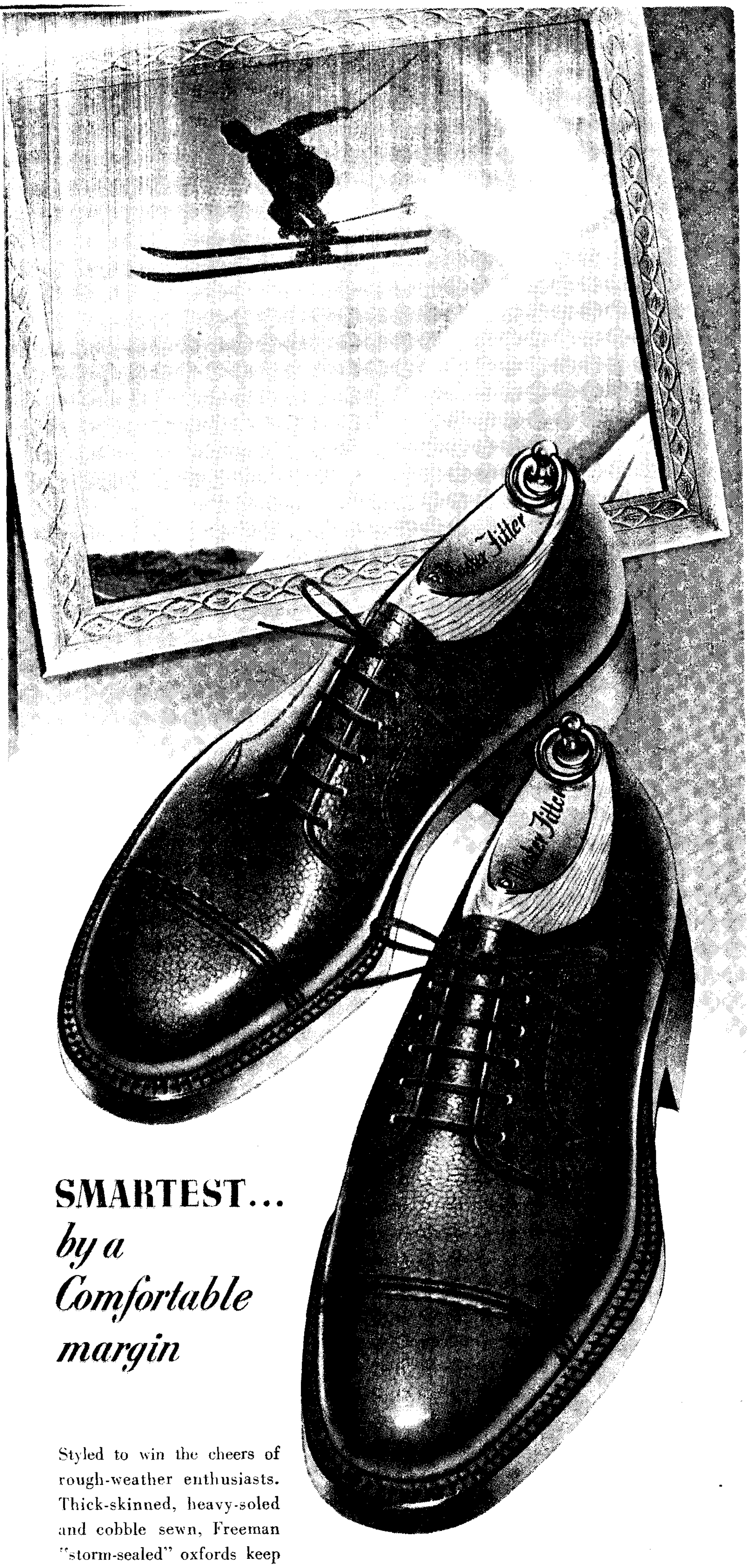
De Gaulle felt that Bidault had led astray the party that had really been his own, and he was thoroughly angry about it. He retired to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises and became known as the "hermit of Colombey" without a party. For nearly a year he remained in seclusion, and not until late in December, 1946, did the public hear that De Gaulle was preparing to stage his political comeback.

When Bidault heard this he felt that De Gaulle's return to the political scene might mean the crumbling of his own party, which still consisted mainly of De Gaulle's backers.

To prevent this, Bidault sent Pierre-Henri Teitgen, Vice-Premier, secretly to Colombey in February, 1947. Would De Gaulle be prepared to resume contact with the Popular Republican party? Teitgen found De Gaulle still deeply hurt by the fact that the Republican party had



COLLIER'S "Plastics?" GARDNER REA



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deserted him and voted for a constitution he had disapproved.

"You are the slave of the Communists!" he shouted in Teitgen's face. "You are letting yourself be maneuvered by the Communists! France's foreign policy, too, must change in the face of tyranny. We must stand together with the United States!"

Teitgen allowed the storm to pass and then asked De Gaulle whether he was willing to let bygones be bygones, and whether he would give his support to the Republican party on his return to politics.

"My conditions," De Gaulle replied sternly, "are, first: The constitution will have to be revised as I requested originally." Second, he wanted the Communists thrown out of the government; and third, the government's foreign policy would have to be orientated more to the West.

Teitgen returned to Paris, and the party leaders went into a huddle. They finally decided they could neither revise the constitution nor expel the Communists at that stage.

After this turndown had been communicated to Colombey, De Gaulle decided to step out of his self-imposed retirement, create his own party and tell the French people what his policies were.

The Premier Pays a Visit

The Socialists were almost as upset as the Popular Republicans by De Gaulle's new activities, and Premier Ramadier himself motored to Colombey to see De Gaulle. News of the visit was made public. As a pretext, however, it was given out that Ramadier had conveyed to De Gaulle the government's refusal of a military guard at his political speechmaking, because he was now a retired general. In reality, though, Ramadier begged De Gaulle not to go back into politics.

"You would play into the Communists' hands," Premier Ramadier pleaded, "because you would weaken the center parties, the Popular Republicans and us Socialists, and you would hand a good argument to the Communists, who will fight you—in the name of the Republic—as aiming at dictatorship."

But De Gaulle was unmoved. He felt the crucial showdown between Communism and the West was close at hand, and that he was the only one who could lead France in that decisive struggle.

Small wonder, then, that Bidault on his special train to Moscow worried over the tactics he would have to adopt toward Russia and toward De Gaulle, who was about to appeal to Bidault's party to support him again. Russia's policy of seeking the centralization of Germany instead of loose federalization, as France and the United States proposed, was incompatible with the security and the aims of the French people, Bidault thought. The prospect of insuring France's future against a rising, militant Germany through close co-operation with Russia had gone aglimmering. France's basic reason for the alliance with Russia seemed to have disappeared.

De Gaulle's strategy, Bidault thought, would be to point scornfully at Bidault's policy of sitting on the fence between East and West.

"Aren't you tired of sitting on the fence?" Britain's Foreign Minister Bevin had once asked Bidault.

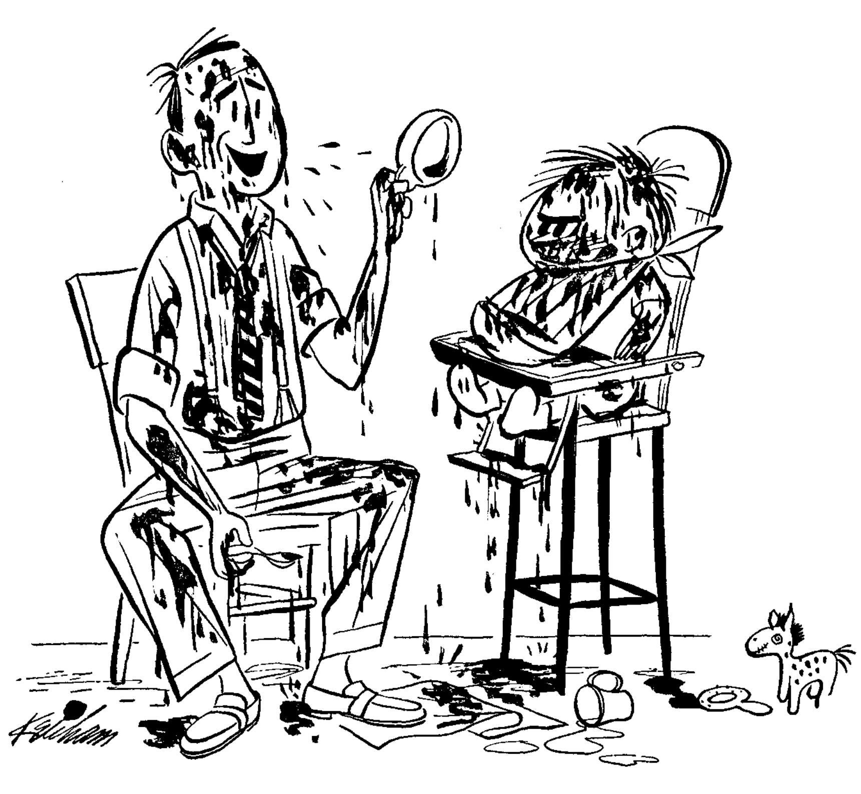
Of course, Bidault was tired of it. Furthermore, he recognized that De Gaulle would probably win away the people who had voted for his, Bidault's, party because they were anti-Communist, and preferred Western to Eastern influence.

But it was Generalissimo Stalin himself who finally decided Bidault which way to jump. On March 17, 1947, at 9 P.M., the usual time for audiences with Stalin, Bidault's limousine stopped at the Kremlin gate. The streets and courtyards behind the red, crenelated walls of Stalin's inner sanctum were plunged in darkness. A Kremlin guard auto, as usual, took the lead and guided the French embassy car for a few minutes through a maze of crooked streets; it was like going in circles.

These were customary maneuvers to prevent any foreigner from locating Stalin's residence.

Bidault was the first of the three Foreign Ministers to be invited to call on Stalin. This caused quite a stir among the various delegations, but obviously Stalin did not know just where Bidault stood since he had signed the Anglo-French treaty a few weeks earlier. Obviously Stalin wanted to find out.

Stalin listened intently to Bidault's interpretation of the French government's policy regarding Germany. When



COLLIER'S "He finished all of it, Dorothy!" HANK KETCHAM

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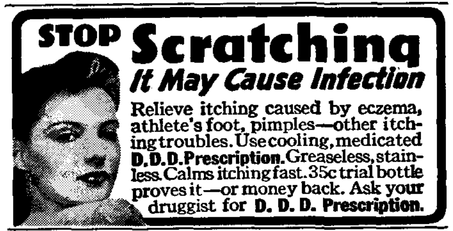
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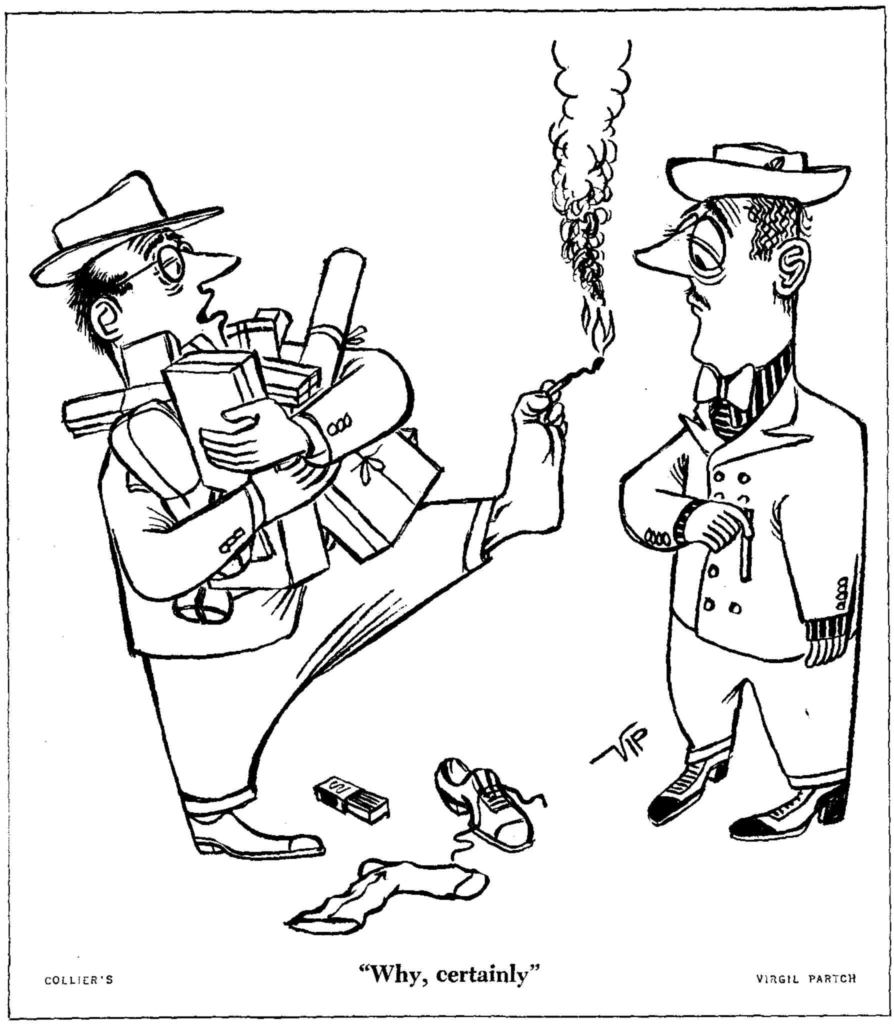

"Why, certainly"

he came to the French plan for the internationalization of the Ruhr, Bidault asked—referring to a memorandum on that subject which the French government had circulated among the Big Four two months previously—what the Russian attitude would be.

"Did *you* get that *memorandum?*" Stalin asked Molotov, who was present. Obviously, Stalin himself had not seen it.

"Yes, I believe so," Molotov replied hesitatingly.

"There you are!" Stalin burst out laughing, apparently pleased to have caught his Foreign Minister amiss. "Molotov hasn't even read your memo!"

Of course, this was a well-rehearsed little act to relieve Molotov of replying to Bidault.

But the dramatic moment came when Stalin, with sly innocence, said: "Of course, it will be necessary for the conference to regulate the question of the Saar." Ever since the defeat of Germany, France had laid claims to the important Saar coal mines. She wanted that territory to be economically integrated into France and definitely severed from Germany. Stalin added firmly: "We will support your claims for the Saar, if you will support our demands for reparations out of current production in Germany."

It was tempting bait.

"I consider the Saar problem closed," replied Bidault. "The people of the Saar desire her economic attachment to France, and so do we. The question, as you see, is therefore, in effect, already regulated. And as to reparations from current production," Bidault went on, with stubborn caution, "we can't say anything about that before we know what repercussions they would have on the level of German industry."

Bidault had rejected the bait. It was a courageous stand, because it meant a delay of French control over the Saar—and its coal which France badly needed—for several months, at least, until the next meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers. But Stalin did not give up so easily.

"You know quite well," he began again, "that in the matter of reparations, as well as other problems, the United States and Britain form a bloc. To restore the balance in this conference, it is most important that the line-up be two against two."

Now Stalin had thrown the lasso. It was whirling over Bidault's head. This was an open bid to Bidault to ally himself with Russia. It was Stalin's "Take it or leave it" to France.

Bidault immediately sensed the full meaning of the bargain held out by Stalin. His fingers clutched the armchair angrily, and leaning slightly forward, he said in icy tones, "The only bloc France wants to form is a four-power bloc." This was the end. The bridge between the East and the West had collapsed.

Demand Rejected by Molotov

A few days later, at the conference table, Molotov rejected Bidault's demand for the economic integration of the Saar with France.

France had taken a big gamble. She had cast her lot with the United States, although it was far from certain that she would obtain the financial and material help she so desperately needed for survival.

Bidault once put it plainly to Mr. Byrnes when he said, "You are asking me to jump into the water with you. But what guarantee have I that you will save me?"

France was aware that she would need endless patience and stamina during the long, exasperating period while Congress debated the pros and cons and made up its mind on that help. She had risked civil war between the militant French Communist party and its opposing forces—all this in the absence of any American military guarantees to France, which nowadays is very close to Russia's borders.

Was it a victory for the Socialists' oracle, Leon Blum? Or was it a victory for Bidault? The French voters said it was a victory for General Charles de Gaulle.

It might be called a triumph for the United States.

THE END

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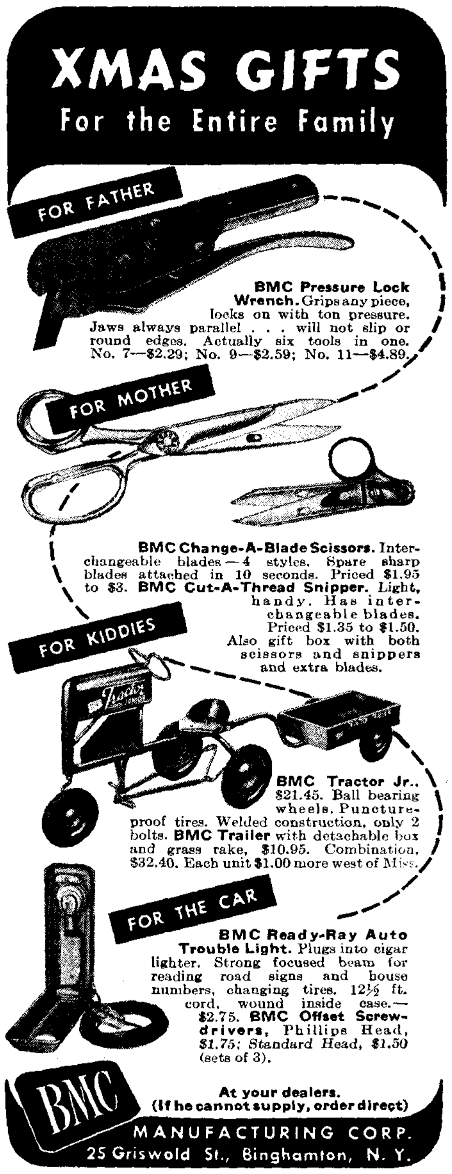
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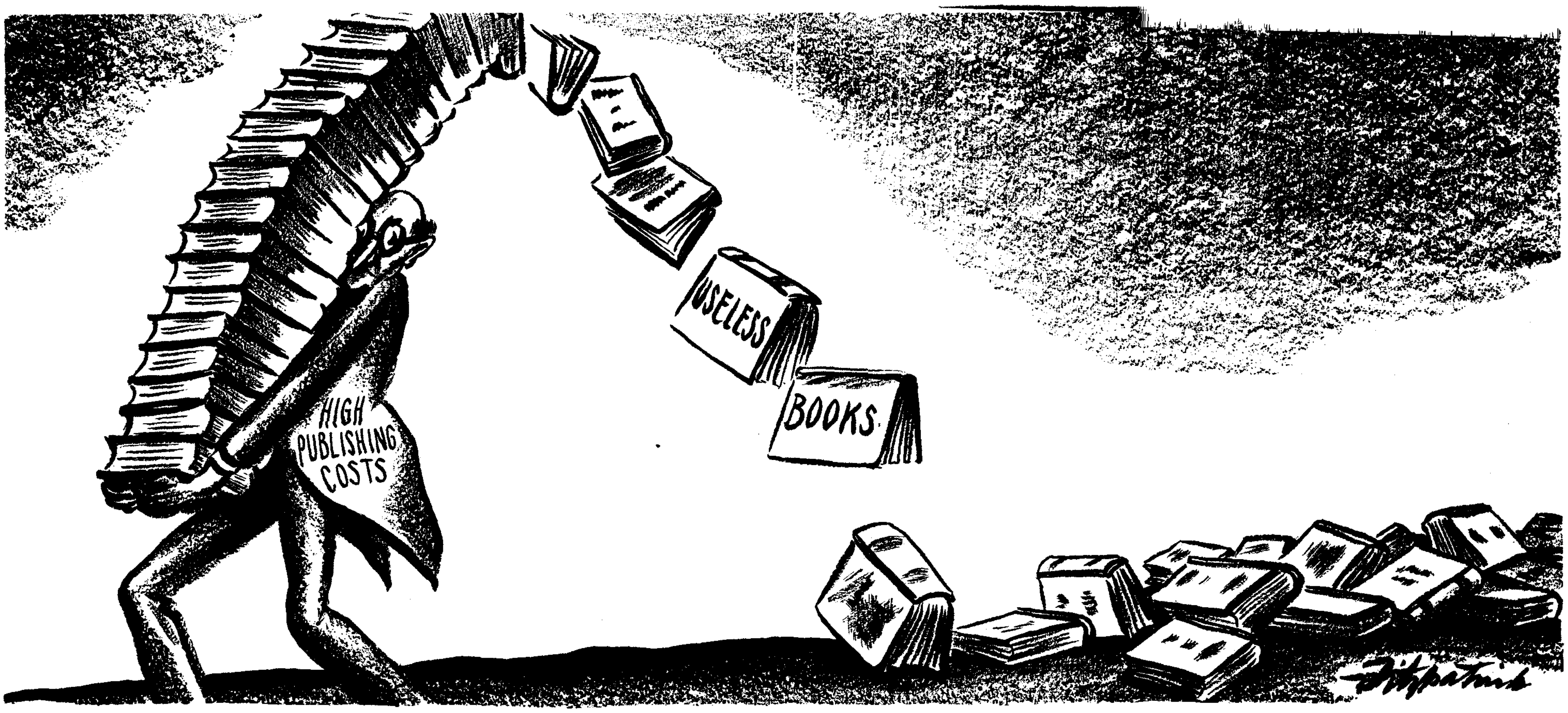


BOOKS THAT WE DON'T NEED

YOU hear many a moan these days from ulcerated book publishers about how paper shortages and soaring labor costs are keeping a lot of desirable books from being printed. Well, how about the needless books that get into print?

For example, do we really need as much as one more book from one more person who has taken a six-week gander at Soviet Russia and considers himself or herself an expert on that subject? Didn't General Marshall tell the essentials of the China tragedy in a report of far less than book length on the failure of his Chinese mission? Do we have to have any more prejudiced blackguardings of General Dwight D. Eisenhower? Must there be further memoirs of World War II, except from persons qualified to write them by virtue of firsthand experience—persons like Eisenhower himself, MacArthur, Nimitz, Churchill, Montgomery, De Gaulle?

Aren't anthologies being overdone? How many novels, hailed as epic masterpieces today, are read six months from today? Do we need any more two-pound tomes on why Marxism is better than democracy or vice versa; or hasn't all been said that can be said on that subject?

Haven't sufficient books now been written on how to live your life pleasantly, and on how to bring up children?

And so on. Maybe we're being vulgar, uncouth and anticultural in saying such a thing; but, considering the hordes of superfluous books that get into print in this country each year, we find ourselves unable to break out the crying towels over the fact that publishing costs are cutting slightly into the output. Perchance it's all for the best.

DOUBLING UP IN COMFORT

IT IS reported that 2,800,000 American married couples, or more than 8 per cent of the total number, are doubling up in houses meant for only one family each. Many of them are grating seriously on one another's nerves. Occasionally such a setup erupts in mayhem or homicide. And the housing shortage goes on, on and on.

We happen to know of one case where the problem has been tackled about as effectively, it seems to us, as it can be in any case. This, too, is an instance, not of mere doubling up, but of tripling up. The parties involved are (1) an elderly lady, (2) one of her daughters and this daughter's husband—no children—and (3) another daughter with an adopted child, a little girl of four or five. They all live in a fairly good-sized but not outsized apartment—and they get along splendidly.

Their system consists in dividing up the available rooms three ways, and in simply never invading one another's allotted domains.

They pretend that they are living in three separate houses, which just happen to have one kitchen and two baths among them; that they are close and friendly neighbors, related to one another, but in no wise roommates, collectivists or what's-yours-is-mine people.

They have this advantage: that all the adults in the group are persons of uncommon common sense, while the little girl is a honey. Nevertheless, we should think the underlying principle involved could be applied by almost any doubling-up group with at least fair success. Just thought we'd pass the tip along.

HERE'S TO JOE CURRAN

AMERICANS in general, we think, owe a vote of thanks to Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union (C.I.O.). Curran, if all goes well, is in process of saving the U.S. Merchant Marine from coming under the domination of Soviet Russia.

For a long time, the NMU chief played along with the strong Communist element in his union; was even suspected of being secretly a Red.

At the NMU's latest convention, in New York City, Curran read the riot act to the Communists, and roared his intention either to return the union to the control of the rank and file or to resign. He won on all major issues.

The NMU isn't all the way out of the woods yet, but it is well started in that direction. If Curran eventually wins, it will be a victory for the American people as well as for him. The reason why that is so is that if the Communist party can come to dominate U.S. merchant shipping it can cripple our Merchant Marine whenever the Kremlin waggles a finger.

The implications are too serious for Americans to tolerate. Anyway, American public opinion should back up NMU President Joe Curran in every possible way, from here on to the end of this particular struggle.

"THAT COCK WON'T FIGHT"

WHEN a lawyer, working on a case, thinks up some argument that looks nice and shiny but has a fatal weakness somewhere, he often says, "That cock won't fight."

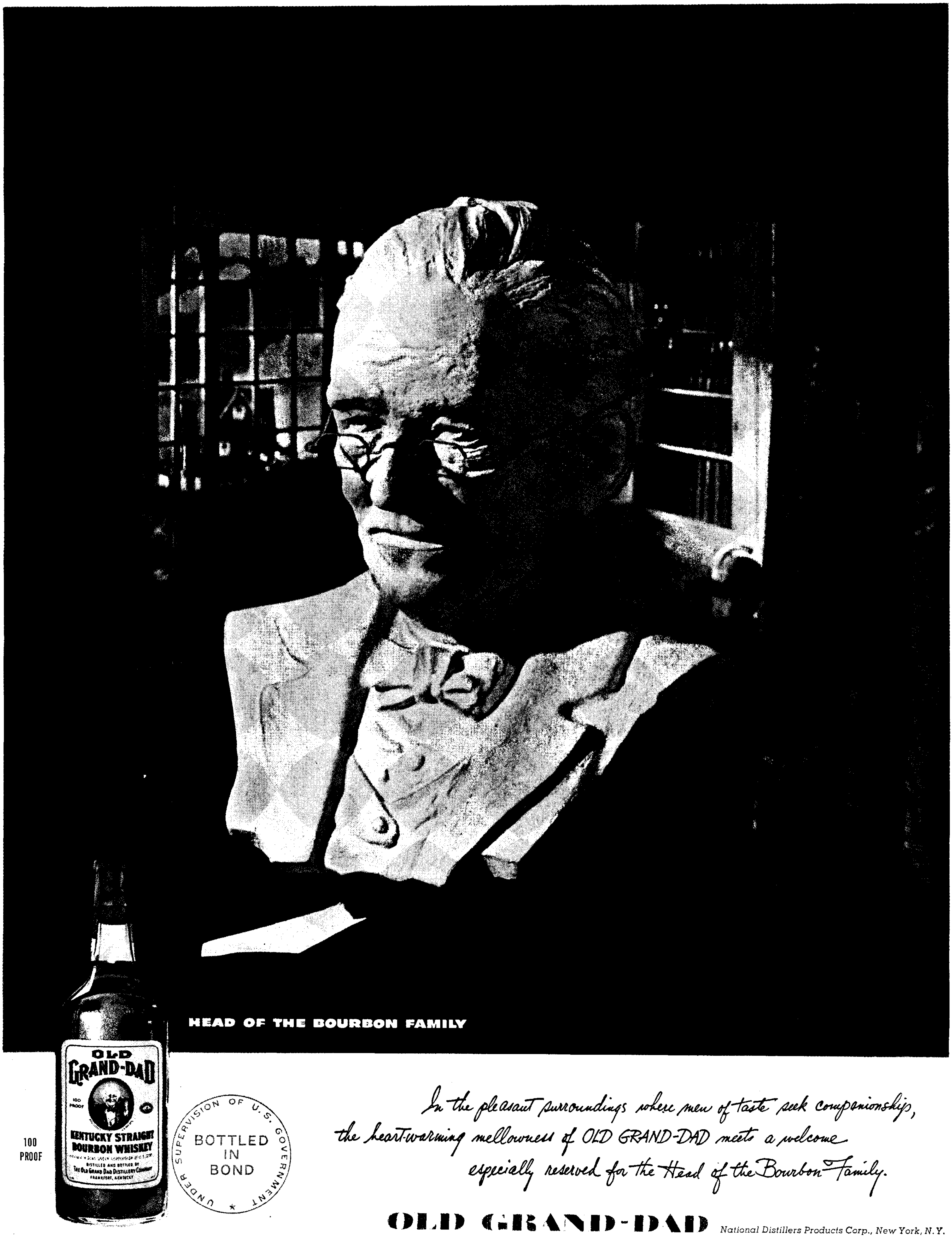
The remark applies, we'd say, to President Truman's recurrent railings against grain speculators as being to blame for high grain prices.

We're holding no brief for the speculators; but it does seem that they simply are not guilty. The true causes of soaring grain prices appear to be a general scarcity of wheat and corn, heavy U.S. government buying for export to hungry countries abroad, and the government's long-standing legal commitment to a policy of supporting farm prices.

The speculators are essentially bettors. They bet that prices will or won't go to such and such a level at such and such a time. Sometimes they win, sometimes they lose. We can't see how these bets can affect prices importantly, any more than a lot of money on some horse's nose will make the horse either win or lose a race.

Maybe the President would be better advised just to stop trying to make political hay out of the speculators and attack the real causes of high grain prices and of inflation generally. That cock might not be a dramatic performer, but he ought to put up a better long-run fight.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher ● WALTER DAVENPORT Editor ● JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor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